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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LABOR LEADER

BY JAMES H. MAURER

I

I WAS born in Reading, Pennsylvania, on April 15, 1864. Both my father and mother were of 'Pennsylvania Dutch' stock. My first memory is, at three years of age, of carrying an old basket containing a few fish-heads, through the Reading market, and calling out, 'Fish, stinko!'

Father was a policeman. One of his duties was to keep the coal-oil street-lamps on his beat lighted. Twice a week he made a tour with a ladder, five gallons of coal-oil, cotton waste, and wicks. If a lamp was left burning at the break of day, or after the moon rose, the officer was blamed. The police called out the hours of the night and the nature of the weather. I remember hearing a Pennsylvania German officer going down his beat shouting, 'Twelve o'clock and makes someding down like drizzle.' Robbers had an easy task, because they always knew just where the policemen were.

Among my many playmates was a boy named George. He and I often visited his grandmother, who lived a block away. I enjoyed these visits because she understood our appetite. One time we stayed at the grandmother's place the greater part of the day. Children do not realize the pass-

ing of time, but mothers do. My mother looked for me all over the neighborhood. Father returned from work, and I was still missing. In his alarm he ordered out the bell-ringers.

In those days, it was the custom to send out men with bells when a child was lost. Above the din of the bell, these bell-ringers would call out, 'Child lost! Child lost!' So they kept ringing and crying till the city was covered. Trailing behind the man with the bell came a group of children. On this day, when the first group passed the house where I was playing, I joined the crowd and for a time helped to search for the lost child.

Finally one of the searchers found me. He told me to run home, as my daddy had a beautiful present for me. Often he brought us children a present. So this story that my father was waiting for me with some gift was not a surprise, only cheerful news. Homeward I ran, happy with the thought. I did not take time to go round to the rear of the house, as my custom was, but rushed into the house through the front door. There, standing in the front room, was father. Instead of coming to me with outstretched arms and greeting me with a hug and a kiss, as he usually did,

he began to thrash me with what is known in the trade of shoe-cobbling as a shoemaker's strap. It is one inch wide and about one eighth of an inch thick.

Finally, mother rushed between us, and gathering me in her arms, took me to bed. When she removed my clothes, she suddenly began crying. She called father, and said to him, 'See what your temper has done.' Some years later, she told me that my body that evening was discolored and bleeding, looking like a battered-up beefsteak. Father's temper vanished when he saw my hurt body. Tears rolled out of his eyes. What I suffered was nothing compared to the joy I felt when daddy knelt beside my bed and kissed me.

'Jimmie,' he said, 'tell me, why did you do it?'

'Do what?' I asked.

Up to that moment, I had no idea what the fuss was all about. To my surprise, father told me it was I who had been the lost child; that I had been away from home for more than a half day, without my mother's consent. I promised never to leave the house again, without first telling mother, and I never did. Even to this day, the habit of leaving word with some one when I am going out still sticks to me.

When my brother Charles was ten and I was six, we delivered the *Reading Daily Eagle* to a route of customers. That was over fifty years ago, and Reading, even with a city water-system, still tolerated a number of village pumps, and this in a city containing about five thousand cesspools. Scattered throughout the city were drain-holes, some of them small lakes in size. At the southeast corner of Ninth and Bingaman streets was one drain-hole where we boys, with strings and bent pins, used to fish. We never caught any. I question whether even a worm could have lived in that slime-covered hole. There was another place known

as Katzermayers' Slough, and into it flowed much of the surface water from the mountains. There was a creek running on Culbert Street, and it was an open sewer, with many toilets emptying directly into it. The tannery drained its refuse into this creek, which ran through the entire southern end of the city. As I look back, I see that the city was rotten ripe for the pestilence and death that were slowly settling upon it.

It was during the winter of 1871 that Reading had the plague of smallpox. There was no quarantining; not a single house was placarded. Ignorance on the part of our community singled out father as the victim in our family. He had black smallpox. Within a few days of taking sick, he turned black and became delirious. Our house was not placarded. Visitors came and went. Brother Charles and I continued covering our newspaper route. Mother had her hands full: three boys to look after, one a baby of two years, I eight, and Charles twelve; the house to run; and father to nurse.

When father died, mother was alone with him. Brother Charles and I were selling papers, and the baby was with a neighbor. I was the first to arrive home. As I stepped into the kitchen, mother took me in her arms, and said, 'Jimmie, Pap's dead.' I fancy I can still feel the warm tears as they came from mother's eyes and rolled down my cheeks. She was not hysterical. She wept as people do when you think their hearts will break. A little later, Brother Charles came, and mother said to him:—

'We will keep the family together. You and I will get jobs. You will be a little father to your brothers, and we will raise them.'

This little father was not yet thirteen years old, and was physically frail; but the small body had nerve and grit and common sense.

On the day after the funeral, we took the straw chaff-bag and bolster, on which father died, and emptied the straw on the back lot. The same day, and many days thereafter, we boys played circus on it.

Charles got a job at fifty cents a day, with a wool-hat manufacturer. Mother thought she could earn money by taking in washing; but we lived in that part of town where the poor people lived and did their own washing. She finally got a job at the cotton factory, eleven hours and twenty minutes a day and nine hours on Saturday — 66 hours a week, for a total of \$3.30. The combined earnings of mother and Charles were \$6.30 a week, provided neither lost any time. These earnings were not enough to make ends meet, so we had another family double up with us in our small house.

In the morning, before I awoke, the rest of the family had left. On his way to work, Brother Charlie would carry the baby to the home of one of my aunts, and bring him home in the evening. From early in the morning until six in the evening, I was left alone to roam the streets. I liked to loaf round the cinder-bank and listen to the yarns of the professional bums, as they told of their travels. My one great ambition was that, some day, I too might grow up to be a bum. In those days, there were no such things as compulsory-education laws, or truant officers, no child-labor laws, no mothers' pensions. The state seemed unconcerned as to how its children grew up. It was this early experience that led me into the fight for legislation. I knew the life of the poor because I had lived it. Each bill I later fought for was based on the struggles of boyhood.

Mother tried hard to keep the family together, but the task was too great. So I was told I was to go to my grandparents. The last week, I was busy

hunting up my acquaintances and giving them good-bye. Among them was one just a little different from the rest: her name was Mary. Mary and I had often sat on the old pump-bed in our back alley and talked of what we should do when we grew up. Now I was to leave on a long journey of fourteen miles. On the day I left, Mary was the only one I looked up. We both cried, and I kissed her. It was the first time I had ever made bold enough. She handed me a Sunday-School card, and told me to keep it to remember her by. Down in my pockets I went. I had several marbles and an iron ring, a few fish-hooks, a piece of colored glass, and a Barlow knife-handle (the blades had broken off). The knife was the most valuable piece of property I owned, so I gave it to her to remember me by. We then parted, and I never saw her again. That evening, as the sun was setting, I arrived at my new home.

II

My grandparents lived fourteen miles from Reading, in Rockland township, along the highway that runs from Dryville to New Jerusalem. Here on a small farm lived my father's mother and his step-father, his half-sister, and their dog, Dick. My step-grandfather was the village blacksmith, Jacob Mayer, reputed to be one of the strongest men in Eastern Pennsylvania, a kind-hearted and gentle giant. He made most of the cutlery and hardware for the neighborhood. He had made his own razor, which he seldom used. When grandfather shaved, everyone knew this meant that he was going away.

To reach the old stone homestead was a two-mile walk from the station. The first to greet me was Dick, the family dog. His bark of welcome brought the old man out of the black-

smith shop and the women-folks out of the house. I stayed with these kindly people for over a year and a half. I had a good home, and I saw a remnant of the feudal and hand-craft order.

In the living-room of my new home stood the eight-day grandfather's clock, reaching from the floor to within eighteen inches of the ceiling. It did not make much difference whether the clock ran or not. These people lived by routine. There was certain work to be done before breakfast, and other work before dinner and supper. This work was done, no matter what the clock might say about it. After supper, we went to bed when it got dark. Sometimes the family forgot to wind the clock by its endless chain, which made a noise like the hoisting machinery of a coal wagon. When they finally decided the clock should be started again, it was set by the sun. At a certain hour the sun left a shadow at a spot in the yard. Sometimes visitors from the city would compare their watches with our clock and point out that we were an hour fast or slow, and suggest we set the old clock right.

'Why should we?' I once heard grandmother ask; 'we set our clock by the sun, and God regulates the sun, so why don't you set your watches to our sun-set clock?'

On one of the neighborhood farms was a pottery, on several a tannery. The spinning-wheel and weave-loom were used by a few. Production was carried on for use, and not for sale. Very little money changed hands. I often heard grandmother say:—

'Eggs should never sell for less than a cent apiece, and potatoes should always fetch, at least, forty cents a bushel.'

The people raised their own broom-corn and made their own brooms. All the clothing was made in the home. The crops were sown pretty much in the same way they were when Christ

was on earth, and the scythe and cradle reaped the harvest. The community moved in groups from one farm to another, and put away the crops. These were joyful occasions, with great feasts and plenty to drink. The people lived a simple life, with wholesome food, and I have no recollection that there were any poor people about, or that, at any time, any one was in want. One thing these people understood, which modern industry has lost, and that is making work a pleasure by creating a holiday spirit round the work. An apple-butter party lightened the toil of sorting, paring, stirring, and boiling. So with husking corn and threshing wheat.

In less than a year I could speak Pennsylvania Dutch better than English. Pennsylvania Dutch or German is a language spoken by no one else on earth. Some of the words are German, others English, and most do not seem to belong to any language. Take the word 'potato.' In German it is *Kartoffel*. In Pennsylvania Dutch it is *Grund Berer* (ground-berry). English was taught in school, but the children talked the native brogue. I never heard any of the old folks, except the school-teacher and my aunt, speak English. My grandmother, born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and ninety-seven years old when she died, could not have spoken a half-dozen connected words in English, if her life had depended on it. It seemed to me these folk were proud of the fact that they did not speak English.

They were intensely patriotic and anti-British. Most of them had ancestors who served in the Continental Army during the Revolution. In nearly every household was some relic of the Revolution,—a sword, horse-pistol, flintlock gun, powder-horn, or bullet-mould,—and round it a history. In politics, the people were Jacksonian Democrats. When they voted, they

voted the Democratic ticket and felt that they were still voting for Jackson. If there was a Republican in the neighborhood, I never heard of him. When Republicans were referred to, they were called 'Black Republicans'; but little politics was talked.

Newspapers were almost as scarce as money. I remember within the last twenty-five years visiting an uncle, then eighty-two years old, who was reading about a horse-sale from a Reading paper. I knew that the man about whom he was reading had left for the South long before, so I asked to see the paper. It was three years old. I said, —

'Why, uncle, this sale took place three years ago. See, that's how old this paper is.'

'What's the difference how old the paper is?' he replied. 'That does n't change the fact there was a sale and the horse was sold and the price paid as much as two good horses are worth. News is news, no matter how old.'

On New Year's morning, in that valley of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the men shouldered their guns, and in groups of three or four visited the neighborhood. Everybody received a call. Standing in front of the house, they fired. At the salvo, the neighbors stepped out on the stoop. Then, in one voice, all the gunners sang, 'Mere winchen eigh oll en Hileich es Glick Saileichs vey vore.' (We wish you all a holy, lucky, Christian New Year.)

Yet there were times among these kindly people when I was homesick. Once I heard a locomotive whistle. 'There,' I thought, 'goes the train that would carry me home.' I ran toward the gate, crying, 'Mother, mother, I want you.'

My grandparents explained to me that I had no home any more, other than theirs; that mother and brothers were now boarding. This made no im-

pression on me, because house and furniture did not mean home, but mother did.

III

A little later I went back to her, in Reading. She was still a young woman and, after a widowhood of two years, she had married again, and the family returned to housekeeping. I now found myself back among English-speaking people and able to understand very little English. Up to this time, I had not had, all told, ten months' schooling. Nearly ten years old, big for my age, I could not spell. It puzzled the teachers to know what to do with me. I was too big for the primer class and too dumb for anything higher, so they put me ahead. The boys felt that among them there was some force that made for discord. I had the whole school on my hands to whip. I had to fight my way to school in the morning and home again in the evening. I was not only a new boy in school, but a 'Dutch Bush Kid,' and too infernally stupid to know a thrashing was coming to me. I refused to be thrashed, and this meant the long drawn-out war.

The panic of 1873 and after was now upon us. Work was scarce, and wages low. There were six of us to feed, and the family income was thirty-five dollars a month. Day after day I tramped over Reading, looking for work. One boss, after looking me over, said, 'What can a little chap like you do?' The family decided I should try to find a new home. With an old carpet-bag over my back, I started out.

I walked fifteen miles, to the place where my mother's father lived. He said, 'What do I want with you?' I went on to Aunt Louise, who treated me kindly and kept me over night. But she was poor, and could not give me a home.

Next day at noon I struck out for

Aunt Betsy's. She lived at the Red Run Hotel, in a place called Red Run — still seven miles to go. My shoes were ragged, and my feet were sore. Suppose this aunt, like the two other relatives, was to say, 'Sorry, but I can not keep you'? I figured out that by night I should be twenty-two miles from Reading and thirty-six miles from grandmother's. I kept walking. The sun was setting, and soon it would be dark. I asked a man if I was on the right road to the Red Run Hotel. He pointed to a building not more than half a mile away. I walked to the rear of the hotel, and rested on the road-bank. I saw several children and a woman standing on the rear porch of the hotel. I was hungry and foot-sore and sick at heart. I asked myself this question, 'Suppose she turns me down, twenty-two miles from mother, thirty-six miles from grandmother — what will I do?'

I must have cried, because the next instant the woman came toward me. She shouted, 'It's my Jimmie!' Aunt Betsy picked me up, carpet-bag and all, and carried me to the kitchen, with the youngsters all anxious to get a look at me. At the commotion Uncle Hen came in from the barroom. They gave me a washing, doctored my bleeding feet, put Cousin Bill's clothes on me, and gave me supper. Not until an hour later did they ask me to explain. I told them my story — all I had experienced, not only on the two days' journey, but in the last year or so.

When Uncle Hen heard my story, he brought his big fist down on the table, and swore an awful oath.

'Well,' he went on, taking me in his arms, 'there are only seven of us and one more won't be noticed. You stay right here.'

Then he carried me into the barroom and sat me on the bar. Addressing the half-dozen patrons he said, —

'Men, this is Jimmie Maurer, son of Jim Maurer, my best friend. He died several years ago. Some of our relations did this boy dirt. I mean to make them eat it.'

When Uncle Hen was away, Aunt Betsy ran the hotel and the bar. Saturday evening was a noisy affair. There came a Saturday when uncle failed to return until nearly midnight. Early in the evening, the patrons began to liquor up. Aunt Betsy refused to sell any more strong drinks. A dozen men lined up in front of the bar, demanding liquor, or they would clean up the place. Behind the bar stood auntie, with a stout hickory club, offering to crack the first skull that came back of the bar.

Suddenly there was a crash. The building shook. During the confusion, a thunderstorm had come unnoticed upon us. The rain fell. One of the men, called 'Gid,' rushed to the open door, shaking his fist at the sky and defying God to strike him and the rest of us dead with lightning. He repeated his defiance, and there came another crash of thunder, putting out the hotel lights. While auntie lit them again, my cousin Wayne told her what Gid was saying. Auntie was rather deaf, and at first could not gather what he said. She finally understood. Gid was still at the door, defying God, when auntie reached him. With her left hand, she grabbed him by the back of the neck, and with the right by the slack of his trousers, and sent him out into the rain.

Bit by bit, she cleared the barroom, and locked up for the night. We went to bed, and Aunt Betsy called up the garret stairs to us, —

'Now, boys, don't forget to say your prayers.'

Some few weeks after I came to Red Run, Uncle Hen told me to put on my best clothes and go along with him for a ride, to visit my grandfather Lorah.

This was the grandfather who had turned me away on my walk. Over to grandfather's we drove. Uncle Hen told him in plain Pennsylvania Dutch what he had to do. The old man objected. Then uncle told me to stand up. Pointing to me, he said, —

'Those are the best rags he owns, and he is your own daughter Sarah's boy.'

Finally the old fellow weakened, and the three of us went to the village store. Grandfather bought enough goods, lining, thread and all, for a suit. Uncle Hen bought me a pair of shoes, and a pair of boots with red tops and brass-tipped toes. I took my red-topped boots to bed with me, and wished that, when I awoke, the earth would be covered with snow. It was midsummer.

During the next ten days I was annoyed a good deal by one of the neighborhood women and Aunt Betsy, who made me stand erect while they fitted the new suit. They made a good big job of it because I wore it for several years, growing all the time, and it never got too tight.

IV

Just as I was becoming supplied with clothes and acquainted with the country and the people, there came a message to return to Reading. Mother had found a job for me. I arrived home in the morning, and at noon I went to work. It was in a hardware plant, and my job was to drill holes in small pulleys for window-casings. This department was known as the Third Floor Drilling and Riveting Room. At least a hundred boys, ranging in age from ten to fifteen years, worked in this department. I had no idea how much pay I was to receive. In those days it would have been considered impolite to ask about wages when being employed, and it might have endangered the chance of getting the job. After work-

ing two weeks, I received my first pay for five and one-half days. It was one dollar, for fifty-five hours work. The dollar looked good to me, and in high spirits I rushed home. Mother was pleased. That night after supper she gave me two cents for spending money, and told me I should not be selfish but divide with my step-brother Frank. This I did.

I continued on this job for two and a half years, and, with the exception of four weeks, my wages averaged a dollar a week. Then our plant bought another place and turned it into hinge-works. About twenty of us youngsters were transferred there. My machine drilled four holes as quickly as the old machine drilled one, and I believed that by turning out four times as much work, I should get four times as much pay. My pay-envelope showed no change.

We boys agreed to strike, and we selected a representative to talk it over with the boss. He told us to be patient because the company planned to put in machines that had twenty drills each. My first pay for operating twenty drills was three dollars for five days' work. The week following I drew \$3.85. I now had visions of a dollar a day, if I mastered the machine well enough by speeding up to keep everyone of the twenty drills drilling every minute of the day. In the third week, two wage-adjusters came. Word was passed among us to slack up. Everyone, with a single exception, agreed. He was a red-headed fellow who intended to quit soon for another job. The timekeepers used this red-headed pacemaker to fix prices. Two weeks later, when the new rates took effect, we found our wages cut one hundred per cent. Instead of obtaining three or four dollars a week, we now could earn only a dollar and a half and two dollars a week. I told the boss we were turning out about

twenty times as much work as formerly.

'Well, Jimmie,' he said, 'if you don't like it, why don't you quit?'

Some of the boys favored going on strike. Others refused. There was no strike. I stayed on the job, but lost all interest in the work. The day began to drag, and the clock became attractive. This was true of most of us. Half our drills went idle. The red-headed pace-maker quit, and became a pattern-maker's apprentice. I suppose this was his reward. In time, we learned how to put the machines out of commission without being suspected, and this gave us license to assemble in groups and play while the machines were being repaired. In this way the firm developed a scientific bunch of *sabotagers*.

Finally, I made my escape from this child-exploiting institution, and went to a wool-hat manufacturer's. My job here was easy, pasting pictures in hats, for 35 cents a day. Since I was now earning \$2.10 a week, I received ten cents a week for spending money. My step-brother Frank had an equal sum; so between us we had twenty cents — more money than we knew what to do with, because five cents would buy all the peanuts or taffy we could possibly eat. So with our savings out of spending-money we bought glassware for mother. Every pay-day we came home with something nice for her old-fashioned sideboard. Mother was proud of these gifts. Although it was cheap ware, she had it nearly all still displayed on her sideboard, thirty-eight years later, when she died.

Every boy wants a sled, but few of us

could buy a store sled. Most of us had 'Blockkeys,' which we made ourselves. When I was eleven, I made my Blockey out of an old mortar-box. With an axe, mother's butcher-knife, and an old buck-saw, I worked out the runners, braces, and top board. A search through the dump, and I had nails. For iron runners, I found half-round iron in the scrap-yard of the Philadelphia and Reading. Finally, the sled was built, but not painted. With an empty gallon can in my hands, I went up to the railroad-yard where men were painting freight cars. I asked them for enough paint to paint my sled.

'Listen to the kid,' said one of the men; 'he wants paint.' And he lunged at me with his paint-brush.

'Did n't you ever make a sled?' I asked.

'What are you going to name your sleigh?' he went on.

'Sarah,' I answered.

'Sarah!' he roared with laughter, 'And why Sarah?'

'Well,' I said, 'because it is a nice name, and anyway I want my sled named after my best friend.'

'Who in hell is your best friend?' he yelled.

'My mother,' I said.

'So Sarah is your mother's name, and your sled is to be named after her?' said the man. He looked me over for a few seconds, and added, 'You're all right, kid. Give me your bucket.'

I got more paint than I needed, and an old brush. In a few days Sarah was on the hill, and it was one of the fastest sleds that ran any of the dozen long coasts of Reading.

(A concluding chapter from Mr. Maurer's autobiography will be published in the June Atlantic.)

THE EXPERIENCE OF DYING

BY J. D. MacKENZIE

The accompanying article was written by Dr. MacKenzie while en route from Vancouver to the soldiers' hospital near Montreal, where he was to undergo a major operation to correct a war wound received in France, from which he had suffered for four years. The article was completed in the hospital, but he was not permitted to make any corrections or finishing touches before undergoing the last experience of dying, from which for him there was to be no return to living. He cannot relate this final experience for us, but, so far as one could judge who was present at his passing, death to him was, as he describes it in this article, 'a pleasant, sweet release' from a world of suffering which held out no hope to him of complete restoration to his former vigor, even if the operation were entirely successful.

Baddeck, in Nova Scotia, was his birthplace, as it was the home of another famous scientist; but the early death of his father forced him to leave home and make his own way in life. He worked his way through college, securing both bachelor's and doctor's degrees in science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, and his friends foretold for him a brilliant career as a geologist. His intense love of country, however, impelled him to sacrifice his own interests and, along with his two brothers, he enlisted for service in the Great War. Both of these brothers were killed, and now the last of them has given his life.

For four years MacKenzie's wound required daily dressing, and what he endured mentally and physically in consequence of his disability not even his most intimate acquaintances knew. Yet his marvelous courage allowed him to carry on when men of weaker fibre would have given in. Conscientious to the extreme in everything he did, and thinking that his wound did not permit him to do his full share of work, he decided to risk his life on the operating table, with the hope of improving his condition. Fate, however, was against him, and he died. His was a strong yet lovable character. He was the salt of the earth, and his passing so early in life is a serious loss to his country, to science, and to his friends.

CHARLES CAMSELL,
Deputy Minister of Mines.

OTTAWA, *February 9, 1923*

I

I HAVE died several times.

Two of these deaths have been sudden, and these were also entirely unexpected. By five different means, three of them violent, have I come to these deaths; and by one of these different means I have been passed into oblivion five times.

Those with a turn for mathematics will perceive that 'several' in my case means nine at least, which leads to the inference that there is something feline in my tenacity of life, or, perhaps, that

in assuming authorship, I am personifying a pussy-cat. I know the latter inference to be untrue, and I trust the former to be equally unfounded, because I am shortly to taste once more of this temporary (I hope) elision of life.

Though I have died a sufficient number of times to require a polygonal monument (if any), I am not yet dead. And before you weary of seemingly futile paradox and withdraw the honor of your attention, let me define dying as it will be considered in this discourse.

By dying, then, I mean the process of passing from that quickened consciousness we term life into the black borderland which, so far as we know, edges eternity. I submit that the act of dying is virtually completed when one's consciousness of life has ceased; our sentient participation in the business is then at an end; what happens to the mere physical body thereafter is unimportant from the point of view of the mind, for that is already dead. When one's intelligence has passed into that blank of forgetfulness from which, if one returns, one brings no memory, he is as good as dead — he *is* dead. Life has left the intellect, and ordinarily its departure is a signal for the beginning of those processes that end in the complete cessation of the complex reactions we call life.

Ordinarily — not always — many have gone into that black borderland, and have returned, and some of them have told us of their going. Some too, of what they found there — or thought they found; for if they had really reached the marches of the Grim Reaper, they would have no recollection of the event, nor of how he guards his hounds.

Now, dying, even in these days of a very comprehensive range of subject for comment, is not ordinarily discussed. One would think that an experience which we must all meet would excite in us a lively interest; but such is not the case. Perhaps its universal inevitability robs it of piquancy; or perhaps the subconscious feeling that it is an experience which, when met, usually ends us, inhibits general interest in what should be a subject of some concern to all. Dying has been investigated of late physiologically, and for centuries we have been terrified by treatment theological — which may be another reason for its unpopularity as a subject over nuts and wine. (This is

being written in Quebec.) So far as I know, however, dying, from the point of view of an active die-hard, is a virgin field. With the statistics given above as a basis, I claim the right to turn a few sods. On more than nine separate occasions, in five different ways and in four countries, I have survived the experience of dying, and, in each instance, had the causes of my losing hold on life operated with just a little more severity, I should have been very dead indeed.

II

My first death occurred in Boston, some fifteen or sixteen years ago. It was unexpected, sudden, violent, and rather sordid.

At that time I was earning a livelihood by a more arduous and less remunerative method than is now the case. It was also less congenial. One of my duties was to sleep in a five-story building otherwise untenanted at night; and through this great empty barracks of a place I had to go, immediately before retiring, and the first thing after rising. To ensure my attention to duty a series of stations had to be visited, from which a magnetic device recorded my presence on a paper dial fastened to a clock-like arrangement in a locked box in the basement. The edifice through which I nightly prowled, pursuing and pursued by fantastic shadows cast by an oil lantern (this was still the pre-Daylo epoch), was separated from the adjoining one by a party wall, through which were doors on every floor. On every floor, doors gave on a freight elevator-shaft immediately adjacent to the party wall, so that the one elevator served the two structures. In the building beyond, which was owned by the same institution that I served, another hireling performed vesper and matutinal rites similar to my own.

The freight elevator was of the usual

sort — merely a platform slung to guides, with an overhead cross-beam to which the suspending cables were attached. Control was provided by means of a rope running the length of the elevator-well, by means of which the elevator could be started and stopped at any point, either from the moving platform or from any landing.

In strict accordance with the principle of the conservation of energy, it was the custom of my fellow-menial and myself to ride up on this elevator, and ring our boxes on the way down, we conceiving it easier and quicker to descend than to climb the stairs. Frequently, however, one of us would reach the bottom of the lift only to find the other making a slow, clanking, but effortless ascent by means of it; and on these occasions it was our custom to carry on with our round, regardless of the stairs to be climbed, we being in that happy condition of health where time is of more value than energy. Or, if the platform chanced to have been left at the top, rather than lose the several minutes consumed in its ponderous, rattling descent, we would proceed upward without its aid, and ride down. And, on occasion, other reasons constrained us to walk up and ride down rather than to reverse the procedure.

On one such night I had begun with the box under the basement floor, reached by a trap-door and a short flight of mouldy stairs (at the bottom of which I should never have been surprised to see the dog with the face of a man, or any one of the assorted ban-shees provided by a Gaelic ancestry), and from there went to the second floor, and so on upward. By the time the climb to the fifth story began, I remember I was cogitating on the intricacies of '*der, das, dem, den,*' '*die, der, den, die,*' and other mysteries of Teutonic declensions. With my

mind thus occupied on the idiosyncrasies of German grammar, I mechanically rang my highest box, situated close beside the sliding door on the fifth floor opening into the eighty-foot elevator-well. I noted that the door was not quite closed.

At this precise moment I heard my fellow watchman whistling meditatively as he approached (as I thought) through his adjacent building. Youngster-like, I thought to hide in the elevator and give him a surprise by finding me there. Watching over my shoulder the corridor in which I momentarily expected him to appear, I slid open the elevator door and stepped into — oblivion.

Oblivion, however did not last long that time. Basing my opinion on the well-substantiated gravitational formula for the elapsed time of bodies falling in air from rest, I should say that I was dead one second. From the remembrance of opening the door until I became conscious of the horrified voice of my friend, I have no slightest recollection. Recollections crowded thick thereafter, however. Abruptly I realized that, instead of being in the adjacent building, my fellow watchman had been coming up in the lift, and, fortunately for me, had nearly reached the top. My thought, much quicker than it can be set down, was that I was on top of the overhead cross-beam of the elevator with one very painful leg doubled under me, and that the cross-beam, with me on it, would very soon be trying conclusions with the sheaves and pulleys at the top of the shaft if the machinery were not stopped. I called to Jones to stop the elevator, and, with that exaggerated sense of humor that I have frequently noted at time of crises, assured him that I was not dead, and inquired how the devil I had got where I was.

Apart from a very badly bruised

shin, there were no ill effects from this odd adventure.

I said above that oblivion lasted about a second, and I base this on the fact that I fell twelve or fifteen feet. Now, a second is a long interval in regard to thought, and much can be apprehended in that space of time. Yet from the opening of the door of the shaft to my realization of Jones's voice my recollection is an absolute blank. In other words, apparently I was unconscious from the moment I began to fall. If I had struck on my head, I should have died then and there, and should have been none the wiser. I believe that, if my fall had been the whole depth of the shaft, I should never have recovered consciousness, and should have died without ever knowing what had happened to me. And the corollary is, that death by falling, about which there seems to lurk a peculiar horror of apprehension, is quick, easy, and painless. I am sure it is if the fall be unexpected; and I believe it is in all cases.

III

The second time I came to my death was on the Queen Charlotte Islands, slightly before the war. Like my first demise, this one also was unexpected, equally sudden and, if anything, more violent; but I do not consider it sordid. Not that it was heroic, but it was a far, far better thing to do — I mean, way to go — than dropping like a sack of cement in an elevator-well.

On one of these islands a deposit that has been prospected for coal presents some features of special geologic interest. For the purpose of studying these features, I visited one of the tunnels driven into a hillside, one fine July day. With me were two associates, and as we lit our candles in the chilly damp air a few feet inside the portal, one remarked, 'Here goes to get blown up.'

I carelessly replied that it was a quick way to go, never anticipating how soon I should be put to the test.

We went on slowly, examining the rock-walls in the dim light of the candles, and waiting to 'get our eyes,' as coal-miners put it. Presently one of our trio, who was a few steps in advance, called back that the tunnel was blocked by caved-in rock débris. We were then about eighty yards from the portal. I went up to him, and we stood side by side, looking at the heap of broken shale.

Glancing upward, I noted a low passage between the roof and the top of the pile of rocks. I called my companion's attention to this, and without thinking, he raised his candle to get a better view. There was a point of baleful, bluish flame, and instantly we all realized that a pocket of fire-damp in the roof had been ignited. I remember an urgent thought to get away, and turning: a reverberating rumbling roar and — that was all; no fear, no shock, no pain — nothing. I was not.

As in my other resurrection, a voice was the first thing to reach my consciousness. My third companion, who was a step behind us when the gas was lit, and therefore a step ahead when we turned to escape, was blown clear because of this short distance; but we others were not so fortunate. Again, as in the other case, returning life brought pain and discomfort. I could not lift my head, my breath came with difficulty, and I soon realized that the pair of us were pinned under a mass of broken rock. How long we were unconscious, I do not know — at least, one second, but probably less than a minute.

The subsequent hazards through which our escape was finally made good need not concern us here. I wish only to discuss the act of our dying; for I maintain that to all intents and pur-

poses we were dead; we had tasted all the experience of dying, and if the claws of Death merely raked instead of grasping us, it was only because of the lack of a few cubic feet of gas in the pocket he had filled for us, or because his rocks were too small in the cairn he sought to build over us.

So I judge that sudden and violent death furnishes a most pleasant way out of life. There is none of that horrific thrill of elemental terror with which the approach of death is supposed to be recognized, and of which we occasionally read. For while one lives, one's thought is concentrated on how to preserve life, — not on how to avoid death, — so that dying does not enter one's calculations at all.

There is no dying.

IV

My third was a soldier's death. It overtook me — literally — on the slopes of Dury Hill, in Picardy, on that great day in September, 1918, when we Canadians helped break the Drocourt-Quéant line. It was not unexpected, and, unfortunately, it was lingering rather than sudden; but it made up in violence for any other lack.

The Highland battalion to which I had the honor to belong had done the job laid out for them on that dull raw morning. As usual, they had done it with a finished technique most disconcerting to Jerry Hun; but our losses, alas, were hardly less than his.

When our advance was complete and our gains mopped up, the C. O. sent me back to find some dead ground where we could assemble to continue the advance. Communicating trenches and sheltered ways were clogged with men, living and otherwise; so with two scouts I started overland for the rear. A few bullets were snapping and whimpering near us, and there was a fair

amount of shelling, so we ran without haste down the low slope of the hill.

I heard that shell coming, recognized it for a long-distance one, and heard it burst. Heard, too, some of the splinters whining past us. Then I felt a colossal but painless double blow in the back, as if I had been struck with tremendous force by a load of loose hay. The blow lifted me from my feet, spun me around in the air, and I fell (I am proud to recount) facing the enemy.

I remember thinking that if this was a wound, it was a curious sensation, and immediately decided that I was in too exposed a spot for comfort, so I got to my feet and managed to make a score of yards to the shelter of a low bank. There I collapsed, but did not lose consciousness.

One of my companions went on to complete our mission, and the other applied a first field-dressing. Though I did not then know it (and this lack of knowledge doubtless kept me alive), I had been very badly hit by a piece of shell-casing, which had passed almost completely through my chest from back to front. I had had the sensation of two distinct blows, and as there was no external bleeding and no particular pain, I thought that a couple of shrapnel bullets had grazed my ribs and knocked the wind out of me, as I was breathing with great difficulty.

The thought that I might die came to me, only to be instantly rejected. And yet there can be no doubt that I was very near death. I was convinced, however, that I was going to live, though life was rapidly becoming most uncomfortable. Later, it became more so.

During the remainder of that day I lost consciousness several times. As I stated above, I had been very badly hit, and only an extremely tough constitution and a destiny for a less comely end each time brought me back to life.

Now it is to be noted that I have no recollection of losing consciousness of life — only of regaining an existence that seemed not worth resuming.

The inference is, again, that the actual dying is about the easiest thing we do.

Consequent on this wound, I have died a number of times. Some of my departures have been lapses into unconsciousness due to weakness, and five have been by the chloroform route. These milder takings-off, like the more strenuous ones, yielded no recollection of the instant or of the event of departure. I was, and then I was not, and only the returning to life is memorable — not the quitting of it.

Even those anticipated endings, where chloroform, and operating-rooms, and Ku-Klux-Klan-like attendants, and various other supposedly terrifying appurtenances were involved, have lacked at the sticking-point that elemental thrill with which they are popularly credited.

The hours immediately before an operation are not pleasant. One has almost the exact sensations experienced while waiting to go into action, which, in turn, differ no whit from those I used to have at college before a cross-country race in which I was a participant. Once away from the mark, once over the top, or when one is at last on the table, it is all the same — a rather pleasant combination of sensations,

focused on the determination to extend every faculty to the utmost to attain the desired end.

But notice — such unpleasantness has nothing to do with dying. One always hopes to live through an action, and no one expects to die in a track meet; yet the anticipatory sensations are the same. But, they are sensations of *living*, not of *dying*.

On the table, the last thing you hear is the reassuring, 'Breathe deeply now — it won't take a minute'; and the next thing is, 'I think he's coming out now' — this some hours later. Dying does n't enter at all, consciously or subconsciously; and much less does the delightful wafting into oblivion envisage Death, though it must be his twin brother.

So I submit that the case against dying is proved. The moment of our release brings no fear; no horror; no regret. The thread does not snap; it parts as softly as a spider's web. And this is true whether it be sudden or slow; unexpected or long-awaited; gentle or violent.

And if you want corroborative evidence listen to William Hunter, the great anatomist. As he lay dying, he said, 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.'

Yes, an easy, gentle thing; a pleasant, sweet release. There is no death.

And yet — I do not want to die!

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

FATHER

My son, throw an armful of wood on that fire; then bring up a chair and let 's have a good talk. There 's nothing so good for a man as the give and take of conversation. I hate a man who wants to do all the talking himself. I was trained to be a good listener; your mother saw to that.

SON

Have you —?

FATHER

I have, my son. There is tobacco in the jar over there; in those boxes are cigars; and if you must smoke cigarettes, that silver box is full of them — or was, unless your sister has smoked them all. It is positively dreadful the way girls smoke nowadays.

SON

But, father, —

FATHER

I am as free from prejudices as my friend Dr. Johnson, who once remarked, 'I am a man of the world and take in some degree the color of the world as it moves along'; but —

SON

Father! you are not —

FATHER

No, my son, I am not going to talk about Dr. Johnson, or Boswell either, although it was the most remarkable partnership the world has ever seen, except one which was even more wonderful — that of Gilbert and Sullivan. You have heard me speak of them?

SON

Often, father. You —

FATHER

I remember when I was a boy away from home at school, — it 's forty, going on fifty years ago, — all the boys coming back to school after the Christmas holidays were singing songs that I never heard before. I remember one of them informing me that he was the 'Monarch of the Sea.' 'What 's that?' I asked. '*Pinafore*,' he replied. Then another boy, who confided to me that he was called 'Little Buttercup,' when I asked him why, also replied, 'That 's from *Pinafore*.' While I was pondering the matter, another announced in a loud treble that he was the 'Captain of the *Pinafore*'; and the problem was not simplified when someone replied, 'And a right good captain, too.'

I hated to appear ignorant, but I had to know. 'What 's the *Pinafore*?' I inquired. Whereupon they turned from me in disgust, and someone said, 'He 's from New Jersey and don't know nothin'; why, the *Pinafore* is an opera; I saw it four times; it 's the most beautiful opera that ever was written — I heard my father tell my mother so.' It appeared that I was the only boy that had not heard *Pinafore*, and I was much ashamed. My time came to hear it, at Easter, and like my companions, I heard it not once or twice but many times.

SON

How many times?

FATHER

I have n't the least idea; all told, twenty, perhaps. You can't imagine how this dainty little operetta swept over the land. There was no operatic copyright in those days, or the laws were defective, or something; anyhow, no royalties were paid, and opera companies were formed by the score. *Pinafore* was played in every city in the country, until finally one's conversation got so cluttered up with bits of it that if a man chanced to say to another, 'I never smoke more than four cigars after dinner,' he met with the rejoinder, 'What, never?' and replied, 'Well, hardly ever'; then they both laughed as if they were great wits and much pleased with themselves.

SON

Was *Pinafore* the first —?

FATHER

No, Gilbert had written a number of successful plays, some of which are not quite forgotten; and Sullivan was famous as an organist and a composer of sacred music when he was asked to write the music for an operatic extravaganza, the book of which had been supplied by Gilbert; I have forgotten its name, it makes no difference. It was not a very great success, but it survived the critics, and when it was in due time followed by *Pinafore*, the world went mad. It was in the spring of 1878, that *H. M. S. Pinafore* was first produced in England; and it must have been in the following winter that it struck this country with the force of a cyclone.

SON

What does 'H. M. S.' mean?

FATHER

'Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore*.' There never was anything like it. No church choir so mean as not to provide a tenor who for a moment sank his differences

with the soprano so far as to sing to her, —

'Farewell, my own!
Light of my life, farewell!'

And every plump maiden in the land with a teaspoonful of voice felt that nature had especially endowed her for the part of 'Buttercup,' and was perpetually offering 'scissors and watches and knives' to all and sundry. Men felt an urge for a dramatic and musical career, which was hard to resist when the sailors struck up the robust chorus: —

'We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship 's a beauty;
We 're sober men, and true,
And attentive to our duty.'

And when the sisters and the cousins and the aunts came dancing on, everybody was glad to be on board, as a little flirting seemed in prospect.

SON

But there had been comic operas before?

FATHER

Lots of them, but they were different. Not since Gay fitted the words of *The Beggar's Opera* to any music he could find, had there been such a success.

SON

How about the French and the Viennese?

FATHER

Well, you see, originally the words of those operettas were risqué rather than clever; and when they were translated into English, they were merely stupid. Now Gilbert was a poet, and he had an advantage over most poets in that he had ideas and was a most painstaking workman; he made himself a master of the technicalities of his craft: rhyme, rhythm, and alliteration.

SON

And Sullivan?

FATHER

Sullivan was the son of an Irishman who was a professional musician. At twelve years of age he knew something of all the instruments in his father's band; at thirty he was an accomplished composer. When he wanted to secure a certain effect, he knew just how to go about it. Gilbert's words and Sullivan's orchestration fit together so perfectly that, to one who has heard the operas, the words suggest the music, and the music the words. Sullivan's mother had Italian blood in her.

SON

That accounts for much.

FATHER

It does, my son: that's the stock that produced the most talented musician that England has ever had.

SON

You rank them high.

FATHER

With the immortals — both of them. They were so great that they have not yet fully come into their own. The world is slow to realize that a great comic poet is quite as rare a phenomenon as a great tragic one — and much more useful.

SON

How useful?

FATHER

Why, my boy, the lives of most of us are hideously commonplace; anything that makes us forget how stupid we are, anything that lifts us up and makes us merry, is useful. Gilbert may be remembered when A. Tennyson and R. Browning are forgotten. Too many people believe that the only stuff that survives is that which gives us furiously to think, as someone has said. Falstaff is a greater creation than Hamlet. And a poet who has his verses set to music is doubly blest: they are assured of a

long life. Who was it who said, 'If I can write the songs of a nation, I care not who writes its laws'?

SON

I don't know.

FATHER

Neither do I. We were talking of *Pinafore*.

SON

Do you think a New York audience would stand for it to-day?

FATHER

Stand for it! Why, my boy, about ten years ago, — maybe it's fifteen, time passes so quickly, — they gave a production of *Pinafore* at the Hippodrome, which for bulk and magnificence surpassed anything ever done in London. I'm not quite sure that a good deal of Gilbert's wit was n't lost in the immensity of the building; but the stage pictures and the choruses were superb. The ship which was the glory of the Queen's Navee looked like a real battleship. It was anchored in real water, and Buttercup was rowed to it in a real rowboat. When Sir Joseph Porter came on board, in all his magnificence, my bosom so heaved with pride that it was all I could do not to 'join up with the Navy and see the world,' as the advertisements tell us to do.

SON

Sir Joseph Porter, he's the great character, is n't he?

FATHER

Well, I should n't say that; he has two capital songs to sing. Let me sing one of 'em for you.

SON

If it's all the same to you, just tell me about it.

FATHER

All right, listen:

When I was a lad, I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front
door.

I polished up that handle so carefuller
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's
Navee!

SON

Why, it's Josephus Daniels to the
life!

FATHER

Sure it is. We get lots of our ideas
about government from comic operas,
and then take ourselves as seriously as
Sitting Bull. The English, on the other
hand, don't hesitate to poke fun at
themselves. For centuries Englishmen
have been taught to believe that upon
the invincibility of their navy Britain's
greatness depends; yet when Sir Joseph
Porter, a mere martinet, tells us, in a
comic song of many verses, how and by
what means he has risen to the control
of this great weapon, they positively
laugh their heads off. But if anyone in
Philadelphia ventures to observe that
our streets are unspeakably filthy, our
Mayor stops having his photograph
taken, and begins talking about what
Dr. Johnson said was the last refuge of
a scoundrel. It's a case of the shoe
pinching I suppose.

SON

I suppose Buttercup —

FATHER

I have a theory about Buttercup. I
don't think she was originally intended
by Gilbert to be attractive. He de-
signed her, I think, to be a fat, dis-
gusting old bumboat woman, a sort of
operatic Sarah Gamp, 'who practised
baby-farming when she was young and
charming,' many years before the story
begins. I know that Gilbert refers to
her as 'the rosiest, the roundest, and
the reddest beauty in all Spithead'; but
Gilbert had a pretty taste for paradox,
and did n't always say what he meant or

mean what he said. I think the original
Buttercup, the girl who created the
part, as the saying is, preferred to be
young and charming in the present
rather than in the past, and got away
with it: anyhow, Buttercup has always
been a peachy-looking person, the sort
of person who at a church fair makes
you remember the price when the
article is forgotten.

SON

You know the opera by heart?

FATHER

I know the Pinafore from stem to
stern, and am on speaking terms with
almost every member of her crew. *The
Pirates of Penzance*, the next success, I
don't know as well; I have n't heard it
for years, but it is from it that we get
the music that we sing to our national
anthem: —

Hail, hail the gang's all here,
What the hell do we care.

It must be magnificent to hear it sung
by our statesmen in Washington ('all
available male voices without orches-
tra') just after passing some particu-
larly iniquitous piece of legislation,
such as the recent tariff bill.

SON

Why iniquitous?

FATHER

Silly would be a better word. Europe
owes us ten billions or so. Say it slowly,
and it makes your head swim. It is
payable in gold: we have the gold.
Europe says, 'Take merchandise.' 'No,'
we reply, in effect, 'we want gold,'
knowing perfectly well that it is im-
possible for Europe to send it, and that
it would be unwise for us to take it if
we could get it.

SON

Don't the Secretary of the Treasury
know this?

FATHER

Sure, but the Secretary of the Treasury is up against an untrained mob playing politics.

SON

England seems to have plenty of money —

FATHER

Yes, and she knows how to use it. The war gave us a chance which, while we were telling the world how great we were, we let slip: all the time England was sawing wood and saying nothing. Anyone who had said two years ago that she could put her dollar exchange where it now is, and keep it there, would have been told that he was crazy.

SON

They are a wonderful people.

FATHER

They are, my son. While we were talking about making the world safe for democracy, they were making it safe for themselves.

SON

How about *Patience*?

FATHER

Patience is lovely! I adore it. A few years ago, going in town on the train, I picked up my copy of the New York *Sun* and read something to this effect: 'Any of our readers capable of appreciating the witty rhymes of the late W. S. Gilbert will do well not to lose the opportunity of hearing De Wolf Hopper in *Patience*. His reading of the well-known verses, "Am I alone and unobserved?" is so inimitable, that we venture to say that never before has this recitative been given with such exquisite humor.'

SON

You felt personally addressed, I suppose?

FATHER

I did, my son; I went right on: I only stopped in Philadelphia long enough to telegraph home, 'Called to New York on important business,' and buy a railway ticket. When the curtain went up, I was prepared for unalloyed delight; and when the Colonel, in his gorgeous uniform, left the stage, and Bunthorne, in great dejection at being outshone, first making sure that he was alone, began his famous lines, I knew that I was having it.

Am I alone,
And unobserved? I am!
Then let me own
I'm an æsthetic sham!
This air severe
Is but a mere
Veneer
This cynic smile
Is but a wile
Of guile!
This costume chaste
Is but good taste
Misplaced!

Let me confess!

A languid love for lilies does *not* blight me!
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do *not* delight me!
I do *not* care for dirty greens
By any means.
I do *not* long for all one sees
That's Japanese.
I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes
In stained-glass attitudes.
In short, my mediævalism's affectation,
Born of a morbid love of admiration!

SON

It's too deep for me; what's it all about?

FATHER

Long before you were born, the whole English-speaking world, led by Oscar Wilde, became æsthetic.

SON

Became what?

FATHER

Æsthetic: that is to say, it had a yearning for an inward and spiritual grace, of which the outward and visible

sign was the lily and the sunflower. A single peacock's feather in a blue vase suggested that one's mind was in harmony with one's surroundings. The craze lent itself admirably to Gilbert's peculiar humor. Listen to one of the best songs that Gilbert ever wrote or Sullivan ever set to music:

If you're anxious for to shine, in the high æsthetic line,
as a man of culture rare,

You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere.

You must lie among the daisies, and discourse in subtle phrases, of your complicated state of mind;

The meaning does n't matter, if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.

And every one will say,

As you walk your mystic way,

If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for *me*,

Why what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!

I wish you would let me sing it.

SON

Calm yourself, my dear father; be content with reciting it.

FATHER

Listen to this bit:—

Oh, to be wafted away

From this black Aceldama of sorrow,

Where the dust of an earthly to-day

Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!

SON

Which means what?

FATHER

That's exactly the question that Patience, the milkmaid, asked, and was told that it was poetry, that it came from the heart—'Heart Foam,' he called it.

SON

Just chaff, in other words.

FATHER

Exactly; mere fooling. A good deal of poetry is like that. Next to me sat a lady, a widow I should say, of mature years, with a young man evidently her

son. 'This carries me back to the early eighties,' I heard her whisper to him as the curtain fell on the first act; and as I was beating my hands to a pulp in applause, I heard the young man say to his mother, witheringly, 'And you enjoy this sort of thing! I call it punk.' I could not restrain myself: turning to the lady, I said, 'Pay no attention to your son, madam; he does n't know any better; I have one just like him at home: address your remarks to me. Was there ever such a rhymist as Gilbert or such music as Sullivan's?

The dash of a d'Orsay, divested of quackery—
Narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray—
Victor Emmanuel—peak-haunting Peveril—
Thomas Aquinas, and Doctor Sacheverell.

'Isn't it wonderful! I don't know who invented the patter song, but no one but Gilbert knew how to use it; and the cleverer Gilbert's words are, the more delightful is Sullivan's music.' We had a fine time catching one another up on our favorite lines from this opera and from that; and by the time the curtain went up on the second act, it would n't have made any difference to either of us if that unresponsive son had gone home.

SON

We've got the music of those operas somewhere, but the words are published in book form, I suppose?

FATHER (*Pointing*)

Do you see those three pea-green volumes over there on the second shelf from the top?

SON (*Going over to a bookcase*)

These?

FATHER

Yes, that is the only presentation copy of Gilbert I have ever seen. Evidently, he gave very few books away. Those volumes were given to Captain Shaw, Chief of the London Fire Brigade.

In the first volume is an inscription in Gilbert's hand from *Iolanthe*:—

O Captain Shaw!
Type of true love kept under!
Could thy brigade
With cold cascade
Quench my great love, I wonder?

Captain Shaw, I am told, was in the audience on the first night of *Iolanthe*, and was greatly embarrassed at this reference to himself. And there is an inscription in each of the other volumes.

SON

Very nice.

FATHER

You may be sure it is. The fact is that you have never, well, 'hardly ever,' heard a really good operetta. It is so much easier to be stupid than witty; and as for music, why there's enough good music in *The Mikado* to make a dozen Broadway successes. Take any recent operetta and you'll find two tunes, or three at most, and not very good ones, interwoven into the piece over and over again. The men who are writing to-day have neither imagination nor training; Sullivan, if his reputation as a composer of light operas had n't overshadowed his other accomplishments, would nevertheless have been a very respectable figure in the musical world.

SON

Which was the greater? Gilbert or—

FATHER

You might as well ask which is the more important, food or drink? Gilbert wrote the book and turned it over to Sullivan, who wrote the music. He fitted the music to the words so perfectly that, clever as they are, without the melodies we associate with them they seem rather forced and unconvincing. Try the music on the piano; the result is the same: lovely, but lacking something. Put 'em together; it's a

sort of wedding. Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder. The fact is that, when after years of coöperation there was a falling out between the two men, neither accomplished anything.

SON

Did they quarrel?

FATHER

Yes, and over nothing: a strip of carpet, I believe. There was a third man in the great partnership, D'Oyly Carte, almost an equal genius. He bought a bit of carpet, which Gilbert thought was an unnecessary expense; Sullivan sided with Carte, and the fat was in the fire. Carte was the producer, a stage manager raised to the nth power. No detail was so insignificant as not to receive his attention. He was a tremendous worker—every act, every scene, as finally given, was the result of the most careful study. The world hardly realizes how much of our stagecraft is due to D'Oyly Carte. No stage had ever been lit with electric light until he first used it, in 1881, in *Patience*, at the Savoy Theatre. It was a great experiment, and 'if it works,' Carte said in his announcement, 'it will enable us to secure effects hitherto impossible.' I wish he could see upper Broadway to-night.

SON

It's a gay white way all right. I never heard of—what's his name, D'Oyly Carte?

FATHER

He was the greatest theatrical manager of his day who was not an actor. I don't suppose there ever was such an actor-manager as Irving. The only survivor of the famous group is Rupert D'Oyly Carte; he it is who now produces the operas in England, and he is every whit as particular as his father. He was very nice to me the last time I

was in London, and gave me photographs of all three of the great men.

SON

They must have had lots of fun together.

FATHER

Yes, and they worked like the very devil. All three men were autocrats as well as geniuses. 'You are not in the picture,' D'Oyly Carte would shout at a rehearsal to someone who sought to obtrude himself somewhat. 'My music, if you please,' Sullivan would suggest to some tenor singing off key. And woe betide the poor wretch who dared to inject a little wit of his own: 'his doom was extremely hard'; for Gilbert was 'techy' to the last degree. 'Do you think you can improve upon my humor?' and there was never an answer.

SON

I suppose *The Mikado* —

FATHER

You are quite right. In England *The Gondoliers* has always been extremely popular; but *The Mikado* is, in the world's judgment, the highwater mark of their achievement. You see, its humor is not as subtle as Gilbert's humor sometimes is — as it is in *Patience*, for example. The music of *The Mikado* is marvelous, the stage pictures were novel and beautiful, and nothing could be more witty than Gilbert's verses. Of course they can't be translated, but they try to nevertheless.

SON

Have you —?

FATHER

Yes, once: in Germany. All my life I have been told how superbly they gave opera there. 'It makes no difference where you go or what you see, it will be magnificent; such orchestras, such ensembles!' Well, some years ago,

I found myself in Dresden. We had arrived late, and after securing a room at the Bellevue, I inquired of a man in superb uniform if he could get me two good seats for the opera. He said it would be difficult, but he would try. I told him to try hard, and I helped him to. After a dinner, quickly eaten, I got my tickets and hurried off to the Opera House, arriving just in time. Making my way over the ample feet of people who declined to move an inch, I was amazed to hear three raps of a baton, and the orchestra began the overture of *The Mikado*, of all things in the world: *The Mikado* with the humor left out. It was a conscientious German performance: the orchestra of eighty or a hundred pieces played for dear life; not a fly-speck but they played it. The stage was vast. 'Die kleine Fraulein Yum Yum' was a young giantess usually cast for Brunhilde parts. The piece, usually so exquisite and dainty and full of fun, was oversung and underacted.

I felt as unhappy as I did when I once heard *Walkür* in Rome.

SON

London has spoiled you for —

FATHER

London has spoiled me for many things; but I have heard good performances of Gilbert and Sullivan out of London. I heard the first performance of *The Mikado* given in Philadelphia, and I remember the pretty girl I took with me.

SON

She's a grandmother now, I presume.

FATHER

She is; but do not refer to it. I am a grandfather. It is not so appalling to be a grandfather as to be married to a grandmother. We were speaking of *The Mikado*. I had end seats on the right-hand side of the front row of the balcony; they were the most expensive

seats I had ever bought up to that time; and I remember that I took my girl home in a coupé. Most people used street-cars in those days, drawn by horses, the floors of which, in winter, were covered with what had once been nice clean straw, strewn knee-deep, but which soon became matted down and wet and filthy; and when the streets got blocked with snow, the cars were constantly getting off the tracks. It seems only yesterday.

SON

Who was the girl?

FATHER

Never mind, my son. You don't see such girls nowadays; they don't make 'em any longer. All through the performance I thought of taking that girl home in the coupé. You never saw Mrs. John Drew in a play called *Engaged* — also by Gilbert, by the way? No, of course you did n't — she was John Drew's mother. Well, there is a scene in that play which came to my mind. A man and a girl get into a cab and drive off from a country inn, leaving the host to remark meditatively, as the vehicle disappears down the road, 'He's got his arm around her waist — if I know anything of human nature — in a cab.'

SON

No wonder you like *The Mikado*.

FATHER

The last time I heard it was a few months ago, in England. We landed at Plymouth, and went at once to Exeter, where we put up at that charming old-world hotel, the Clarence. Driving to the hotel, I saw posters announcing a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan; and before I asked for my room, I inquired if the company was still there. 'No, last night was the last night,' I was told. Where had the company gone? The divinity that worked the beer-pump

'did n't know but would inquire.' Either to Bournemouth or to Weston-super-Mare, I was later informed, which is like saying, either to Newport or to Coney Island. After dinner, I walked around to the little provincial theatre, and there learned, to my disgust, that the company had gone to Weston-super-Mare for a week. 'Very well,' I said to myself, 'we will go to Weston.'

SON

You don't speak of Weston with enthusiasm.

FATHER

A middle-class English watering-place is pretty dreadful, and it is n't on the sea; it's on the Bristol Channel; and when the tide is out, it is n't even on that. On our arrival, we got a room at the best hotel on the esplanade. 'Where is the Mare?' your mother inquired, as she looked out upon an illimitable expanse of mud, upon which young Britons were disporting themselves, seemingly by millions. You never saw so many or such sturdy youngsters. And far off in the distance was a streak of water — the Bristol Channel. 'If the opera is very good, we can stand it for three days,' I said to myself; and the opera was. *The Gondoliers* packed the house to the doors. I had last seen it thirty-odd years before, with my friend Francis Wilson, the inimitable, as the Duke of Plaza-Toro, who

In enterprise of martial kind,
When there was any fighting,
He led his regiment from behind —
He found it less exciting.
But when away his regiment ran,
His place was at the fore, O —
That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro! —

and much more besides. How it carried me back! It had never been a success

in America; even I, enthusiast as I am, had never cared much for it; but it is enormously popular in England, where it ranks with *The Mikado* and *The Yeoman of the Guard*, which we heard the next day.

SON

Did n't you hear that in New York a few seasons ago?

FATHER

No, that was *Ruddigore*. We went over to New York two or three times purposely to hear it. It was a very ambitious revival and very successful.

SON

Tell me about *The Mikado*.

FATHER

Don't rush me, my boy; I don't often get a chance like this. We were speaking of *The Yeoman of the Guard*. I had n't seen it for years, and had forgotten how lovely it is. The curtain goes up, revealing that little square plot of ground, Tower Green, on which so much of England's best blood has been shed. In the background is the gloomy old Tower of London. The scene is laid in the time of Henry the Eighth; and when the Beefeaters and the rest of the chorus crowd the stage, it makes about as pretty a historical picture as I have ever seen. There is humor in *The Yeoman*, but there is pathos, too. You have had examples of Gilbert at play with words. Listen to him in serious mood:

Is life a boon?

If so, it must befall

That Death, when'er he call,

Must call too soon.

Though fourscore years he give,

Yet one would pray to live

Another moon!

What kind of plaint have I,

Who perish in July?

I might have had to die,

Perchance, in June!

SON

Obviously a song for the tenor —

FATHER

Yes, but you should hear the duet between Jack Point, the clown, and Elsie Maynard, his sweetheart. They are two wandering minstrels singing in the public streets, as they still do in London. Jack Point is a clown out of Shakespeare.

SON

I never thought much —

FATHER

I feared so; but you would think a lot of Jack Point if you could hear him sing, 'I have a song to sing, O!' It's positively delicious. Then the Governor of the Tower comes along, and Jack asks him if he is not in need of a jester. 'What qualifications have you?' says the Governor. Jack replies, 'Marry, sir, I have a very pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum.' 'How came you to leave your last employ?' says the Governor. 'Why sir,' says Jack, 'it was in this wise. My Lord was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was considered that one of my jokes was unsuited to His Grace's family circle. In truth, I ventured to ask a poor riddle, sir — wherein lay the difference between His Grace and poor Jack Point? His Grace was pleased to give it up, sir. And thereupon I told him that whereas His Grace was paid ten thousand pounds a year for being good, poor Jack Point was good — for nothing. 'T was but a harmless jest, but it offended His Grace, who whipped me and set me in the stocks for a scurril rogue, and so we parted.'

SON

How can you remember all that?

FATHER

That's nothing. I have a memory for

the unimportant; but I can't be sure of my own telephone number. There's some more; you see Gilbert could write clever prose as well as clever verse. It takes nerve for an author to say, 'Now I'm going to be witty,' and get away with it. To return: 'I don't think much of that,' says the Governor; 'is that the best you can do?' 'It is much admired, sir. But I will try again,' says Jack. 'Say that I sat me down hurriedly on something sharp?' says the Governor. 'Sir, I should say that you had sat down on the spur of the moment,' says Jack. 'Suppose I caught you kissing the kitchen wench under my very nose?' says the Governor. 'Under her very nose, good sir — not under yours! That is where I would kiss her. Do you take me, sir?' says Jack. But for all this fooling, the play ends in gloom; for Elsie marries the handsome tenor, which is a habit pretty girls have on the stage, and Jack Point dies of a broken heart.

SON

Which is unusual in a comic opera.

FATHER

That brings up a very nice point. As originally written, Jack Point merely swoons away at Elsie Maynard's feet, after kissing the edge of her garment; that is how it was played by Grossmith, who created the rôle. Well, years ago, Harry Lytton, the last of the great Savoyards, was playing the part in Bath. He, on his own, *died* on the stage. The stage-manager was furious, and telegraphed to London to D'Oyly Carte: 'Lytton impossible as Jack Point. What shall I do?' Instantly Carte took train for Bath and, unknown to the company, witnessed the performance. After the last act he went behind the curtain, said that he had greatly enjoyed the performance, shook hands cordially with Lytton, and without another word returned to London. It

was evident to all, although not a word had been said, that the great man was not displeased with the innovation, and so the part has been played that way ever since.

SON

What is your favorite?

FATHER

The last one I have heard; but the world says *Mikado*. It is comic and it is an opera — with talk; Gilbert at his very best, likewise Sullivan. It was the last opera we heard at Weston. Glory! how compact it is with fun and with music! It is a *tour-de-force*, both in words and music: Sullivan contrived to give a pseudo-Japanese character to a lot of his choruses; and the fact that some of the best of his duets and quartettes might have been sung in church did not interfere with their effectiveness when given by men and maidens in Japanese costume.

SON

Do the English —

FATHER

Certainly they do. Everyone knows his Gilbert and Sullivan as well as, or better than, I do.

SON

That's going some.

FATHER

One day last summer John Burns and I had a day's bookhunting together. We started from his house on Clapham Common shortly after breakfast one morning, and as we were tramping through Battersea Park a man passed us whistling *The Mikado*. 'Do you know that song?' I inquired. 'Know it!' Burns replied, 'of course I do, every word of it. I have played in it,' he continued. 'What part?' I inquired. 'The Mikado,' he replied. Of course, with his deep bass voice, I might have known it. Instantly he began, —

'A more humane Mikado never
 Did in Japan exist,
 To nobody second,
 I'm certainly reckoned
 A true philanthropist.
 It is my very humane endeavour
 To make, to some extent,
 Each evil liver
 A running river
 Of harmless merriment.'

I waited impatiently for him to get through, when I struck up 'A Wandering Minstrel'; then both of us began, 'Taken from a County Jail,' and no one hearing us would have supposed that we were a pair of elderly book-collectors out for a day's sport.

SON

Gilbert's wit is pretty caustic —

FATHER

At times, yes. He created for our amusement a topsy-turvy world, but a world no more grotesque than that created in all seriousness by our political marionettes at Washington. The law against flirting, for example, —

Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
 When he to rule our land began,
 Resolved to try
 A plan whereby
 Young men might best be steadied.
 So he decreed, in words succinct,
 That all who flirted, leered, or winked
 (Unless connubially linked),
 Should forthwith be beheaded, —

is no more ridiculous than our law against the sale of intoxicants.

SON

Speaking of intoxicants, I met Bill Nye at the Club to-day and he told me to ask you if you wanted to buy any perfectly good Scotch; that he knew —

FATHER

If we are going to discuss buying whisky, come over here where the Chief of Police won't hear us.

SON

Don't bother about the Chief of Police: he has been fixed by the prohibition officer.

FATHER

Now, there you are! That illustrates just what I have been saying: our so-called prohibition is quite as absurd as anything created by Gilbert in his most whimsical moments. Infractions of the law against flirting in his comic kingdom on the stage were punished by decapitation; whereas we very gravely reward our lawbreakers with fortunes beyond the dreams of avarice. A prohibition officer allows it to become known that out of a salary of three thousand a year he expects to save a million. He can give points to Pooh-Bah, and beat him at his own game. One feels that Pooh-Bah is fooling with stage money; but our officials are playing with the real thing.

SON

I should worry.

FATHER

Indeed, you should, my son, more than I, because it's your world rather than mine that the politicians are making such a mess of under the guise of reform. Do you remember what kind of a stage they had in England when they reopened the theatres that had been closed under Cromwell?

SON

No.

FATHER

It was the worst ever.

SON

You were talking about —

FATHER

After *The Mikado* anything would have been an anticlimax; so early the next morning we got a fast train up to London.

SON

Where you felt happy?

FATHER

Yes. 'My Old Lady London' was in tears when we arrived; but I got my arm around her very considerable waist and gave her a hug, and she brightened up; and what is more, stayed that way.

SON

So you think Gilbert and Sullivan have come to stay?

FATHER

Forever, I should say: as literature and as music. Centuries hence some gifted professor of English will be lecturing on the stage in the time of Victoria, and in his despair will temporarily adjourn his class while a piano is got in upon which to demonstrate the words of Gilbert with the music of Sullivan. Hazlitt attributed the great success of a revival in his time of *The Beggar's Opera* (a revival of which, in our own time, recently had its thousandth performance in London) to the uniting of sense with sound. To these two things these men united another: namely, wit; and wit without nastiness is one of the rarest things in the world. Never before, not since, and maybe never again, will two such great artists work together in such perfect harmony for the amusement of the world. One of the marvels of Gilbert and Sullivan is that, throughout all the years of their alliance, there was never a word spoken that could not have been spoken in church, or a costume worn that would not pass almost unnoticed in the streets to-day; that is to say, girls now reveal quite as much of themselves on the streets as they used to do on the stage. I don't see any reason in morals why they should n't display themselves for nothing on the streets quite as much as they do for money on the stage; but in my time it was n't

done. I wonder what D'Oyly Carte would say to the indecency of the *Frolics* and *Follies* and *Scandals* of to-day?

SON

Did you ever see either of —

FATHER

I once saw Sullivan go through the motions of conducting the orchestra for a part of *The Mikado*. I was in the gallery of a very large theatre when the interesting event took place; and the back of his head, from where I sat, looked in no way remarkable. Actually he looked like a successful stockbroker. The distinguished-looking member of the trio was D'Oyly Carte. Gilbert I never saw.

SON

He must have had a host of friends.

FATHER

I think not. Sullivan was much more popular. Gilbert was always saying something that rankled. A good story was told me only the other day by Austin Gray. Gilbert's next-door neighbor in the country was a Sir Thomas Day, of Day and Martin's Jams and Pickles. Having acquired a title and got into society, Sir Thomas had become very aristocratic, and strongly disliked any reference being made to the way in which he had made his money. One day Gilbert's dogs got into his coverts and killed a few partridges. Sir Thomas wrote haughtily to Gilbert, ordering him to keep his dogs in better order. Gilbert wrote back politely — 'Dear Sir Thomas, I have just received your letter about the loss of your partridges, and I am taking steps to keep my dogs from trespassing on your preserves in the future. Yours sincerely, W. S. Gilbert. P. S. You will pardon the use of the word "preserves," won't you?'

SON

Clever!

FATHER

Very. And there is another story, of Gilbert's remark to Lady Tree on the night when her husband was playing Hamlet for the first time. After the curtain fell, Lady Tree went up to him and, expressing her pleasure at seeing him, asked him his opinion of the performance. 'I would not have missed it for anything,' was the reply; 'it was funny without being vulgar.'

SON

That was a nasty one.

FATHER

So Lady Tree thought.

SON

Are they always playing Gilbert and Sullivan?

FATHER

Somewhere, yes. In that vast Empire upon which the sun never sets, *from morning till night*, as Somerset Maugham wittily says, I have no doubt performances are constantly going on. At the present moment, there are two excellent companies playing in England; and there was an enormously successful revival in London a year ago; and I hear there is to be one in New York; the time is ripe for it. D'Oyly Carte, the son of his father, does not permit the slightest deviation from tradition. As the operas were given by their creators a generation ago, so are they given to-day, and so will they be given a generation hence.

SON

When did Gilbert die?

FATHER

Gilbert died as recently as 1911; Sullivan, with the turn of the century. His death was the occasion of a public funeral, and he was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

SON

Are there any monuments to them?

FATHER

Yes. In the Embankment Gardens, not far 'from the scene of his great triumphs, there is a beautiful memorial to the man who set the whole world a-singing. It consists of a granite shaft surmounted with a bust of the composer; a bronze figure representing Grief clings to the pedestal, against which lies a broken lyre and a lute. It is one of the few successful allegorical pieces in modern London, and hardly requires the inscription, 'Sir Arthur Sullivan,' to make it known to the passer-by. And a few hundred yards east, near the unspeakably ugly Charing Cross railway bridge, is a huge plinth of granite forming a part of the Thames Embankment. Against this has been placed a bronze portrait in profile of 'W. S. Gilbert, Playwright and Poet.' Under the portrait are the words, 'His foe was folly and his weapon wit.' It is badly placed; it should have been nearer, to the memorial of Sullivan. That it serves to relieve the monotony of an otherwise dead granite wall is nothing to the point. But after all, what difference does it make how far apart their memorials are placed? Gilbert and Sullivan, an immortal partnership, will live eternally together in the heads and hearts of those who love merriment and melody.

SON (*Yawning*)

I think I'll call it a day.

FATHER

Good-night, my boy. I've been very much interested in listening to you. You've grown to be an excellent talker; you take after your mother — boys are very apt to.

GOING TO COMMENCEMENT

BY CARROLL PERRY

IN my mother's room, where all seven of us were born, stood a certain bureau, with a little drawer in the upper right-hand corner. To us children this drawer was a kind of sanctuary; for therein lay a little red pasteboard box with the printed legend 'Brown's Bronchial Troches.'

But Brown's Bronchial Troches were not what fired the boyish imagination: it was the sacred object, not germane to medicine, reposing in the box. Here lay a red ticket, denoting Life Membership in the Hoosac Valley Fair. No individual and non-transferable privilege, this. It was a family ticket and for life. It raised the great question, recurring every autumn: 'Are you going to Cattle Show?'

And so, in the last week of September, every year, we hitched up Cobden, or Chevalier (our family horse always bore the name of some noted economist), to the blue-lined carryall, and started eastward for the Cattle Show.

On these occasions, the term 'family' was given its broadest possible interpretation; its content was equivalent to the capacity of the chariot. In addition to the sons of the household, we packed in Billy Cooper, naturally; then Cholly Spooner, and Cholly McCoon, and Monk Raymond, and the Ethiopian Amos Jackson, who looked like a gorilla, having long black arms that reached below his knees. It was always a fine point of casuistry during the rest of the year, whether, as we plunged past the gatekeeper at the Fair Grounds, and flashed our ticket

before his eyes, we were really justified in shouting, as we always did, 'We're Professor Perry's boys, and he's a Life Member!' My brother Walter has never had, to this day, a doubt on the subject. 'We' meant 'We Perrys.' But he is a business man.

There was for us, moreover, another season of excitement to anticipate; and when the snow was off the mountains, and the mud was off the roads, and the new grass had grown tall enough to wave in the wind, and the lilacs had bent down fragrantly over Walden's spring, and the bats came in the twilight, and fireflies, and the sound of college singing as you tumbled into bed in the dark—every boy in town would put this second question to his pal, or write it shyly on his slate: 'Are you going to Commencement?' An engagement to preclude this, no one could have; that was well known; for none of us ever went away in summer time.

Oh, wonderful question! utterly superfluous, yet asked in utmost soberness; not for information, but for utterance, for the glory of the word, for the sheer mystical joy of the thing!

'Are you going to Commencement?'

For Commencement had a meaning. It meant a brass band all the way from Boston, a band clangorous and martial, in magnificent uniforms with gold braid. There was a boy in my school, a fine boy except for his pride, at whose house the leader of the band boarded all during the three days' engagement.

It meant that the Governor of the Commonwealth was coming to Wil-

liamstown, and the sheriff of the County of Berkshire, with bell-crown and cockade, in buff waistcoat, carrying a staff. It meant wearing your Sunday suit all day Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday; it meant pretty girls from big cities; pretty girls, in stylish dresses, with wonderful parasols — girls who lived in New York.

But they were not going back there till the cool autumn; they were on their way to that wonderful place called 'the seashore,' which none of us had ever seen; and they talked about going in bathing, just the way you would speak of going huckleberrying, without blushing a bit! They danced the 'German,' whatever that was; and they were laced so tight that you wondered where all the food went to.

It meant, here and there, a grand equipage, spacious victorias, with splendid coachmen and great, glistening horses in harnesses that creaked and squeaked, and were covered with gold. I know it was gold: a fellow said so. In those days, a lady sitting in her carriage had time to see you coming, and when she bowed to you slowly, with a smile, she dipped her parasol a little, and made a slight forward motion of her thin shoulders. I guess you would call it graciousness or good breeding, or something. Oh, I know, you have no need to tell me; I know well enough it was because she loved my mother.

When the train gets in from New York on Monday, Cyrus W. Field will be here. A boy in my school said to me that Cyrus W. Field was worth a million dollars; and Toad Parsons, from the Whiteoaks, spit some tobacco juice and said, 'Yes, and then you can add another million to that!' And we added it.

Everyone was so happy and generous and open! Ah, when the band struck up that wonderful music, and you marched along at the side of the road, it

nearly tore out your heart to think how badly Napoleon must have felt on that retreat from Moscow. Anyway, Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest man in the world.

Somehow, everything seemed open at Commencement time. The doors of the two Museums of Natural History were open all day long. One could go right in. Here were stuffed bears and stuffed birds and a stuffed giraffe, and snakes in great glass jars all drowned in alcohol. 'Monk' Raymond, who was older than I, — he was almost twelve, — said we would better be pretty careful in here; that there was a lot of arsenic around; they stuffed the birds with it.

Monk was my best friend. As a friend, he was always steadfast; but as a philosopher, he was sometimes fallible. He was an orphan, brought up by a crotchety old grandfather who carried a crooked stick, and a grandmother who, spiritually, was a cross between a crab-apple and the north wind.

Monk was staring into a hummingbird's nest. He looked at it a long while, and then remarked, — it seemed for no reason at all, — 'I heard something funny about Jack Perkins the other day.'

'What was that, Monk?'

'His mother kisses him every night when he goes off upstairs to bed.'

'But, gosh all hemlocks, Monk, —' I began; and then suddenly, looking at him, I saw behind the mask. I saw, and I am proud to recall that I lied like a gentleman, and remarked, 'Well! that's the darndest piece of foolishness I ever heard of!'

He also asserted, in a whisper, that the janitor had lifted a snake out of one of those glass jars, and then drunk up the alcohol. That seemed to me quite awful; it seemed incredible that, in the midst of all these wonderful, wonderful things, and with the chance

to see them every day, a man could think just about himself, and the delicious pleasure of strong drink.

'But the worst is wine,' said Monk. 'Wine is the worst there is. I drank some once. I took just a sip of grandmother's cherry bounce, and I reeled like anything.'

'Monk, what do you think is the wickedest thing a fellow can do?'

'Well, murder is pretty wicked,' reflected Monk, 'murder and adultery.'

'Do you mean — do you mean having two wives?'

'Yes!' answered he, 'and never speaking to either of them; never going near them at all; just neglecting them.'

Depression sat upon both of us. But hark! What's that? It's the Band! There goes the Band!

And out we scurried as fast as our short legs could carry us.

'And so we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,

While we were marching through Georgia.

And so we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,

While we were marching through Georgia.'

'Monk, how would you like to be General Sherman, and sit on a hotel piazza in the evening, and smoke a cigar from Havana, and put up your feet on to the railing, and just think and think and remember?'

'Finel!' said Monk; 'but Hannibal was the greatest of all — if only those Romans had given him a fair show.'

II

From neighboring villages and outlying farms, from Blackinton and Pownal, from Bee Hill and Hemlock Brook, from Whiteoaks and The Hopper and South Part, came the rural population to Commencement.

The men were dressed in their best black suits, and they wore new shoes that squeaked. The advanced indus-

trial age in which we now live has eliminated the squeak from shoe-leather. What a lamentable loss! It gave a personal note; it was a veritable annunciation. The women were always dressed in white, and were either excessively spare or else excessively stout. In any case, they carried fans. There were palm-leaf fans, and fans that shut up with a click; but all were needful, and all were in action, for the weather was sure to be intolerably hot.

Better judges of oratory, keener critics of forensic discourse, could nowhere have been found than in this assemblage at the village church. This was no peasantry; it was only here and there in the building that one could have sighted a rustic. This was a segment of the Yankee race. Sharp intelligence was here, and abounding humor, and a moral integrity, deep-rooted in Calvinism.

Take flight, O Sophomore of the prize contest, take flight into the empyrean, if you will; you will fly alone; you shall not take this people with you. Storm, O Senator from Washington; they will listen and wonder, but inwardly they will laugh you to scorn.

College graduates in very respectable numbers would be found among this farming group; fathers and mothers of college men in greater numbers still. Their daughters were school-teachers, and teachers of Sunday schools; and the whole family read the *Springfield Republican*. At many a four-corners, among syringa bushes, rested a plain white House of God; and men of brains, men like my father, used to commune there with these people upon the deep things of life. I repeat: this was no peasantry.

There were further attractions, however, beyond the things of the mind and the spirit. If you began to be wearied by the graduation oratory; and the programme seemed to extend on

and on, away to the bottom of the third page; and the intermissions for music by the band appeared too few; and 'The Soul of Matthew Arnold' began to get a little blurred in your mind; and you grew indifferent to 'Bismarck and the Unification of Germany'; and you yourself began to feel the contagion of 'The Unrest of the Age'; and it grew hotter all the time; and the Doctors of Divinity on the platform began to loosen, just a little, their snowy white cravats; and His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth had become suspiciously still — you could steal out of church, with a serious expression, and visit the merry-go-round.

For Stephen Bacon, proprietor of the Hopper farm, those rich broad acres of meadow and upland overhung by Bald Mountain, used to descend upon the town at Commencement time, with his mighty swings and his merry-go-round. These he installed in open spaces near the College; and what with booths and the rest, the neighborhood would take on the aspect of a county fair. In years far later, when one sat at Bacon's supper-table, after a happy day of trout fishing, he would observe to his guest and to his hired men, 'Anyone can succeed at farming who uses good energy and good calculation.' We knew his grandfather had proved this on the very same homestead; his father had proved it in his time; and he himself had proved it.

But nature's harvest out of those generous fields was not his only harvest-time. Commencement and Commencement crowds also brought to him their goodly returns. Yes! it was 'good calculation.' One cannot forget the patient blue eye and the measured drawl of this sage son of Ceres, who dwelt beneath the shadows of Greylock.

And here at the merry-go-round would be Abe the Bunter, the very

blackest of all Blacks. His life had come in with the century, and in boyhood he had escaped from slavery in York State. He had married an Amazon named Elsa, of Indian blood mingled with that of a Hessian soldier in the army of Burgoyne.

Abe was afraid of her, but so was everyone else; for when she strode down the street, silent and sinister, she was as formidable as a regiment of the Old Prussian Guard. They occupied a cabin in the Whiteoaks, by the side of Broad Brook; but if, as preachers tell us, the French have no word for home, neither had Abe the Bunter.

Abe, in his prime, was a most powerful Negro, and he performed, not with hands or feet, but with his head, Herculean labors. It happened in this wise. He had a cranium as resistant as armor plate. More than this, at the summit of his forehead was a large protuberant mound, the size of a hen's egg.

This African Pan would use his head as a battering-ram, and no dormitory door could sustain the shock. Thus, for the inconsiderable sum of half a dollar, a group of busy undergraduates in a college study could be induced to satisfy their intellectual curiosity and their destructive instincts at the same time. It was magnificent, and, if not war, it bore a close resemblance to it.

This eccentricity of cranium became Abe the Bunter's chief financial resource; it was literally his capital. And when age came on, and caution, and when prowess was relaxed, he still thrived; for in the interest of science he hypothecated his skull. To no less than a half-dozen different students he had sold his cranium for cash, delivery to be made when the Lord should call him.

Yet the last time I saw him, he was in the poor-house. As I handed him the package of tobacco I had brought for him, he sagely observed, 'It has al-

ways been worth a great deal to me to be a nigger.'

Epictetus! Epictetus! can you equal that?

I sometimes suspect that Abe the Bunter may be destined to greater fame than any of the gifted sons of Williams or of Williamstown. It may be that ages hence, when the Hoosac shall have overrun its banks, Macaulay's traveler from New Zealand, with an anthropologist in his company, may unearth the skull of the gallant Abe.

'Here was a Nordic,' the anthropologist will affirm; 'a direct ancestor of the blue-eyed, blond-haired Nordic race.' And the Williamstown Man, *Homo Bunterius*, will take a place in the ringing halls of Science, even as the Neanderthal Man, the Rhodesian Man, and the Man of Piltdown.

But why that group of gleeful listeners surrounding the person with the wheelbarrow? They are gulping down the oratory of the redoubtable Bill Pratt. For this is Bill himself—Bill, with his sawbuck and his saw; Bill, who took no holidays, but was himself a holiday; Bill, who was the joy of college boys throughout more than sixty years; Bill, who claimed membership in my grandfather's class, in my father's class, and in my class. A sturdy, muscular man, and grave, he can neither read nor write. He is wearing several pairs of trousers and half a dozen shirts; and his sleeves are rolled up at the elbow. Winter and summer, this is his garb. He is not only clothed, but clothed upon. His diet, never varied, consists of crackers and cheese and hard cider. To feed his body, he saws wood; but to satisfy his soul, he makes orations. To the layman they are sound and fury, signifying nothing; but to the poet, the artist, the mystic, they are joy and bliss ineffable.

Years ago, when I was a small boy, my mother used to go on pilgrimage

with me, one day in spring, one day in autumn, to buy me clothes against the coming season.

Not Damascus, hardly Athens, certainly not Rome, has stirred my pulses as did, in those great days, the Main Street of North Adams. For on a corner of this street stood a wonderful store; and behind the counter, a wonderful man, whose voice was very quiet and whose manners seemed the gentlest in the world.

When the garments had been chosen, these long-awaited words would fall from the lips of Henry Savage: 'We should like to present to the young man, either a necktie, or a pair of suspenders.'

The Valley of Decision!

I would walk to the front door and look out upon the tumultuous roaring life of the World of Men. I have found no more vital question. Here lay the whole problem of Art and Morality.

Dear Reader, have I taken too long to tell you that the oratory of Bill Pratt was of the necktie, rather than of the suspender order? It was for ornament, rather than for moral uplift.

Art thou an impressionist? Listen; this was taken down in shorthand:—

'Gentlemen of the noble conjugation! Sanctified embodiments of the dust of earth! I greet you with the testaments of munification, huminity, prosperpy, and destruction.

'By the efforts of my shad-glooms of death, by the fables of conjuity and the vance of dormant worship, I select myself. I elevate myself on prospercity and tain and parmenity and generosity, to the gable-end of Christianity. Arise! the Tain of Progress! Hear us, Sakes of Life and Glooms of Death. On the fancy verge of Egotism, may the whale gates of parmenity transform my elevation, and concess my headways of bluce in the ornaments of munition and the tain of gollidge.

'Transform my own sanctity in the ballads of life, and, purified by the rich views of the dust of earth, strike the Shakespeares of the gable-end. Prosperize the glooms of the infinitesimal destruction. Fountain of Headways and Charge of the Glooms of earth! By the verb defections of parmenity, mangelism, resurrection, and redemption, Hail to the Dust of Earth! Spit of the halfways, ornaments of publicity, vance of worship and tain of progress, concess myself with all-spice and ranggang to the gable-end of the cartridge-box, to the inguinity of the brainless hymoniky, the concessive tweed-shell, and the Shakespearean spit-fire. Oh! for the whale gates of Sanctity, the testiments of gollidge and glooms. May the shoulder-blades of Time and the inguinity of Purification consume us!

'Sakes of Life and Fountain of all Headways, transform us by the ornaments of testimonial pardonation to the Shad-Glooms of Eternity!'

This, of course, in the realm of Thought is pure mysticism; and in the realm of Sense, what Music, what Music it was!

And what shall I more say? For time would fail me to tell of Sugar Billy; of Aaron Blue, that Merlin of the Whiteoaks, who peddled the gleaming sea-sand; of Sabriny Beebe; of Mandy Crum; of Josh Maynard, who looked like Lord Palmerston dug up from a barnyard; of old Doctor Porter, the suave Ethiopian who could set your bones if that was your desire; and of that strange apparition, Lon Leet of Moon Hollow.

At this June season, our house would be filled with guests; the more crowded it was, the happier was my mother, the smile upon whose lips in every season no poet could describe. Her graciousness and unfeigned delight in welcoming back some lonely missionary from India or South Africa, home on fur-

lough, put heart into many a good man or woman, half-dazed by America after years of foreign residence. Ranged about our dinner-table sat college classmates of my father, the men of '52.

I wonder how clearly I can recall Henry Hazeltine?

By Saturday noon the Reverend Henry Hazeltine would climb down out of the stage-coach. He was father's oldest and dearest friend, and they were members of the same fraternity. Though a gentle, pulmonary soul, he was one of our hardy perennials for the Commencement season. His voice was very thin, but so was everything else about him, save his ancient carpet-bag, which always bulged with spotless linen. He wore low shoes, and white socks, and white cravat, and a white-linen duster for traveling; but his Panama hat had been browned by the glare of many Stockbridge summers. His upper lip, perhaps the longest and most solemn in modern history, was clean-shaven; the rest of his face was covered by a dark red beard. And he had brown eyes of the greatest depth and beauty.

Father claimed that in a 'Logic' examination at the end of their Junior year, Henry had beaten him by one point. But the Reverend Henry declared that he had been beaten by father. In a friendship lasting for half a century, this was their only point of disagreement.

Just one other portrait — this of father's fellow townsman and intimate friend, 'Jimmie' Paul. Always at table with us on these high occasions, he must have seemed a puzzle to many of the 'Gown.' Everybody called him 'Jimmie.' To old and young, to even the smallest child in town, he was Jimmie Paul. This, too, not by reason of affection for him, but by reason of a veiled contempt. For Jimmie Paul was 'queer.' There was no society for the

prevention of cruelty by children, and Jimmie was fair game for the silliest and for the most stupid. He was an old bachelor and a hermit. Perhaps no man ever lived among the Berkshire Hills who was so sensitive to natural beauty, and who felt so passionate a love for little children. His voice he sent forth in a rhapsody or chant, and as he talked, he blinked his eyes. As I recall him, he resembled the portraits of Thoreau, and he was about one hundred times more interesting.

Some Friday in June, about the time of the wild azalea, he would appear at the schoolhouse and announce that on the following day he would conduct a picnic on East Mountain. At the head of his troop of boys and girls, all carrying their luncheon packages, with here and there a teacher, he would lead us through the woods, pointing out sudden beauties hid from the foundation of the world. He was a poet, worshipping at the Temple's inner shrine.

There at the table also would be college presidents, and teachers from the Middle West or the Pacific States. Stalwarts these, who had gone out from our Vale of Beauty to become pioneers of education on the treeless plains of Nebraska and on the California coast. Stirred by father's stimulating interest, each had his tale to tell of small beginnings, of valor, and success.

There was one magic key never touched at these formal occasions — a note reserved for the intimacy of the family circle, when the Commencement Season should be over. This was my mother's astounding mimicry. The Lord had permitted mother to be left-handed; the manifest purpose, this: that, while pouring tea with her left hand, she might be free to gesture with her right.

Nothing rested my father like a demonstration of this kind, though it was a gift wholly left out of his own

composition. The roaring waves of laughter from him and the six children always disconcerted the Puritan soul of my mother. To the end of her days she would blush with confusion.

Impersonation, with her, was a wholly interior thing; it needed only a wave of the hand, the raising of an eyebrow, a twitch of her mobile lips, and she achieved perfectly, in a fraction of a second, what a blunderer would take five minutes to do, and fail in doing. O ye holy, who sat in amplitude of white waistcoat on the Commencement Stage—you never knew! Just a moment's quick posture, a trick of the voice, and the bland gods of the platform became deflated for us forever!

Our chief social lions were the adventurers of the Cross—that gifted family from Syria: that immensely tall athletic man, who carried on his forehead the great scar, from the scimitar of a Kurdish bandit in the mountains of Armenia; that vigorous missionary from Southern India, who took me for companion on a lonely walk one day in the high pastures, and remarked, as he lighted his cigar before vaulting the rail fence, 'I would as soon expect to convert the devil in hell as to convert a Hindu of the Brahman caste.' How entertaining, after a day or two, they all became! What stories they told! And how they dreaded the thought of being parted, by the width of the world, from their growing children.

Yes! these were our social lions, and how unfashionable they were! Looking back at the various types, they seem the most unworldly group of people ever drawn beneath a single roof; and, within somewhat narrow limits, the best-educated lot.

But this present world they knew better than most, for they were workers in it. They had been bred to its enlightenment, and dedicated to its healing.

CALL TO ADVENTURE

THE QUAKER VIEW

BY EDWARD THOMAS

I. THE STORY

CLOSE to the battle-lines in France, from September, 1914, until the Armistice in 1918, a group of adventurous idealists faced the realities and the perils of war among the common people. They maintained maternity and general civilian hospitals, operated milk-stations for babies, ploughed fields, sowed grain, reaped crops, restored devastated farms. They sold and distributed many thousands of dollars' worth of seeds, of furniture, and of other supplies. Much was sold a little below cost; much they sold for nominal amounts of money, often on long credit, according to the ability of the purchaser to pay. Some goods they gave away. They built hundreds of demountable houses, for this purpose operating two wood-working factories; they cared for many thousands of refugees, especially women and children; they cared for the insane. In places more remote, to obtain adequate supplies for restocking farms, they became large-scale emergency farmers, raising, or buying and shipping to the needy, horses, cows, sheep, goats, chickens, pigs, rabbits, and bees.

They managed the government of besieged Ypres, when the proper forms of authority failed to operate. They found typhoid raging among the neglected populace, and stamped out the epidemic by effectively vaccinating

over twenty-six thousand people, treating seven hundred of those already stricken in extemporized hospitals. Wherever they found themselves, they attempted to construct livable ways of living out of lives broken by the war-machine, and neglected by the armies called their protectors. Moreover, they supplied and manned several convoys of motor ambulances at the front, which ultimately carried two hundred and sixty thousand wounded; and manned four or five ambulance trains, of some ten cars each, running to base hospitals; and provided and manned two hospital ships on the sea.

Those who did this work were, for the most part, well-educated idealists, devoted to the cause of humanity, but untrained for such work. Their ideals were despised and rejected by the military mind, and they were called conscientious objectors. They proved to be marvelously efficient in carrying out this work scorned by so-called patriots. No better proof is needed than the success of their maternity hospital at Châlons. Out of 878 babies born there, 838 were born alive and survived the first month. Of the mothers only two died, and one of these was brought in dying. The record of this hospital in the war zone, even though all were living on a narrow and often insufficient diet, and though mothers and babies had to be moved, in emergencies, into and out of bomb-proofs, is equal to the

best peace-time records of well-managed hospitals in any city. Its devoted, intelligent attendants, serving without pay, proved as efficient as the highly trained, well-paid staff of the best hospitals in the world.

During the war these adventurers, ever looking toward the brotherhood of man, were in France, Russia, Serbia, and Italy. Besides this, they provided regular visitors or supervisors at prison-camps and relief-camps in England, Holland, and Corfu. After the Armistice, they went with their helping hands into Belgium, Germany, Austria, Syria, and Siberia, stretching out over Asia until they came to Japan. They operated their own freight trains on a branch railroad in France; when a locomotive failed them, they stripped a heavy motor-truck of its rubber tires, and fitted the iron rims of its wheels to the railroad track, that their operations might not be interrupted. They opened a chain of coöperative general stores. They became the largest milk-dealers in Austria, and they handled millions of dollars' worth of other supplies. They unexpectedly found they had no bad debts; the refugees paid for all the goods they had received on sales. So these workers endowed a \$200,000 hospital with these and some other surplus funds of the French work.

Their uniform came to be so respected, that those who wore it were given free passes on some of the greatest railroads of Europe. Goods in warehouses labeled with their name and insignia, often guarded by only nominal and unarmed watchmen, proved safer from thieving than the military camps and national well-guarded storehouses in either America or France. Their losses by thieving on their far-flung lines of transportation and from their storehouses were less than a New York department store loses within its own walls.

They were more effective peacemakers than armed police. It was unsafe to be out alone at night in the Balkan towns. Two years after these adventurers had established their hospital in Petch, one of the worst of the towns, the spirit of brotherhood had planted itself so firmly that anyone could walk alone at night and find the streets safe. What some psychologists call the 'hate-complex' had been cured by the love that suffereth long and is kind, that vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up.

Those who came to Continental Europe after the Armistice had many surprises. They expected to find the doors of government offices shut in their faces. Instead, government officials welcomed their visits. One worker, who entered late upon the work and for only a short time, thus expresses himself:—

'It is very strange to be on such intimate terms with ministers of state. Most people find more difficulty in meeting European ministers than in reaching the President at Washington; but with us it was very different. If I wanted to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or the Minister of Reconstruction, or the Minister of War, I merely telephoned for an appointment. I was usually told to come at once, and was never put off more than half a day. We always got along very well with the ministers, in spite of our different point of view when it came to war or politics or economics.'

Another worker needed more than a thousand horses to enable returning refugees to plough their lands for seeding. Ploughs were available, but everyone said, 'All the horses are in the army. You can't get them. Poland refused to reduce her military establishment when the League of Nations asked her, and also when the Supreme Council of the Allies asked her.' But

this adventurous worker refused to be discouraged. She went to the Polish Minister of War; and because she asked nothing for herself or for her organization, but went in the spirit of the prophets of old, the Minister of War listened to her, and gave her all the horses she needed.

Bread cards, and even legal-tender currency, were issued by cities as tributes to the unselfish efficiency of the workers, bearing the name of their church and their insignia. When one of their head workers in Russia asked how much land he could count on controlling for the work, he was taken up into a high place and offered all the land as far as he could see. And they had many other adventures.

II. THE LESSON

Every church that seeks will find adventures. If any church is ready to forsake its property, its houses and lands, and is ready to be brought before rulers and be persecuted for the sake of bringing good news to the poor, for the sake of healing the broken-hearted, for the giving of sight to the blind, and for the breaking of chains, economic or military, it will receive its reward, manifold more, and in the time to come good reputation. Eventually rulers will welcome its messengers, listening to their words as to the words of those who are true prophets.

Adventures like these interest the world; they interest the man in the street, command the respect of the scoffer, open the eyes of the self-satisfied, and teach the needs of the world to the thoughtless. These adventurers for the brotherhood of man awaken sympathy for those who need the very help they have to offer.

In their homelands one adult in every thousand of the population is counted as a member of the Church which

gave its name to the work and staked its reputation on the faithfulness and wisdom of the workers. If ten times as many would give their support to such work carried out by their own churches, can anyone doubt that war would be banished from the earth? If one out of every hundred adults were willing to support this kind of work, and their churches were willing to undertake it, wars would be impossible. The common people will gladly hear a physician who will cure the world of war and all its unutterable brutality. They are looking for the church which will be a physician.

The remarkable reverence which grew up in hostile countries in less than two years for the uniform of these adventurous relief workers is in sharp contrast to the mere tolerance for the uniforms worn by some other groups of workers. This reverence and respect, amounting to love, was won in several of the countries by workers from nations recently bitterly hated as enemies. It is evident that patriotism and the emotions of solidarity can be personified and idealized in the uniforms of workers for brotherhood as effectively as has been done in the past by the uniforms of soldiery. The insignia of brotherhood, worn by workers striving against evil in the spirit of Jesus, can be made inspiring, as inspiring as war and hate have made the insignia of war — uniforms and flags and swords and guns.

This war-time adventure of one group has shown the conditions for success. The workers should serve without pay, except for necessary pocket money, and should enlist for short terms only, so that the spirit of adventure is ever fresh. They must be intelligent and devoted to the ideal, wear inconspicuous uniforms, and go unarmed, lest the form of the institution outshine the spirit of the work.

They must be willing to accept minor positions, to do their full share of monotonous weary labor, and to undergo some persecution.

The constant endeavor of relief workers must be to make continued work unnecessary. They must avoid pauperizing those they seek to help. Unlike foreign missions, which are most successful in well-tilled fields and succeed only if they build up churches, relief workers must always be ready to abandon their work before it becomes an institution in the eyes of those they help. These workers, for this reason, with the advice and consent of the governments concerned, have withdrawn from France, from Germany, and from Serbia. Like the most forward-looking of the foreign missionaries, who seek to build up self-reliant congregations, relief workers must make self-reliant people out of those they help. Workers must not only be adventurers; but teach others to adventure toward constructive ideals.

The very complexity of modern life gives each church an opportunity to centre the romance of adventure in itself by offering adventurous relief work to its young men and women. The romance of adventure has gone out of everyday modern life. Civilization means institutions, means organization, makes adventure less normal and more difficult to seek out. For an organization to run smoothly on its wheels, men and women must fit the deep ruts worn by travel of the wheels. Whoever leaves his groove, whoever jumps the track, is likely to cause a serious wreck. In adventurous relief work the workers are restoring to usefulness lives wrecked by the selfishness of the economic machinery of civilization or by the war-machine. Such lives are numbered by millions, and all the charitable institutions of the nations fail to lessen their number.

Christians must learn again that the spirit of Jesus does not come by outward forms, does not thrive in institutions, but within the soul of the adventurer for the brotherhood of man. When the military machine made its hospital ships institutions in which the spirit of Jesus could not dwell, these workers gave them up, and turned to other work. They were about to give up their ambulance trains for the same reason when the Armistice came.

It is unnecessary, perhaps it is unwise, for a church officially to organize constructive relief work. Small bands of adventurous men and women in England, in August, 1914, assured of the moral support of their church, independently began the work which resulted in the adventures recounted above. All that is needed to start work which may revolutionize the world is the moral support of a church numbering a substantial fraction of the population among its adherents; any church with a million members can supply the leaders and the financial backing adequate to become a leader of the nation toward higher ideals. A central organization is needed for selecting and managing workers and supplies; but financing relief work is the least of its difficulties. Five thousand dollars, together with the vacation-time, free use of a college equipment, and the volunteer services of a few instructors and business men, started the American branch of the work, which soon grew until it was contributing largely to the results.

In the winter of 1921 to 1922 some forty workers were in the famine-stricken regions of Russia. A fourth of these fell sick with typhus. New workers have gone to replace those invalided home. The adventure still calls in Russia. It calls in the Pennsylvania and West Virginia coal-fields, all up and down the Appalachian Mountains, in Mexico, in China.

The whole world is calling for adventurers who will do everyday work, ever looking toward the brotherhood of man. The world is profoundly thankful and deeply stirred when the spirit of Jesus shows itself embodied and personified in a group of adventurous workers. In our complex civilization such work can be done only by individuals working in groups and burning with the spirit of idealism. The world should find that spirit in the churches, and is saying to each church, 'Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?'

III. TOWARD THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

The causes for which wars are fought — liberty, justice, and peace — are noble and Christian causes. But the method of war is not only un-Christian — it is ineffective for these ends. The 'War to end War' has failed. Those who have been in the trenches and have seen the fate of the civilian population behind the lines agree with G. A. Studdart-Kennedy, the most popular of the British army chaplains, who said: 'The brutality of war is literally unutterable. There are no words foul and filthy enough to describe it.'

Just before he died, William Austin Smith, the clear-sighted editor of the *Churchman*, began a campaign against war. He cried out, 'War is sin.' Almost his last words named one pole of the compass-needle which he hoped was to guide men toward better ideals. Every compass-needle has two poles. The pole which actually points toward the better ideal is adventurous belief in the brotherhood of man.

More than a compass is needed. A chart is indispensable. Not every chart that is offered can be trusted. Trustworthy charts are based on the experiences of the successful navigators of the past. To learn the dangers which

must be avoided, inexperienced navigators must go to such charts, and to the history of voyagers who have come closest to their aim.

Moreover, before prosperous people, living well-ordered lives in comfortable houses, can see war in its true light, as an embodiment of evil, injustice, and hate, they must meet evil, injustice, and hate face to face, in concrete form, and learn the impossibility of overcoming them with weapons made in their own likeness.

An engineer who is typical of the Rotary Club type, genial, optimistic, enterprising, and appearing prosperous, asserts that all progress is due to selfishness. Like so many of his type, he talks about service, meaning the intelligent selfishness which realizes that it can do business only by producing serviceable goods, saying that selfishness is the greatest thing in the world. He believes that he has a moral obligation to be prosperous. But imagination and adventure are really just as important a part of his life as selfishness. They are a part of the successful business mind and of the successful scientific mind. This engineer's scientific mind can accomplish nothing without adventuring into the unknown, bringing his imagination to bear on the problems that face him. He recently gave up a good position to start out for himself under great handicaps. Preaching love will not reach him now, but telling stories of adventure toward the brotherhood of man will open his eyes. Such stories not only will interest him, but eventually will teach him that there are other things in the world, and that the greatest of these is love — love working through adventure, and imagination working through love.

History is full of the stories of adventurers who had such a clear vision of the brotherhood of man that they refused to take part in war. Some of the

stories are almost as old as the books of the New Testament. Many who refused were followers of the saints — of Francis of Assisi. There were great numbers who refused military service in Cromwell's time. A century ago, the Mennonites refused to serve as soldiers under Bonaparte, but shared the dangers of his campaigns, while succoring those to whom war brought suffering. These, and other groups who have set their faces firmly against war, have been adventurous idealists. The great groups of reformers who gave us free public education, who agitated against slavery until the slaves were free, who reformed the worst of the prisons, were the spiritual ancestors of those whose deeds have been recounted above.

The stable structure of peace and of education for peace has always been founded upon a sympathetic human interest in the sufferings and doings of all mankind; a loving interest that be-

lieveth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, until it becomes an adventurous following of the Man of Nazareth, an adventurous belief in the brotherhood of man. If a man hate not the spirit which wrongs his neighbor whom he hath seen, how shall he hate the spirit which wrongs the foreigner whom he hath not seen? If a man hate not the selfish economic spirit which wrongs his unfortunate neighbor whom he hath seen and passed by on the street, how shall he hate the military spirit of his own nation, which wrongs foreigners whom he hath not seen? In adventurous relief work, begun in peace-time, with workers devoted enough to withstand the temptations of prosperity, lies the possibility of establishing so firm a tradition of the evils of war, that coming generations will forbid any experimentation with war, even as a means of redressing wrongs.

THE TEST OF FAITH

A CHAPTER IN NON-RESISTANCE

BY EDWARD RICHARDS

I

DURING the war, in almost all the larger countries involved, there were groups of people who, for religious reasons, could not see their way clear to take part in it. These people were sometimes members of an organized religious group, such as the Mennonites, Quakers, Seventh-Day Adventists, and the like; but in other cases

they were isolated individuals, who took the same position against war, but were not affiliated with any organization whose creed opposed participating in war. Many of these people suffered severe persecution for their beliefs. Some of them went to jail for considerable periods; some of them died, or were killed there; some went into non-

combatant service, or into the Red Cross or relief work; some went out on the North Sea at the extremely dangerous work of mine-sweeping; and others undertook other work which they felt was suitable in demonstrating their beliefs.

I have met and talked with a considerable number of these conscientious objectors, not only in the United States, but in other parts of the world, and have heard their stories. I have found that my own story is apparently unique in one respect. All the conscientious objectors with whom I talked had certain beliefs — which varied a good deal with different personalities — concerning the Christian method of dealing with violence. For the most part, however, during the war these men were not called upon to face personal violence — at least, not in a way to test out the various supposititious cases brought forward as arguments against the non-resistant position by people who opposed the idea of pacifism as impractical. Because, to a certain degree, my case is different from the usual run of conscientious objectors, I have been led to believe that it might be well to contribute my story, as a partial answer, at least, to these supposititious arguments. In order to do so, however, it will be necessary for me to state briefly my own position in connection with war and non-resistance.

As I understand the teachings of the New Testament and the life lived by Jesus Christ, the fundamental bases of Christianity are, first, a belief that Jesus Christ and God were, in some mysterious way, one; that is, that the picture of personality and character demonstrated by Christ is a true picture of the personality and character of God. The second basis is that absolute power and utter love, as combined in the character of Jesus Christ, are a fundamental fact, in which the man who is

trying to follow Christ can trust. In other words, the man following Christ can rely upon a Divine Power which has power over all things. This Divine Power is fundamentally the power of utter love. These two bases are the fundamental principles on which the follower of Christ rests his belief.

The working out, practically, in everyday life, of the above-mentioned ideas goes much deeper than the ordinary church member or religious person thinks; and in its ultimate end it goes much farther than anybody except Jesus himself has ever put into practice. In regard to war, it means that the Christian pacifist believes that the forces of love are stronger than the forces of hate, and that, in order to overcome evil, — really overcome it, — one force, and one only, can be used: that is the force of love. Such a position eliminates the possibility of partaking in war; for war fundamentally believes in the use of evil means to attain a good end — I must kill people in order to bring about democracy, freedom, self-determination of nations, and so forth. I must do what we all recognize to be evil, and what we punish men for in times of peace, and do it in the belief that good will come from it. Such a position is a contradiction of terms to the Christian pacifist who believes that the only way of overcoming evil is with good.

What then should I do, holding such beliefs, in the spring of 1917, in the United States? Many sincere men believed that the most Christian thing to do was to give their lives in the front trenches, believing that they, in that way, were helping to do away the evil of war. To hold my position honestly, and meet such men face to face, it was necessary for me to be willing to do something at least as disagreeable and dangerous, and to do it with the motive of keeping people alive, of

bringing about reconciliation and goodwill between hostile factions, and to do it using only methods which were uplifting and helpful and beneficial to everybody concerned. I had to be willing to get killed, but to do so loving everybody and trying to help everybody, including the Germans, the Turks, and all other people. Then, and only then, could I meet the sincere men whom I knew, who were risking their lives in the trenches. My belief was that such a programme of the use of good means could produce only good results, and that all I had to do was to insist upon continuing the use of good means, refusing to use evil means. I feel more convinced now, in 1922, than ever, after seeing the results actually obtained by fighting, that my position in 1917 was correct; and I have met a number of people who have been pretty well brought around to my point of view by the events of the last four years. Such was and is my position as a Christian pacifist in regard to war.

In 1917, I frankly expressed my convictions in regard to the Christian participating in war, and found very frequently that people wanted to push me into answering supposititious cases. Two of these cases were as follows: —

1. 'You say you will not use evil means, even to attain a good end. Do you mean to tell me that, if you were in a room full of women and children, and some of those wild Turks and Kurds from the mountains of Turkey should come and begin to break in the door, you would stand aside, like a coward, and let them come in, refusing to fight to protect the women and children? Would not fighting be right in such an emergency, and would not the Christian be doing the most loving thing, even toward the Kurds and Turks, by killing them to prevent their assaulting the women and children?'

My answer to this, while I was in

America, was that I felt that I was a *Christian* pacifist, not just a pacifist, and that I believed that, if I honestly tried to follow the teachings of Christ, God would never put me in a position where I would be unable to act in a spirit of real love toward everybody concerned, including the Kurds and the Turks. As for the killing of the latter in a spirit of love, the thing in itself is an absurdity. Nobody deliberately wills to kill those to whom his loving, affectionate heart has gone out. Love is not so constituted. I have now a small boy. I love him very much. There may come a time when my son may determine to do something wrong. As his father, I have the right and the duty to urge upon him a different course of action. I may even punish him if, in so doing, the punishment may be beneficial to him; but everyone will admit that it would be wrong for me to kill my son, in order to prevent him from doing evil.

The attitude of the Christian pacifist toward the Kurd or the Turk would not be different. My position in regard to this supposititious case was that I could not guarantee that no one would be killed or injured or assaulted: that did not rest in my power; but I believed that, if I continued to act in a spirit of love toward the intruding Turks and Kurds, — mind you, not in a spirit of subservience or cowardice, — I should be using the most effective means to prevent the killing or assault from taking place. As long as I continued to use the right means, I could be sure that I was doing the very best thing that I personally could do, and I could then count on the real Divine Power of God Almighty to direct the thoughts, wills, and acts of the Kurds as He desired. Also, I could safely leave the situation in his hands. If we were killed or assaulted, in spite of any refusal to fight, I could then count on it thus being

God's will for us all to die or be assaulted, and that our death or injury would be more effective in bringing about the Kingdom of God on earth than any other thing we could possibly do.

2. The second supposititious case was this: 'What about the drunken or crazy man running amuck? What would you do if you saw a drunken man armed and lusting for blood in the midst of a crowded street? Would you not be justified in killing him as you would a mad dog?'

My reply to this case was that a man is a man and not a dog; and that whether he is drunk, or whether he is mad, does not alter the case. He still is a man, and, if I believe in the life and death of Christ, I must believe that Christ came to save drunken, evil madmen as well as others. As he put it, 'I come not to bring the righteous but sinners to repentance.' I therefore can no more picture Jesus Christ shooting down a wild, drunken madman running amuck, than I could picture him in the trenches in Flanders sticking a bayonet into the stomach of a German, or squirting liquid fire into the faces of a group of Austrians. The man Christ Jesus, as I see him in the New Testament, was not that kind of person. Moreover, I believed that there would be a better and more effective way of handling the drunken madman than by killing him; because, when I killed him, I could do nothing more for his soul; and fundamentally a Christian pacifist must consider loving his enemy as well as protecting his friend.

II

These supposititious cases were very commonly brought up, and are still commonly brought up, by those who wish to show that Christianity and war can be reconciled. I felt that the above

answers to the supposititious cases were adequate and right from a Christian point of view; but somehow I felt called upon to give myself an opportunity of demonstrating in action that such a method of handling the cases would work. I felt that I should be an active pacifist, not a passive one; and so I went to a friend of mine who was well posted on the Near-Eastern and the general world situation, and asked him to tell me what in his judgment was the most dangerous and disagreeable part of the world at that particular time.

He at once answered me by saying, 'West Persia.' At that time, 1917, in West Persia a combination of war and a mixture of racial antipathies and religious fanaticism, which had come down through hundreds of years, existed in a marked degree. The country had been the fighting ground of the Turkish and Russian armies since the beginning of the war. Mohammedanism, with all its complications, was very strong. Massacres and flights of peoples had taken place, and were liable to occur at any time. At the same time, the country was very backward in its culture, there being no sewers in the cities, no sanitation of any kind, only a few hospitals run by American missionary doctors, and most of the worst diseases were continually present and often raging: smallpox, cholera, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, relapsing fever, malaria, pernicious malaria, and a number of other diseases were not only common but were a pressing concern. On top of all this, law and order were very weak in this section of the world; and altogether I believe from experience that my friend was right when he named West Persia as the worst place in the world at that time.

I therefore volunteered to go to West Persia, to assist in the relief work. I agreed to pay all my own expenses and to accept no salary. I did not expect

ever to come back again, as it did not seem probable that I could stay alive in such a country for more than a few months; so I made my will, put my affairs in order, said good-bye to my family and friends, and started for Persia. This was in May, 1917.

The long journey through Norway, Sweden, Finland, across Russia, and through the Caucasus, to Persia, was slow; but finally I arrived safely in a city of some 50,000 inhabitants in West Persia — Urumiah. Here I was put in charge of the orphans, the industrial relief, and was made secretary of the Relief Committee. During the summer, autumn, and early winter, I was very busy riding from village to village over the plains, visiting, classifying, and arranging for the feeding, clothing, and general care of the 500-odd orphans scattered throughout this stricken area. I organized some of the refugee Assyrians into a cloth-industry, giving several hundred women work in carding and spinning wool, and arranged for the building of twenty-five native hand-loom. I soon had them weaving the native cloth which for countless generations has been an important material for men's clothing in the high mountains of Kurdistan. We finally worked the production up to 1000 Turkish *arshines* of this cloth per week. (One Turkish arshine equals 29 inches.)

Later on, as need arose, I took charge also of cleaning up the streets of the city of Urumiah (my first and only job as street-cleaning commissioner). This developed, among other lines, into one very unpleasant task: namely, the collecting and reburying of bodies dug up by the dogs in the graveyards, and partly eaten. The cleaning-up and keeping clean (as far as possible in such an unsanitary country) of the yards filled with refugees also fell upon my shoulders, as did the complete care of

the relief-transportation equipment of autos, horses, carts, harness, and the rest.

All these activities kept me very busy during the remainder of 1917, and on into the spring and summer of 1918.

In July, 1918, the situation around Urumiah was very intense. The ill-will stirred up by the war, the persecutions, the massacres, the assaulting of women and the carrying-off of girls, had intensified to a terrible degree the age-long hatred between the Syrians and Armenians on the one hand, and the Turks, Kurds, and Moslems on the other. The country had suffered terribly from the destruction of property. There were thousands of people who had been driven from their homes and were refugees. By far the most destitute and miserable of these were the refugee Kurds, who were Mohammedans, in the streets of the city; and the great majority of people throughout the region were by no means beyond the need of relief.

The Russian army had been withdrawn following the Bolshevik revolt, and with their withdrawal the two factions in the city of Urumiah — on the one hand, local Mohammedans, and on the other hand, the Armenians and Syrians — had each determined to gain military and political control over the country. In this the Syrians and Armenians were greatly assisted by the Russians, who not only armed them but organized them into battalions, and even left some officers to drill and direct them. The Moslems also secured what arms they could; and on the twenty-second of February, 1918, there was a clash ending in the capture of the city by the Armenians and Syrians. This control spread over the great part of the Urumiah plain and, as it spread, the most disorderly element among the Syrians and Armenians took advantage of the situation to take revenge on the

Mohammedans. This resulted in so much massacre, robbery, and indiscriminate killing, that the great mass of Moslems of the surrounding regions got together an armed force, to overthrow the control of the Armenians and Syrians in the city.

For months this fight kept up, the city and plain being practically surrounded by hostile Moslem bands, while, in the centre, all sorts of evil things were being perpetrated by those in control. Finally, the assistance of the regular Turkish army was obtained by the surrounding Moslems, and with their advent on the scene, with artillery and a better organized body of men, the Armenians and Syrians were finally forced out and compelled to run away to the south, hundreds of miles over the Persian mountains, to the English forces operating from Mesopotamia and Southern Persia. On the morning of July thirtieth, this great flight to the south of 75,000 to 100,000 people began, and the test of the first supposititious case took place about ten o'clock in the morning.

All the Americans except Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Shedd decided to stay in Urumiah, rather than to attempt to go with the Syrians and Armenians. We had been living in the College Compound, — an area about the size of an ordinary city block, — surrounded by a mud wall varying in height from five to fifteen feet, and situated about two miles from the city. Inside this area were the dwelling-houses of the missionaries and some of the native assistants, a boys' college, and the hospital, together with outhouses, stables, and so forth. With the exception of myself, all the Americans were missionaries, the relief work being carried on practically altogether through their efforts.

Throughout most of the period when the Armenians and Syrians were in con-

trol, a number of Mohammedans, both Kurds and local Persian Moslems, had come into the College Compound, to seek protection from the disorders which reigned outside. At the time of the flight the number of these refugees was only a few hundred. These were camped out under all sorts of shelters, or no shelter at all, in different parts of the yard. A road coming down from the mountains of Turkey passed directly in front of the College Compound and continued on to the city.

III

When the news was telephoned out in the middle of the night that the Armenian and Syrian populations were starting to flee to the south, we Americans made what preparations we could for the coming change of control. As soon as it was daylight, I took Dr. Packard and Dr. Ellis into the city in the Ford, and left them there, busying myself by carrying food and people back and forth, until about ten o'clock, when the advance-guard of the Turkish army arrived. I had expected to bring Dr. Ellis and Dr. Packard back again before the Turks came; but their sudden appearance prevented this being done.

The first men to arrive were the Kurdish horsemen, with an occasional Turkish soldier. It was apparent that they must have been ordered to leave us, the Americans, alone, for the great majority of them rode right by the gate, and on toward the city. At this time we were assisted greatly by the Moslem refugees, who had been receiving protection in our yards for so long. Most of these Kurdish and Moslem fugitives stood at the open gate, their faces wreathed in smiles, and welcomed the oncoming horsemen with joy; but they did not do anything to turn their attention toward the Com-

pound, but quietly allowed them to pass on toward the city. It happened, however, that a few of the Kurds gained entry through a small back gate, and it was these irregular stragglers who raided us and put me through the supposititious case number one.

Dr. Dodd and I sat on the long music seat, in front of Mrs. Ellis's piano. In the living-room with us were Miss Lamme, Miss Schoebel, Mrs. Ellis and her two little children, and a number of native Syrian servants. Dr. Dodd and I had just come in from the yard outside, where both of us had nearly lost our lives at the hands of some of the raiding Kurds, mine being saved twice — once by a Moslem hostler and once by a friendly Kurd. I did not know what was going to happen next, as things outside were in great disorder, and we could hear shooting all around us.

The setting for the supposititious case was practically complete. Here I was, a Christian pacifist. In the room with me were a number of helpless women and children. Dr. Dodd had only recently got out of bed, and could scarcely be considered as an able-bodied man. I therefore was the only one present physically fit to defend this group of helpless people. At any minute the door might open and the Kurds might enter. Truly, the setting was complete. But I had been holding in my mind the fixed determination that, under no circumstances, would I use violence, to protect either myself or others; and I trusted that in some way I should be able so to act that the best results for all would be achieved.

As Dr. Dodd and I told the ladies of our experiences of a few moments before, there suddenly came a tremendous pounding on the door leading from the dining-room, which was next to the sitting-room where we were, out into the kitchen and the back yard. The

time had arrived. The Kurds were at the door. What should I do?

The thought came into my mind that it would be better to open the door and let the Kurds in, than to stay away from it and allow them to smash their way in. If they broke down the door, they would come in in more of a rage than if we opened the door and let them in. I suggested this to Dr. Dodd, and he and I together walked into the dining-room and over toward the door leading to the kitchen. I remember, as I approached it, seeing one of the panels bulge from the blows of the gun-butts from without. A small bolt was all that held the door closed, and I reached over and pulled this and opened the door, saying as I did so, 'Buyurun' — meaning 'Come in.'

As the door swung open, we found ourselves looking into the business end of three rifles, backed up by the dusky faces of three Kurds. They had made themselves up, with their fringed turbans, to appear particularly ferocious, and they certainly looked the part. My judgment, however, is that they were surprised at having the door opened and being invited to come in. In any case, they did not shoot; and, as they entered, in voices of intense excitement they demanded 'Pool! Pool! Pool!' (money! money! money!) This was a decided relief, as we had some money, and possibly, if we gave it to them, they would go away. With this in mind, Dr. Dodd and I led the way out of the dining-room back into the sitting-room, where the ladies were. I remember walking as rapidly as possible, with the thought of getting the Kurds past the ladies without any unnecessary delay. This scheme worked, and we entered Dr. Ellis's study through a little side door, leaving the ladies and the children behind us.

It so happened that Dr. Dodd had the key of the top drawer of Dr. Ellis's

desk. He opened it, and I remember standing close by and watching two brown hands grab for the small bag of coin lying in the bottom of the drawer. Following this, the three Kurds began rummaging around the room, looking for valuables. I recall about this time noticing Dr. Dodd, as he slipped out of the room back to the sitting-room, to look after the ladies. This I considered as a good thing, and I then realized that it was my task to entertain the three Kurds and keep them away from the ladies.

Dr. Ellis had removed to his study the relief money of which he had charge. There were two Russian safes in the room. One was empty, while the other contained several thousand dollars in money. While the Kurds were rummaging around the room, I walked over to the safe that had the money in it, and tried to open it. Like all Russian safes, it was an iron box with a lid like a trunk, the keyhole being in the top of the lid. Finding the safe was locked, I stood there for a moment, and a horrible sinking feeling began to creep over me as the realization of the situation came to me. There was nothing to do, however, but to play the game; and so I turned back to the Kurds, who were on the other side of the little room. They had pulled the rug off the lounge, had looked under it, had emptied some of the stuff out of the drawers of the desk; and, as I turned, one of them suddenly threw up his rifle, covering me, and, speaking in Turkish, demanded the key to the safe. Now, I honestly did not have the key, and I looked him in the eye over the sights of his rifle and told him so. Recognizing that I was speaking the truth, he put his gun down and began to rummage around again.

About this time one of them found Dr. Ellis's Corona typewriter in its case. It was heavy and looked like a

small bag or box, which, of course, led the Kurd to think that it contained coin of some sort. I moved over to open it for him; but before I could reach him, he had thrown it on the floor and broken the box open. The three men gathered around and peered with wonder at the little metal bars and shiny parts; and I stood there, speaking in English, and tried to demonstrate with my fingers what the typewriter was for. But in a moment they had turned away, looking elsewhere.

I now realized that I must hold their attention and keep them occupied. The thought came to me that I must adopt the principle of going the second mile with these men. Here they were, compelling me to go a mile with them, and now I must also go the second mile. They were taking away my coat, and I must now give them my cloak also; and so I entered into the looting myself and sincerely desired to get the safes open. With this in mind, I began aggressively to direct the attention and activities of the three men toward the opening of the safes. The thought came to me that, possibly, if we shot into the keyhole of the safe, we might spring the lock. (The use of the word 'we' comes perfectly natural, because I really joined their party in their efforts to smash the safe open and considered myself as one of them for the moment.) I therefore took hold of the arm of one of the men, and shook it enough to attract his attention; then I put my finger on the keyhole of the safe and, talking to him in English, explained to him that I wished him to fire at the place where I had my finger. He got the idea and raised his rifle; I took my finger away, and he fired. All the people in the next room, of course, hearing the shot, thought, 'Well, there goes Richards — the Christian pacifist is through.' But the lock did not spring, and the safe did not open; so he fired a

second time, at my suggestion, without result. I then tried to open the safe by pulling and overturning it; but this did no good either.

And here an interesting point arose. The Kurds were growing impatient. The safe had not opened; and suddenly one of them, without a moment's notice, lost control of his temper, threw up his rifle, and hit me on the shoulder with the butt of it. Then a curious thing happened. I had been honestly sincere in trying to help them open the safe; I had joined them in their efforts, and considered myself, for the time being, one of them. This sudden blow on the shoulder, therefore, was a real surprise to me, and I remember turning and looking at the man who struck me with an expression which must have said to him, 'What are you hitting me for. I am doing everything I can to help you.' I spoke no word, but he must have read my look; for he put his gun down, and paid no further attention to me.

We continued our efforts with the safe, and finally one of them fired again into the other safe, without springing that lock either. Things were getting more intense for me in my efforts to keep these three men out of the other room. With these failures to open the safes, one of the Kurds again threw his rifle up, and threatened to shoot me if I did not give up the key. But once again I looked him in the eye, and told him what was the truth, — that I did not have the key, — and the shot was not fired.

Finally, this same man came forward, reached down, and began to take off one of my shoes. Thinking that he imagined that I had money in them, I helped him, and also took the other one off for him. Much to my surprise, he took both the shoes and walked into the room where the ladies were, following his two companions who had preceded

him. In order to continue to exert my influence on the Kurds against violence, it was necessary for me to continue to play the game with them; and so I followed into the room where the ladies were, and found them all standing up and Dr. Dodd in his shirt sleeves and stocking feet.

It seemed that other Kurds had followed the first three into the house, and had come in to where the ladies were, had demanded their jewelry, and had looked around for what they could carry off. One of them proceeded to go around and open the cupboards and boxes, and some of the ladies and myself, in order to prevent him from breaking things, helped him. The man who had taken my shoes sat down on the piano-stool, took off his own *charicks* (rawhide sandals), and proceeded to put on my shoes. Finally, after taking a raincoat, an overcoat, Dr. Ellis's small traveling medical case, and other odds and ends, they all went out, — passing right by the Ellises' sideboard, on which stood some of their silverware, — and left us alone. It was then that I discovered that Mrs. Richards had entered the sitting-room just as Dr. Dodd and I had passed through it with the first three Kurds, on our way into the study where the safes were. I had not known where she was; but she knew that I was in with the Kurds and, of course, had feared that the firing was directed at me. After a short time, some friendly Kurds came into the room; and before long some of the regular Turkish soldiers appeared to take charge.

I had been through the Kurdish raid, and the first supposititious case. I had been able to act in a general way along the plan outlined theoretically by myself before I left America, and the plan of action had worked. Mrs. Ellis, in her story of the raid, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1919,

speaks of the situation in these words: 'I shall always be thankful that Wilder [Dr. Ellis] was kept in the city that morning, for I fear he might have resisted the attack, and in that event he would certainly have been killed.' Looking back at it, it seems at least a reasonable supposition that, if I had started in to resist, I not only should have been killed myself, but that, in all probability, Dr. Dodd also would have lost his life, and in the excitement even some of the ladies might have been shot.

There is another point in this connection of which I think it worth while to speak. I am temperamentally more or less hot-headed, and when asked in America whether I thought I could stand the strain of watching some Turk or Kurd abuse my wife, or someone whom I loved, without flying into a rage, I had answered that, being a *Christian* pacifist, I did not believe I should ever be called upon to endure anything beyond my moral strength. I learned after the raid was over that one of the Kurds, coming into the sitting-room while I was occupied with the three men and the safes, had pointed his rifle at Mrs. Richards and threatened her, and that another one had talked about carrying her off to the mountains with him, and had taken her wedding-ring. None of this was I called upon to witness, or even to know about until it was all past. To me this is a striking coincidence, to say the least.

IV

But what about the case of the drunken man, armed and lusting for blood — this being supposititious case number two?

One day in the spring, it must have been some time in May, I was busy in the rear of the yard in the city, supervising the shoeing of a horse. Dr. Ellis

was up in the treasury-room, and we two were the only American men in the yards. Mrs. Shedd and Mrs. Richards were in their respective houses. There was the usual crowd at the big gate opening on the street; and scattered through the yards were various people occupied with many kinds of business. Among them were the Kurdish and Moslem refugees, who here, as in the College Compound, were seeking safety from their enemies, the Syrians and Armenians. One of these refugees, a rich and prominent local Moslem, was a particularly bad character, who had aroused the special hatred of the Armenians and Syrians by his abuse of them three years before, when the Turks were in control.

Suddenly I heard an excited roar go up from out near the gate. Leaving the horseshoeing, I ran to see what was going on, and found a panic-stricken group of Syrians and Armenians peeping into the large main yard through a narrow little door. From them I learned that a young Armenian, wild-drunk and armed, had rushed into the yards from the street, crying that he had come to kill Agha Sader — the wealthy refugee rascal. He had entered the main yard through the little door, everybody fleeing before him, and was now alone in the centre of it, crying out to Agha Sader to show himself.

Here was supposititious case number two — the wild drunken man running amuck. What was the Christian thing to do? I could easily have snatched a rifle from someone in the crowd, — a very large proportion of the people were armed, — and shot the drunkard from behind the cover of the wall; but that would not be a loving way of treating him. He was drunk, and I was used to dealing with drunks in the rescue-mission work I had done in New York. Also, he had no grudge against me personally. If, therefore, I treated him

without showing fear, and very decidedly showing friendliness, there was a good chance that I could persuade him to go home. Of course, there was a serious chance that he might shoot; but if I was a Christian pacifist, I could count on the power of God to control the drunken mind of the young Armenian as long as I held nothing but love for him in my heart.

With this in mind, I entered the little gate and walked quietly but directly toward my man. He was looking for Agha Sader, and holding his gun ready to shoot, crying out as he did so. To reach him I had to walk perhaps one hundred feet in plain view. If I could get up close to him before he saw me, he would perhaps recognize me as not being an enemy. But could I get up close before he turned? I went ahead, passing my house, and saw Mrs. Richards open the door and look out. I motioned to her to keep back as I went on.

I had got about half-way to the Armenian when Mrs. Shedd, who was looking out of a second-story window of her house, spoke to the Armenian, and he swung around to see where the voice came from. This enabled me to come even closer without his seeing me; and when he finally turned toward me, I was only a short distance from him. I smiled and held out my hand, offering to shake hands with him. Here was the test. I strove to appear to this poor drunken mind as a friend who was not afraid. He swung around and caught sight of me, hesitated a moment, and then, drawing himself up to attention, he grounded his rifle and saluted me in unsteady, drunken seriousness. As I

came up close to him, I continued to hold out my hand; and much to my surprise, he handed me his gun, saying as he did so, 'A present.' Taking the rifle in one hand and his arm in the other, I quietly walked with him to the gate, Dr. Ellis joining me.

Next day the Armenian came around to see me, sober and shamefaced, and apologized for his conduct the day before. I had kept his rifle for him over night, and gave it back to him, along with some very straight talk. I had been through the second supposititious case. The wild, drunken 'mad dog' turned out to be a *man*, and not a dog at all; and instead of shooting him down the day before, I shook hands with him and we parted on excellent terms. Incidentally, throughout this entire affair, nobody was killed or even injured.

In telling of these two tests, I make no pretense of claiming that they cover completely every possible detail of what might have happened, but they do, at least to a degree, cover some of the ground of the supposititious cases. They both tested out my belief in Christian pacifism; and my theoretical answers to each supposititious case, uttered while I was in America, proved workable in practice nearly nine thousand miles away, among wild, uncivilized, and even drunken people, in Western Asia. I was not tested beyond my ability to hold true to my ideal of action; but so far as I was able to hold fast to the attitude of good-will toward everyone, I found from experience that the results actually obtained amply justified my faith.

THE SHENANDO' VALLEY

BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

I

WHY do many people yearn for the South Sea Islands, and why do some actually go there to reside, when the Valley of the Shenandoah is so much more accessible? That is a question I often ask myself in April, when sitting under a half-blown apple tree and gazing across the rolling countryside to the comfortable outline of the Blue Ridge five or six miles away.

At the outset, I may as well confess that Mr. O'Brien's best sellers left me cold. Neither his beautiful brown ladies, nor his cannibalistic old gentlemen, could persuade me that the delights of a primitive existence in the midst of a partly colored race and insects of large dimensions were sufficient compensation for voyaging innumerable miles in avowedly uncomfortable ships. I have escaped the lure of the South Seas — and I attribute my good fortune to the fact that I know and love that part of Virginia called the Shenandoah Valley.

When I returned to it last April, I was more than ever convinced that it is an enchanted land. As the evening train, — any time after noon is 'evenin'' in that country, — as the evening train whistled its way up the valley, the Blue Ridge was never bluer, the rolling fields of winter wheat never a more vivid green. Here and there upon the landscape the whitewashed walls of comfortable farmhouses shone through the tall groves of oak, which screen them from the summer heat as

well as from the inquisitive eye; and their red roofs glowed in the fading sunshine.

Was it my imagination that gave the people on the station platforms such gentle and honest expressions? Or were they really more amiable to look upon than the average rustic in New England? Interesting faces they were. Distinctly American, blue-eyed, good-featured, but not at all Yankee. I love the Yankee cast of countenance, especially in old age; but Calvinism or climate, or both, have differentiated it from other American types. It may be stronger, but it is not so happy or so engaging; certainly not so winning as that of the Shenandoan, whose expression suggests restraint without severity, open shyness, but not self-conscious reserve. For this difference perhaps physiography is more responsible than either religious convictions or hard winters. New Hampshire's rocky pastures and the stony fields of Massachusetts may be character-builders, but they do not produce so happy a race as do the more fertile parts of our continent. Whatever the cause may be, the Virginian face is sunnier than the New England face; and upon every return to the Old Dominion, I am more impressed by the contrast.

Not many miles from the junction of the Shenandoah and the Potomac sleeps the village of Mayville. Of course, no Mayvillian would agree that his town sleeps. It is true that the men

in the fields work from sun to sun, and that the storekeepers' work is never done. It is true also that the roosters, especially during full moon, crow all night. Yet from the perverse Northern point of view Mayville sleeps, or, at any rate, possesses the beauty of the sleeping countenance. Even its most commercial citizen would hardly deny that modification of the actual fact.

Undeniable, too, is the foreign aspect of the town. The cluster of buildings is dominated by a picturesque church, which might just as well look down upon some village in southern Germany. It is of brick painted buff, and the main edifice is surmounted at one corner by an octagonal belfry. This belfry, turbaned with red, rises just high enough above the surrounding tree-tops to be always in sight. Not reprovingly, but rather affectionately, it watches over Mayville. To this place of worship every Sunday come the Morgans, the Lewises, and the rest of the first families, who have been on the land almost since the days when Washington surveyed the country thereabouts. Some of them, indeed, are direct descendants of Washington's adopted family.

Then, too, the shade trees up and down the turnpike and the village street have a foreign look. What has been done to them, and why? The first is the easier question. At regular intervals, apparently, these ancient maples have been cut back almost to their trunks, much as willows are frequently shorn. Why, I do not know. To ask a resident of Mayville such a question would imply criticism; so it is safer to remain unenlightened. Do the multitude of young shoots cast a denser shade upon the street and sidewalk, or do the topless trees shut out less air from the houses? I give it up. But I do know that my pristine resentment at what seemed to be unnecessary tree-

butchery gradually gave way to an appreciation of the resultant picturesqueness. Perhaps it is that one forgets the peculiar appearance of a tree if there is a cardinal in the upper branches, whistling, 'What cheer? What cheer? What, what, what, what, what?'

One of the public buildings is undeniably American. Not American like a standard post-office or an office-building, but rather as a New England meeting-house (with due acknowledgment to Sir Christopher Wren) is American, or as Mt. Vernon is American. This is the courthouse, which sits diagonally across from the church. It is not a remarkable piece of architecture by any means, but its two-storied portico of white Doric columns gives a classic air to the red-brick walls, and draws one's gaze away from a somewhat unfortunate cupola.

Not the least attractive feature of the Shenandoah Valley is its abundance of horses. For the most part, they are farm horses and second-rate carriage- or saddle-horses, to be sure; but the sight of them and the clatter of their hoofs in the village street afford a blessed contrast to the vibrant motors, squealing brakes, and nerve-torturing horns of urban civilization. There is little interest, and less romance, in the purring response to a self-starter, but one involuntarily turns to the window when he hears the sound of horses' hoofs. In Mayville he is often rewarded by the sight of four stalwart work-horses — usually gray — hauling a heavy truck. There is nothing extraordinary about four horses, perhaps; but in this valley it is customary for the driver to ride the near pole-horse. What an air this gives to the whole equipage! The rider may be, and probably is, clad in blue overalls and a denim shirt, open at the neck, but the effect is very pleasing. No Rolls-Royce

or gliding Renault has ever held my attention as have occasional four-horse teams on the pikes and country roads of the Shenandoah Valley.

Of course most of the farmers own Fords, wherewith they shorten their five- or ten-mile trips into town; and I grudge them not the convenience which these afford them. But I hope — rather than trust — that it will be many years before tractors will have banished from the face of the land the three-horse and four-horse teams which now plough and harrow the red-brown soil of the Shenandoah Valley. Three horses abreast, and a sturdy young man holding the plough are a reassuring sight to city eyes. And as for four horses dragging a harrow, with their master riding the near wheel-horse — that is a subject for a Rembrandt. The Polish rider is splendid, but give me the Virginian rider, with his four-horse team and the dust drifting away from the lumbering harrow!

II

The people of Clarke County claim to be the best people in the United States. There is nothing original about a claim of this kind: one hears it anywhere, from Eastport to San Diego; but the sons and daughters of Clarke are, I think, unique in their effort to validate it. Nowhere, surely, do Southern manners, Southern friendliness, and Southern hospitality flourish more delightfully. Here there is no stony ignoring of the presence of an unintroduced human being. On the road a slow nod, in the village a friendly 'Good-morning, ma'am,' or 'Good-evening, sir,' makes one's heart warm to these people. And how ready they are to converse with a stranger! I can't say that they are very well informed regarding the history or geography of their county; but they always have time to talk to you on

some subject. And their hospitality passeth all understanding.

There seem to be many more men than women, and a large proportion of young people. The New Englander is accustomed to seeing only middle-aged and old men in the country districts of his region. Maine is a happy exception to this rule, but even Maine is not peopled and cultivated by such a young and deep-chested race as is the Shenandoah Valley. These Virginians are almost never red-cheeked, but there is a healthy look to their sunburned faces. Climate may account for the absence of high color; but why are these men invariably blue- or blue-gray-eyed? Is it that they are of pure English or Scotch stock? Their names suggest or confirm this conjecture.

I like these men and women of Clarke County. I like them exceedingly. I especially like to hear them talk; but I do wish I understood their language better. Unless a Shenandoan says just what I expect, — and that seldom occurs, — it is a pretty difficult proposition. Some may call it a drawl, but to my ear it is far from a drawl. It is rather an inarticulate volume of sound which, at first, suggests no word or phrase that one has ever heard. In the course of time, one learns that 'Bayville' is Berryville, that 'Low' is Laura, and that 'Bad' is Betty. And of course a 'moanin' dove' is a mourning dove. (After I had heard one, I thought these Virginians came nearer the truth than they perhaps intended.) But, oh, there is so much that is completely unintelligible — and usually uttered, unfortunately, with a rising inflection. After one awkward conversation, which centred, not about the *chef*, as I had supposed, but about the sheriff, I abandoned both hope and further attempts at sociability.

Has anyone ever explained satisfactorily the language of the South? If

not, I am willing to submit my theory of its origin. The general supposition has been, I suppose, that climate gradually converted the more or less pure Shakespearean English of the early Virginians into the present interesting vernacular. Why the pronunciation of the colored people should be like unto it is obvious: they learned their English from the whites. But let us look at it from another angle. When the African immigrants, to use a delicate phrase, learned the English language, they must have spoken it with an accent. When the colored mammies talked to the white children intrusted to their care, they unconsciously, but inevitably, transmitted their pronunciation and inflection to the rising generation of their masters and mistresses. So, in a half-century or so, Shakespearean English became African-English, the present-day English of the Southern states. Some may contend that, if this theory is correct, the English of the North ought to have become Gaelic-English during the last seventy-five years. But probably the Irish nurse of our childhood was never so universal in New England as was the antebellum mammy south of the Mason and Dixon line, nor did she enjoy such exclusive possession of her protégés.

Speaking of colored folk, we must not overlook them, for they are the most picturesque element in Mayville. After the war, a number of erstwhile slaves acquired small lots of land on either side of a lane that turns off the pike a scant mile south of the village. Here they built cabins, and named their community Josephine City — or Josephine, for short. Apparently Josephine prospered, for to-day many of the original cabins have been replaced by shacks, some of them neatly painted. However, enough of the original atmosphere is preserved to give the settlement individuality and interest.

There is all the difference in the world, by the way, between a cabin and a shack. A cabin is a crude but very substantial one-and-one-half-storied affair constructed of timbers, more or less squared with an axe. The chinks are filled with plaster, and the outer walls, thus completed, are given a coat of whitewash. A roof of shingles, or shakes, crowns the habitation, and presumably keeps out more or less rain. A shack, on the other hand, is a cheaply built wooden house, usually unpainted. As a place of abode, it probably possesses infinite advantages over its lowly neighbor, the cabin, but its artistic merit is yet to be discovered. What attractions has even a newly painted shack — yea, even one with forsythia bushes blooming in the front yard — to compare with a non-perpendicular cabin, built of non-parallel and non-horizontal timbers, with a half-dozen pickaninnies in the open doorway, and indications of at least another half-dozen concealed in its shadowy interior? Sometimes there is room in the yard for a puddle of noisy ducks. There is always room for a pig-pen, situated with a thought for convenience rather than for sanitation. Occasionally its proximity is overpowering to the passer-by; but apparently the populace of Josephine have long since adapted themselves to such minor objections.

The backyard is largely a repository for scrap-iron. What the ultimate purpose of the collectors may be is not clear. Perhaps they themselves do not know. There are collectors of this type in every field of art. All the observant layman knows is that the heaps of rusty iron increase from year to year and give great joy to the Carolina wrens, which dart in and out among the hoops and springs and broken ploughshares.

Not the least interesting of the fauna of Josephine City are its dogs. These

are of an uncertain breed. The general idea seems to have been a hound of some sort; the color, either from heredity or from environment, approximates black. Their ears are floppy and, under more favorable conditions, might be silky. These dogs devote most of their time to sleep; but when awakened by a passing white man, they rush forth with wild eyes. Their preference for light meat seems to be as pronounced as is the reverse in the dogs of Mayville proper. Yet I have never known them to draw blood, so perhaps I have misjudged them.

The best time to stroll through Josephine is late afternoon. Then you will meet the old-school darkies, who bow and scrape one foot with appealing deference. Groups of pickaninnies, of various shades and hues, return your familiar 'Hello' with a proper 'Good-evenin'.' Rastus leans on the fence and talks with Alexander, who is spading up his garden; and, at the first suggestion of the humorous, slaps his knee and doubles up with loud but melodious mirth. How happy they all seem!

I like to watch these colored people at work with their horses or mules. The Shenandoans, both black and white, have a very friendly way with their animals. Instead of a harsh 'Whoa!' or 'Back up!' one hears now and then a long, low moan, which the horse or mule understands and responds to with docile alacrity. I remember that, in my childhood, after hearing a northern farmer guide his oxen with the customary shouts, I asked if oxen were always deaf. In Virginia, at the same age, I should not have been concerned for the hearing of any beast of burden, but I might well have expressed sympathy for the moaning driver. One day in Josephine the somewhat white horse of a very black man, when released from her harness, began to caper and snort with delight.

I anticipated a volley of oaths and a strap well laid on. But no! The very black man regarded the prancing steed with mingled scorn and amusement, and remarked indulgently, as he might to a ridiculous child, 'Well, now, look at yer, look at yer!'

III

It was in Josephine City that I first met Lucullus — Lucullus the Imaginative, aged ten, but a genius in his own field. Nature has produced blacker Africans than Lucullus, I have no doubt, but no man or boy has ever been clothed in shabbier raiment. The most striking feature of his costume was a plaid cap, many sizes too large. In spite of the constant attention required to keep its visor within ninety degrees of the correct angle, this cap was evidently a source of great pride to its possessor. A much-worn jacket, which was too small, was more or less offset by an unrelated pair of knickerbockers, the dimensions of which suggested that, at an earlier period, they might have belonged to the original owner of the cap. But even his knickers Lucullus wore in an individual manner. On one leg they were buckled below the knee, even as yours and mine; but on the other, the buckle was either missing or neglected, with the result that the unrestrained garment fell almost to the boy's ankle. Yet none of these things troubled Lucullus. Perhaps that was part of his genius. Great artists are so often either carefully dreadful, or dreadfully careless in their dress.

However that may have been, I soon forgot Lucullus's eccentricity as to dress when I caught sight of his glistening teeth and rolling eyes. He was half kneeling and half sitting at the foot of a tree, digging in the loose earth with his hands. And all the while he talked

to himself. It did not take long for us to become acquainted, and I soon learned that he was endeavoring to unearth a dollar, which he had buried a few minutes before. This dollar — which was not coin, but a bill, by the way — was a present from his 'a'nt,' who lived in Philadelphia. It had come in a letter to his mother that morning. Apparently Lucullus had spent the hours since in alternately burying and exhuming it.

My mind tried to connect this process with a well-known parable in the New Testament. To recall the lesson was easy, but to identify Lucullus with 'him who hath not' was not so simple; for apparently he got at least a dollar's worth of ecstasy every time he rediscovered his buried treasure — and so far, at any rate, it had not been taken away from him. One thing was clear to my mind, however: never again should I wonder how paper money becomes so vilely dirty — as it sometimes does — before it returns to Washington to die.

When this particular government note was disappearing once more, Lucullus changed the subject abruptly by announcing in a confidential tone: 'Dis yere tree is ha'nted.' His eye rolled ominously. I expressed doubt, but left the way open for proof of his statement. To Lucullus, however, proof seemed unnecessary. He merely repeated, 'Yassir, dis tree is ha'nted, and a ha'nted bird lives in it.'

I looked up into the branches and, between ourselves, almost expected to see some mythological bird of grotesque shape and gorgeous coloring.

'Tain't no use lookin' fo' him now,' declared Lucullus. 'He's gone away — he's gone away in a ball of fire.' And to him this was a mere statement of fact, much less interesting than his recurrent search for the present from his a'nt.

Remembering Miss Pratt's experiences with her young friend Ezekiel, I looked forward to an interesting dissertation upon the habits of the haunted bird. But I was disappointed. All I could persuade Lucullus to divulge was that the bird assumed different shapes at will, and without warning. Sometimes he chose to be a 'hoppin' frog,' sometimes a bat of extraordinary size. 'But most of the time he's jes' a bird and he lives in that hole up there,' asserted my imaginative friend, with sudden intensity. And sure enough, there *was* a hole in a dead limb, about twenty-five feet above the ground.

How and when the flaming departure occurred, I could not ascertain. Lucullus became suddenly reticent, and seemed wholly absorbed in rapturous contemplation of his private fortune. And yet he gave me the impression that he knew all about that phenomenon, but, being overcome by emotion, could not relate the details. At all events, he lapsed into moody silence, and I turned away to continue my daily stroll through the city of Josephine. I had gone about a hundred feet, when I heard a voice, African, young, and excited, calling to me. It was Lucullus. He was still kneeling at the foot of the haunted tree, but his mind was on neither vanished bird nor buried treasure. The whites of his eyes were almost terrifying. Solicitude rather than fear proved to be responsible for his outcry.

'Take care that dog don't bite you.'

'That dog's all right,' I called back reassuringly. Certainly no dog ever looked less dangerous than this black one, who dozed in the sun.

But Lucullus refused to be reassured. 'He bit boy's seat-a-pants out the other day,' he rejoined.

At this point the dog in question opened one eye, a large yellow eye, and, without raising his head, uttered a growl that sounded distinctly business-

like. Now I have never been afraid of dogs, and I was reasonably certain that Lucullus was one of the world's most gifted fabricators. And yet, whether he spoke of tree or bird or dog, his remarks carried an absurd amount of conviction. I looked at the dog and visualized a 'seat-a-pants' in those ancient but still powerful jaws. Then I looked at my watch and decided that, if our evening meal should be on time, — a condition contrary to all precedent, — I should be late if I did not at once turn toward home.

If Lucullus deceived me, within a week I had the satisfaction of retaliation — not upon him, to be sure, but upon some of his many cousins. On a byway a mile or more to the eastward of Mayville stands an ancient grist-mill, by all odds the most individual building in the countryside. In autumn and early winter it is probably a busy place; but I know it only in the spring-time, when the stream that gives it life is turned aside, and only a few sparkling drops splash over the idle wheel. Then the old mill is somnolence itself; its brick walls take on a soft rose-color in the warm sunshine, and glow against the background of vernal green. Whenever my steps led me to this spot, I was invariably rewarded by a sense of harmony, poetry, and repose.

But there came a day when it produced quite the opposite reaction. The millstream flows across the road a few yards this side of the mill, and the shallow ford is a favorite resort for a few well-behaved frogs. As the road is little traveled at this season, they are seldom disturbed in their meditations and occasional utterances. But to-day they were very much disturbed, though apparently too proud to admit it. Two or three black imps of approximately the size and shade of Lucullus were amusing themselves by throwing stones at the largest and most dignified member

of the community, whose head — or about two thirds of it — offered an alluring and unresisting target. How best to prevent the impending assassination was a problem. I suppose I should have appealed to their sense of sportsmanship, or read them a lecture on kindness to animals, or even resorted to force if necessary. But, for better or for worse, I chose a less commendable course.

'Look here, you children, you don't want to throw stones at that frog!'

They ceased firing, open-mouthed, but with their weapons still in their hands. They did not ask, 'Why not?' but they looked it, so I continued.

'Don't you know that that is an *unlucky* frog?'

They did not turn pale, — at least not perceptibly, — but I think that they felt the corresponding emotion. Their mouths opened even wider. The stones dropped from their limp hands. They stared for a moment at the blinking apex of the frog, and then pattered nervously down the road toward home. Then, and only then, did my conscience protest. 'But after all,' I comforted myself, 'it *was* an unlucky frog — or soon would have been if I had not intervened.'

IV

As a country to walk in or over, the Shenandoah Valley has a serious drawback in its wire fences. In my innocence, I had supposed there was nothing in steel fencing more prohibitive than the old-fashioned barbed wire of our Northern fields and pastures. But I was mistaken. Although the passage of three or four parallel lines of barbed wire requires a certain amount of suppleness and caution, the effort expended is as naught compared with that involved in the ascent and descent of a five-foot barrier of wire sheep-fencing. But somehow, with the meadow-larks

whistling in the fields and the apple orchards bursting into bloom, and the Blue Ridge ever in sight and ever changing its lovely aspect, one easily accepts these too frequent barricades as necessary flies in an ointment of pure joy. Besides, after a little exploration, one discovers that this network of steel wire is here and there penetrated by lanes. And when one has become conversant with these, he can walk abroad with little discomfort.

How pleasant is Saturday night — in the village of Mayville! The sidewalks that have been almost deserted throughout the day are now crowded with sunburned farmers and their wives who have come in from the outlying farms. The women are pale and pathetic, and often are burdened with sleeping infants even paler and more pathetic than themselves. The street is bordered by a multitude of horses and buggies and Fords. The unattractive stores swarm with traders, while the moving-picture house and the pool-rooms receive their share of patronage. The moustachioed constable, ununiformed but wearing a badge suggestive of comic opera, mingles with the crowd on the sidewalk, or, 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar,' stands at the corner, and from under his slouch hat scrutinizes any unfamiliar face or figure. He would like to have every stranger feel that he is under surveillance, as he doubtless is; but the constable's attention really centres upon the opposite corner, where a group of darkies are lounging against the wall and telegraph pole.

At ten, or ten-thirty, the last basket of eggs has been bartered, the movies are 'out,' and scraping carriage-wheels announce the first departures for home. Then follow the cranking of Fords, the impatient sputter of motors, shouted good-byes, and jerky progresses down the village street. Finally, the pedestrians start for home, in friendly groups

of three or four. It is now that the black loafers who have been the chief concern of the constable throughout the evening more than vindicate their presence. As they scuff along toward Josephine City, one of their number begins to sing the refrain of an old plantation song. His companions immediately, and apparently inevitably, supply the other parts. And how they can sing!

Never have I been so completely persuaded that this is a good world, and that man was intended to be happy, as on one evening in late April in Mayville. I sat at my window, and looked out through the lacy foliage of the maples to a full moon that had risen over the Blue Ridge. The gentlest suggestion of a night breeze wafted through the room the perfume of nearby apple-blossoms and distant lilacs. Above the treetops of the village street rose the softened outline of the church-spire and its less graceful neighbor, the cupola of the courthouse. The hour was late, — for Mayville, — and the more animated sounds of Saturday evening had given way to the closing of doors and windows and to the clumping of heavy feet turned toward home. Then, blended with the sweet fragrance of the night, came the strains of 'Swing low, sweet chariot': first a single voice, then three or four in perfect harmony, as the song progressed into 'Coming fo' to ca'y me home!' The music was neither soft nor loud, but it was fresh and resonant, and its shading was as natural and exquisite as the crescendo and diminuendo of rustling leaves in a summer breeze.

Such moments are rare — and more and more rare as we grow older. Probably it was on that occasion that I first said to myself, 'Why do people go to the South Seas, when the Valley of the Shenandoah is so near, so idyllic, so reassuring, so satisfying?'

UP EEL RIVER

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

STRANGER, did yer ever hear tell er the time that thar missionary woman from 'way up North somewheres — Maine er Spain, one er them little States, I fergits which — come down inter West Virginia fer ter save the soul er Tony Beaver? You hain't? Wal, hit was er powerful interestin' experience fer the woman, an' ef yer have the time ter 'light down off'n yer beast an' set er spell, I kin pass the tale on ter you like hit was passed ter me.

Jest hitch yer horse ter that thar little saplin'. No, hit don't matter ef he do chaw the fence some — he ain't the furst beast ter cut his teeth on them rails. *G' way from here, Ponto!* No — no, he won't bite, Stranger; he's jest er sniffin' 'round ter see who you air. Now then, set right down, an' make yerself at home — Yes, *sure!* Help yerself — an' jest spit anywheres you please!

Yes, hit's er right fine open prospect from here. Hit's kinder smoky terday, 'count er the forest fires out on Big Bresby, — that's Big Bresby, over yon' way erginst the sky, — but in pretty weather yer kin see clar over acrost the State line ter the mountains in ole Virginy. On them days, hit looks like yer kin see so fur, ef you was jest ter stretch yer eyes er little mite, yer could see up Eel River hitself. You say yer hain't never heard tell er that river? Then I reckon you hain't been 'round the log camps in West Virginia very much. Why, Stranger, hit's up Eel River that Tony Beaver lives, an' er heap er mighty onusual things hap-

pens up thar. Tony he's got him er lumber camp thar, an' I've heard hands tell how he's got er yoke er oxen so big hit takes er crow er week ter fly the distance betwixt the horns er one er them. Hit don't seem hardly likely they kin be *that* large, fer you know, Stranger, er crow would kiver er right smart stretch er space in er week's flyin'. But I know they air mighty powerful beasts, fer oncet Tony he hitched 'em on ter the wheels er time, an' hed time goin' an' comin', an' bein' yesterdy, er termorrer, er las' week, er nex' month, jest whichever way he pleased. An' anybody would know hit would take er right stout team fer *that*.

Hit was up Eel River, too, that Tony he growed him that powerful big watermelon er hisn. Hit was so large hit tuk er whole freight flat ter hitself fer ter ride hit down the river. Tony hed the hands ter load hit onter the flat, an' then he clum' up ertop er hit, an' started out. But, Stranger, hit's mighty rough up Eel River; the grades is steep, an' the railroad makes er powerful lot er sharp bends; an' bein' er watermelon, I reckon hit jest natcherly tuk ter the water. Wal, anyhow, that ole freight was jest hittin' the rails licketty split on er down grade, an' goin' so fast, er feller could n't hardly git out, 'Here she comes!' 'fore he hed ter holler, 'Thar she goes!' An' Tony, he was settin' up erstraddle er his melon, with the dust flyin' an' the wind singin' in his years, an' all the hands hangin' on ter t'other cars fer dear life, when whoop-ee! that ole freight struck er

sudden bend, an' dogged ef hit did n't switch Tony an' the melon both clean off'n the flat, an' down the bank an' inter Eel River hitself!

Wal, the hands they was all skeered ter death, an' thought poor Tony sure was er goner that time; but when they got the train stopped, an' run back ter look — hold an' below! the melon hit hed busted all ter pieces, an' here come Tony ridin' down the river on one er hits seeds, jest as onconsarned as you please. He hollered ter the t'other fellers ter git 'em seeds too, an' come on jine him. Wal, sirs! Hit wa'n't no time 'fore the water hit was full er hands er whoppin' an' hollerin', an' bucketin' down the river on them black water-melon seeds. Folk ses hit sure was er sight ter see 'em! An' hit cert'nly must er been er turrible jamberee. But you hear me! Hit would have ter be er mighty big melon ter have seeds *that* large; an' I know doggone well hit could n't er growed nowheres 'cept up Eel River — but

That's the way they do
In the Eel River crew!

That's er kind of er little song the hands hes made up erbout Tony, an' all the things that happens in his camp.

But I did n't set out ter tell you erbout that melon, Stranger; hit was erbout that thar missionary woman, what come down inter these parts ter save the soul er Tony Beaver.

Hit was er right funny thing how the woman ever got wind er Tony, fer hit's like I tole yer, she come from 'way up North somewheres — Maine er Spain, I fergits which. But howsoever hit was, she'd heared tell of that thar melon, an' them oxen, an' she 'lowed that things that big was right down scan'lous, an' a outrage ter the Lord; an' any feller what owned 'em must think he owned the earth as well; an' ef he

thought that, he was headin' fer hell-fire jest as fast as the unlocked wheels er time could carry him, an' hit was her business ter save him.

Wal, when she come down from the North an' struck these parts, an' commenced ter enquire 'round fer Tony Beaver, she run up erginst er snag right off, fer seemed like hit was powerful hard ter locate him. Everybody she ast tole her he lived up Eel River; but seemed like nobody could n't tell her whar that was. She was er right well-informed woman, an' hed been er schoolteacher back in her own state 'fore she tuk up the profession er savin' souls; so she hollers fer er map, an' asts someone ter pint out Eel River on hit.

Wal, ther was some Eel Rivers here an' thar in the country, but did n't none er 'em seem ter be whar Tony lived. Everybody knowed hit was up Eel River he hed his camp, but seemed like could n't nobody pint ter the place on the map.

The woman 'lowed she jest *never* hed struck sech er ignorant parcel er folks in all of her life, an' hit looked like she never would er got ter see Tony, ef he hed n't er sunt after her hissself. He got the word some way that thar was a strange woman come down from the North lookin' fer him. He's allus mighty perlite ter the ladies, so he hed two er his hands ter come out'n the woods an' fotch her inter camp. Hit was Big Henry he sunt fer her, on er-count er him knowin' the way; an' he hed ter go erlong with him er little Eyetalian feller — whose name I done fergit, ter give style ter things. Eyetalian, now, Stranger, ef you'll notice, they ain't much force in the woods, but put 'em at any kind er diggin' job, an' you'll find 'em nigh perfect in dirt. I reckon that's why Tony allus has er few er them in his camp — an' on er-count er their nice manners too.

Big Henry now, he did n't have no

style at all ter *him*. He was jest one er these yere great big two-fisted Jim-bruiser fellers, what's er boss hand at fellin' trees, spuddin' tan-bark, an' skiddin' logs, but no hand at all with the ladies, an' would be mighty apt ter handle his table-fork like hit was er cant hook. That was why Tony had the little Eyetalian ter go erlong, 'cause he had all kinds er manners, an' knowed when ter take off his hat, an' when ter stand up an' set down, an' all like that.

Wal, I never did hear which way hit was they tuk ter reach Eel River; I only know they tuk their foot in their hand, as the sayin' is, an' traveled er right smart piece; an' after er spell they come ter Tony's camp.

Now that thar lumber camp er Tony's, Stranger, ef er person sees hit oncet, they ain't ever liable ter fergit hit ergin. Hit's like I tole you erbout that thar melon — things is powerful big up Eel River, an' Tony he's got him er sawmill, an' everything ter match in size them oxen er hisn. I hain't never seed the place myself, an' I would n't hardly like ter tell yer all the monstrous tales I've heared erbout hit, fer fear you might think I wa'n't tellin' the truth. An' you know I sure would hate that mighty bad, fer ef there is one thing I jest natcherly *deespise* hit's er lie. I maybe er fool, but that's the way I feel erbout hit. One time I recollect ole Brother Moses Mutters was preachin', an' he ses, refutin' some statement er feller had made, 'My brethren, *that's* er lie! An' why is hit er lie?' he hollers out, thumpin' down on the desk in front er him. 'I'll tell yer why,' he ses, speakin' mighty solemn, 'hit's er lie because hit *hain't* so.' That sure was one time ole Brother Mutters hit the nail right on the head, an' hit's the truth, the onliest thing in the world the matter with er lie is that hit ain't so.

Wal, ter double on the trail ter whar

we was — that thar missionary woman, she was right smartly set back when she got er good look at the place she'd struck. Hit wa'n't like nuthin' she'd ever set eyes on afore, an' hit did n't reely seem possible ther was any chance er that lumber camp, er Tony hisself, bein' squeezed inter any kind of er meetin'-house she'd ever been used ter. I reckon the woman wished she was back home ergin, an' had er lef' Eel River erlone, fer she seen right off she'd run up erginst er bigger job 'n she'd erlowed fer. Howsomedever, now she had come, she knowed hit was neck er no duck, as the sayin' is, an' she'd jest natcherly have ter stay with her pig, an' see the thing through.

But Tony, he ain't never er hand ter skeer er lady, an' he come forred jest es nice an' common es yer please, an' ses, 'Welcome, Stranger.'

Wal, the woman she wa'n't used ter things too free an' easy, an' she kinder drawed back at that, an' ses mighty short-like, 'My name's Miss Prudence Priscilla Bradford,' an' buttons up her mouth right tight ergin after she'd said hit.

'Miss Prudence, pleased ter meet yer,' Tony ses, an' holds out his hand.

I reckon that woman kinder sensed she ought n't ter shake hands with Tony Beaver; but hit would er looked awk'ard not ter, with him so friendly an' nice, so she done hit. But right then an' thar, she knowed she'd made er big mistake, fer the minute she give her hand ter hisn, an' looked up in his face, sumpin' kinder slided erway inside er her, an' hit seemed like she could look right through Tony's eyes, an' at the back er them was forest trees wavin', an' the sky with clouds trailin' over hit; an' in the shake of er lamb's tail, she jest did n't know *nuthin'* 'cept mountains an' mountains, stretchin' erway pretty nigh ter the end er the world, an' er sky over everything that

was bigger 'n the world hitself; an' the wind blowin' down the hollers from 'way off yonder somewheres, an' goin' on by, ter 'way off somewheres else; an' all eround the good hot smell er the ground under the sun. An' seemed like all them things she'd been raised ter an' set store by, like sin an' jedgment an' hell fire, sorter blowed erway inter never, an' hit come ter her that maybe the Lord wa'n't settin' up in the sky keepin' tabs on the sins er the world, but was out thar in the mountains enjyin' creation.

An' right then an' thar, she seen that Tony Beaver was draggin' her soul straight ter hell erlong er hisn. An' at that all the blood er her anchestors riz up, an' she braced herself, an' dug in with both feet. One foot hit was Puritan, an' t' other hit was Pilgrin, an' when she got 'em planted good an' straight, they saved her. She snatched her hand outer Tony's, an' the minute she was loose ergin, she was right back in her everyday self, an' knowed this world was er vale er tears, an' that she had er never dyin' soul ter save an' fit hit fer the skies. An' she recollected too what she'd come fer.

'Mister Beaver,' she ses mighty solemn, an' like she was lookin' over the fence inter the nex' world, 'I hav' come fer ter save yer soul.'

Tony he looks kinder du'bus at that, but he hain't never one ter diserpint er lady, so he ses, 'Wal, anyhow, let's set er spell an' talk hit over.'

So him an' the woman, they set theirselves down on the banks er Eel River. The hands they fotedched er cheer out fer the stranger, but Tony he jest set on the ground. That's one thing folks allus tells erbout Tony, how he never will set in er cheer. He'll set on er log, or er rock maybe, but 'most times he jest gits right down erginst the ground. An' I have heared hands say, that when he's figgerin' out one er his

big jobs, he'll jest sprawl right out flat with his back erginst the earth, an' nuthin' betwixt him an' the sky. They say that's on ercount of who his mother is — but I don't know nuthin' at all erbout *that*.

Wal, Tony he sets on the ground, an' the lady sets in the cheer, with her skirts well drawed down; fer she wa'n't none er these yere little fly eround pretty-by-nights, but was er settled woman, with er stern an' rockbound kind of er face, what knowed that life was but er dessert dreer, an' that heaven was her home — an' that bein' so, I reckon what she seen up Eel River made her feel like home was right fur erway.

The hands, they'd all knocked off work, an' kinder stood 'round in the background, passin' time erway stretchin' theirselves, an' tradin' knives, an' seein' who could spit the furthest, an' all like that, while they waited fer the woman ter git in her fine work on Tony's soul. But Tony, he looks back at 'em, an' hollers out, 'Here, quit that foolin', an' rustle 'round now an' fotch the compny er snack er sumpin' ter eat — fotch her some er them huckleberries,' he ses.

Some er the hands went off ter do like Tony said, an' the woman, she did n't waste no time, but got right down ter business.

'Mister Beaver,' she commences —

'Aw, jest call me Tony,' he ses. 'I ain't used ter no misterin'.'

The woman looked mighty prim at that, but she made out like she did n't hear, an' commenced all over ergin. 'Mister Beaver,' she ses, 'from things I've seed up here, an' from all I've heard folks tell, hit looks like ter me you must think yer own the earth.'

Tony he give her er mighty peculiar look at that, an' all the hands acted sorter oneasy too. I reckon the woman seen sumpin' strange erbout Tony, fer

she gripped her hands right tight tergether in her lap, an' I guess she knowed she was up erginst things what was all contrary ter her religion.

Tony he did n't answer her nuthin' back when she said that erbout his ownin' the earth, but he fotchted out his pipe, an' lighted hit up kinder thoughtful. Now when Tony smokes up Eel River, a person could easy think the whole mountain was erfire. The clouds er smoke he blowed out come pretty nigh chokin' the woman ter death, an' sunt her off in er turrible fit er coughin'.

Wal that thar little Eyetalian feller, he hated mighty bad ter see Tony do sumpin' that wa'n't the style, so he slinked up right easy an' whispers in Tony's year that hit wa'n't perlite ter smoke where ladies is.

'Wal be dogged ef that hain't so!' Tony ses; an' with that he knocks his pipe right out, — an' hit's the truth, when Tony knocks his pipe out, you'd think hit was thunder back in the mountains, — an' hollers fer his plug er terbacker. Three er four er the hands kotched erhold er hit an' drug hit up ter Tony, an' he tuk him er broad ax an' whaled hisself ef er right smart quid, an' then he sets down ergin an' chawed 'stead er smokin', 'cause Tony he's allus mighty pertic'ler 'bout how he treats the ladies.

Hit was erbout that time that the hands fotchted up the huckleberries Tony'd hollered ter 'em ter gether. Now hit's like I'm tellin' yer, Stranger, things grows mighty fine an' large up Eel River, an' them huckleberries sure was er sight ter see! Hit hed been er mighty good year fer berries all over the county; but even erlowin' fer that, an' their bein' all swelled up with the rain, them Eel River huckleberries hed jest farly outgrewed theirselves. There wa'n't airy one er 'em smaller 'n er man's two fists tergether, an' er heap

er them run up ter the size er punkins; an' you know, Stranger, that *is* large fer huckleberries. They jest plum scan'lized that missionary woman; an' when Tony hands 'em ter her mighty perlite, an' ses, 'Help yerself, take one, take two, take damned nigh all,' like er person does with comp'ny, the woman she drawed erway an' would n't tetch er one er 'em; fer she 'lowed berries that size was jest natcherly temptin' the Lord.

Tony he was kinder set back at that, an' he grabbed them berries an' pitched 'em all inter Eel River; an' every one er them made er splash very nigh fifty feet high when hit struck the water — which was right prutty ter see, but sorter onnatural, too.

The woman she ses, 'That's right Mister Beaver, yer got ter remember you don't own the earth — the earth is the Lord's an' the fullness thereof.'

'Ther fullness thereof?' Tony ses, an' looks kinder tickled; an' all the fellers hed ter turn ter one side an' laf behind they hands, 'cause they knowed Tony he was thinkin' er that still er hisn up at the head waters er Eel River. An' I've heard folks tell that the licker Tony brews up thar is so powerful that jest one swaller er hit 'll make er rabbit spit in er bull-dog's eye.

But the woman, she'd hit the pike er salvation, an' she did n't break her stride, but jest headed right on. 'No Mister Beaver,' she ses, 'everything's mighty monstrous up here, an' I reckon you think yer er powerful big Mister Man yerself; but I'm right here ter tell yer, *yer don't own the earth.*'

Wal, hit was the third time that thar woman hed said that, an' hit was jest the one time too many.

'*Don't own the earth!*' Tony hollers out; an' with that he spit the quid out 'n his mouth an' stood up — *An' he stood up!* — AN' HE STOOD UP! An' every time he stood up, he growed

taller an' taller. The furst time he done hit, his head went level with the white oak trees; an' the second time, hit was over the top er the ridge; an' the third time, hit went inter the sky.

'O my Lands!' the woman ses; an' she jumps up right quick out 'n her cheer an' looks erbout her powerful on-easy. An' well she mought be, fer when she looked, she was all erlone up er far-erway holler in the woods. Ther wa'n't any Tony Beaver, ther wa'n't any lumber camp, an' ther wa'n't any hands no more, an' Eel River hitself had gone in the ground. Looked like what had been Tony wa'n't nuthin' but er gray cliff er rocks hangin' out er the ridge; what had been the lumber camp was the mountain hitself; an' what had been the hands standin' 'round lafin' an' whisperin' tergether was jest the hickory an' white oak saplin's, with the wind blowin' through their leaves.

Well, sirs! hit cert'nly did come sudden ter that thar woman ter find herself out all erlone in them far-erway woods, with nuthin' but the wind blowin' through them saplin's, what jest er minute back had been er husky parcel er hands.

Stranger, was you ever 'way out in the mountains erlone, an' all ter oncet sumpin' comes over yer? Yer erlone, an' yit yer hain't erlone. Hit looks like the lonesomeness hitself hes kinder come erlive inter sumpin' mighty on-natural. Seems like yer hear sumpin' whisperin' behind yer, an' yer jump 'round right quick ter look, an' ain't nuthin' thar — 'cept the underbresh an' the earth, an' maybe er gray rock lookin' at yer in er powerful curus way. An' ergin d'rectly yer think sumpin's behind yer, an' yer jump 'round, an' ergin ther ain't nuthin' thar. All up an' down yer back feels powerful lonesome, an' yer wished yer could see both ways ter oncet. An' hit hain't no kind er wild varmint yer skeer of — hit's sumpin'

worse. Yer pick out er right stout tree an' squeeze yerself up erginst hit, fer yer erbliged ter have sumpin' betwixt the spine er yer back an' whatever hit is that's er creepin' up at yer out 'n the woods er round, an' the earth below, an' the sky erbove.

When that happens ter er hand out in the woods, sometimes he prays, but most times he jest runs, an' he'd be glad then ter see his worst enemy s' long as he come in the shape of er human.

Wal, that was what happened ter that woman all erlone out thar in them distant woods, comin' right on top er Tony an' the lumber camp an' all goin' out so sudden. I reckon hit was the furst time in all of her life that the woman had ever been right up erginst natur, with nuthin' betwixt her an' hit. Hit sure did give her er powerful naked feelin'. She heard the wind whisperin' through them saplin's, an' she seen the sky mighty wide an' empty over her, an' she knowed sumpin' was er stealin' up at her out 'n the woods. She jumped 'round ter look, an' wa'n't nuthin' thar. An' ergin she jumped 'round, an' ergin ther wa'n't nuthin' thar, 'cept the Big Stillness.

An' jest erbout that time er rain crow, w-a-y off on er far ridge, commenced ter holler in that kinder wide lonesome *hoo-hoo-hoo* way they got, like ther wa'n't nuthin' in all the world 'cept woods an' mountains an' sky. Wal, that bird hit jest natcherly finished the woman right up, an' she let out er powerful screech; an' once she bust loose an' let the brakes down, she jest whopped an' hollered an' screamed! She pretty nigh split the heavens open yellin'. She was jest so skeered right through an' through, hit seemed like ter her that every time she let out a yell hit farly scraped the bottom er her soul.

'Aw, Mister Beaver! Aw, Mister

Beaver! *A-a-w, Mis-ter B-e-a-ver!*' she hollered; an' then she ketched her breath an' listened er second, but only her own voice sayin', 'Bea-ver,' come back at her from over ferninst er ridge. Wal, with that she jest natcherly got down an' *scratched gravel* an' hollered.

'Aw, Tony Beaver! Aw, Tony! *Aw, Tony!* Aw, please, sir! Please! Please, Mister Tony Beaver! *A-a-w, T-o-n-y!*'

Wal, that fotched him, an' thar he was ergin — thar was Tony lookin' at her, an' thar was all the hands ergin, an' the lumber camp, an' Eel River hitself, an' even the very cheer she'd been settin' in.

'Was you wantin' me, marm?' Tony ses, mighty perlite an' nice.

The woman ketched her breath, an' tried ter gether herself tergether an' sorter smooth herself out.

'I — I was jest wantin' ter say good-bye,' she ses kinder short-winded an' weak like, an' not lookin' Tony straight in the eye.

'You was sayin' hit looked like I thought I owned the earth,' Tony ses.

'No — no, sir!' the woman answers right quick. 'No, Mister Beaver, sir, I did n't reely say hit, you — you jest *thought* I did.'

'I don't own the earth,' ses Tony, '*the earth owns me!*'

'Yes, sir, yes — so I sees,' the woman ses, speakin' right small an' meek, fer she could still see the look er that gray cliff hangin' outer Tony's face, an' mountain ridges, an' forest trees blowin' in the wind at the back of his eyes, an' the sight of hit made her powerful anxious ter git on back home. 'An' now, ef yer please,' she ses, 'I'll be much erbliged ef you'll jest have the hands ter take me on down the river — while — while *the river's thar*,' she ses; fer she was powerful oneasy fer fear hit would go in the ground ergin, an' ef hit did, she jest did n't know how in the world she'd ever git back ter whar she come from.

Wal, Tony he had the hands ter ride her down the river in the finest style, an' she went on back ter Maine er Spain, er whichever place hit was she come from. But I've heard tell she was er changed woman from then on, an' that she allus 'lowed there was *some* things er person could n't never understand less 'n they'd been up Eel River an' seen Tony Beaver face ter face.

An' *that's* the way they do
In the Eel River crew!

HANDS

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

EMPERORS, prophets, priests, named one by one,
Great names of prophets who foretold the sun,
Names of great emperors whose armies won —
These are but names and, being named, are done.

But you are never dust, that had no name,
Nor any honor in your ages' fame;
You that were ageless and all times the same.

You raised the stones that lie at Eridu,
Petra you built, where once the date-palm grew;
And Egypt's pyramids, that cannot say

What king they house, nor what his death and day,
Nor how he lived, are eloquent of you,
Naked and nameless modelers of clay.

You have no monument, yet every king
Who built a tomb for his remembering
Built with the marble you could hew and bring;

And every conqueror who set a tower
To mark forever his triumphal power
Marked but your skill that labored there an hour;

And every prophet who cried out the Word
Cried only meanings that your hearts had heard,
Hearing the twilight silence and the bird.

And when these cities made of steel and stone
Are choked with earth and vaguely overblown,
Nothing will rest of all that now they own,
No fame, no wonder, but your hands alone.

‘MORALIZING STRAINS’

BY ROBERT M. GAY

IN the days of my youth, among the so-called senior subjects in college there was always a course in moral philosophy. Nowadays it is called ethics, but I do not believe it is really the same thing. Ethics sounds like a much lighter, a more frivolous subject than moral philosophy. However, I cannot tell. I took that course in moral philosophy in my senior year (students always ‘take’ courses, probably by analogy with taking medicine), and, when I had taken it, my dear old professor told me with a catch in his voice that I had been positively his worst student in the subject. ‘I have had some pretty bad ones in my day, but I really think you take the cake.’

‘But you passed me, Professor,’ said I, thinking I had him.

‘Passed you! Confound you, of course I passed you,’ he replied. ‘Do you suppose I wanted you all over again?’

Now I had a great respect for my professor, because no one had ever told me so many home-truths without any hard feeling on either side; and for that reason I forbore to ask him whether, in view of his reason for passing me, his own morals did not seem a little mixed. Besides, I knew that he would cheerfully agree. Teaching moral philosophy as he did, he took, in real life, an innocent pleasure in pretending to be immoral. And so I left him without further argument, merely recalling to my own mind how many times he had told us that moral philosophy was the most theoretical of subjects.

Nevertheless, as we are likely to do with many subjects that we study — or, shall we say, take? — in college, I have wished ever since that I had not been the worst student ever known to my professor; for nowadays, when we are hearing so much about the New Morality, it would be at least handy even once to have known something about the Old Morality — in a systematic and philosophical way, I mean. But I never studied the latter, as my professor seems to have discovered; and, as a consequence, I have never been able to determine whether my own morality is of the new variety or the old. And I seem never to have time to read up and find out. After leaving college, one goes on working from day to day, being good or bad by rule of thumb, and never being quite sure whether one’s morals are even up-to-date, until one fine day some youngster, whose morals are of the very latest model, comes along and calls one Victorian, or something terrible like that; and then one is filled with chagrin, and spends the rest of the day mourning over one’s lost opportunities.

Such ignorance is the more unfortunate in one of my generation. We who grew up in the peaceful eighteenth-seventies and eighties are somewhat in the pathetic case of the man who, when asked whether he liked white meat, replied: ‘I don’t know. When I was a child my father always got it, and now I am a father, my children always get it.’ We were born after the old morality had lost a good deal of its fine fury,

and before the new morality had been popularized by certain novelists; and I ascribe to this cause a certain levity which I seem to detect in my coevals. We apparently lack the preternatural solemnity of both our grandfathers and our grandchildren, and lacking it, it is hard to see how we can ever amount to much. Sidney Smith recognized the danger when he pointed out that, contrary to the laws of physics, his brother had risen in life through gravity and he himself had sunk through levity. For it is the man who can say 'an undisputed thing in such a solemn way' who gets on in the world. A light mind is a practical misfortune. I envy a speaker who can say, 'Life is superficial because it is spent too much on the surface,' with so wise an air that his hearers all breathe, 'How true!' He will go far.

But to return to moral philosophy, which, when I was a senior, impressed me as the most solemn of subjects. Ignorant as I am, I may be all wrong when I say that it seems to me that nobody dares to be as moral nowadays as almost everybody did, say, a hundred years ago. We were pretty moral in my youth — much more so than to-day; but nothing to what people were in 1820.

In that simple era the New Morality and Higher Ethics had never been heard of; and, as a consequence, everybody knew exactly what was moral and what was not. The people of that day would have been extremely puzzled by many of the problems propounded in our contemporary plays and novels. Running off with another man's wife, for example, was a custom or habit which they could never excuse, for they had not come to realize how exceedingly complex, and even intricate, the motives may be which lead one to do it. For them it simply was not right; and if anyone in the neighborhood did it, they did not hesitate to

write a letter to the newspaper and say what they thought of him. They were too primitive to realize how difficult it is to decide for or against so unconventional an action, or how many biological, psychological, sociological, and economic questions one must consider before one can do it with a clear conscience. In their day, of course, men did run off with other men's wives, just as they do to-day; but they seem to have done so impulsively, and they would have been quick to admit that in doing so they were immoral. The burden of public opinion upon ardent souls was, therefore, much more severe than it is upon our contemporary heroes and heroines, who live in an age of acute intellectuality.

And yet, for the great mass of souls that were not particularly ardent, the period must have been a comfortable one to live in. For even though their own moral problems might at times seem intricate, those of their neighbors were always very simple; and when they spoke of their neighbors' actions they always had one definite rule to guide them — 'A thing is either right or it is n't.' In a world which is complex enough, at best, to have even one rule so easy to apply is a great convenience; and it seems possible that the rarity of neurasthenia among them can be traced to their possession of so simple a formula.

Especially to be envied is the father of the period, because he could plant himself on his hearth-rug, with his legs apart and his hands under his coat-tails, and thunder moral remarks at his children without any fear of being interrupted. There is nothing that gives one such a sense of well-being as to thunder moral remarks at somebody; but the opportunities for doing so are becoming fewer and fewer. Now and then, in an advertisement in a magazine we see a well-fed and well-pre-

served man of middle age sitting behind an office desk and pointing a finger at a group of cringing operatives, as an illustration of what a course in will-power can do for one; and we see at a glance that he is being moral with all his might, and is, consequently, a happy man. But in real life we rarely see any one do that — certainly never a father. When it is necessary for the modern father to be moral, he tries to be jovial rather than Jovian, and insinuating rather than incendiary. He begins his homily with some such preamble as, 'Not to seem to preach,' or 'Not to pose as an oracle,' or 'With no desire to appear omniscient'; and, as like as not, the son or daughter who is listening breaks in encouragingly, 'That's right. Don't come the heavy father, that's a good fellow,' or, 'That's a dear old thing.'

Who could be moral after that? And is it really quite fair? The modern father has few enough pleasures in any event, and it seems as if he might have been permitted to keep this little one of thundering at his family now and then. No one ever paid much attention to him anyway, even in 1820; but he got an innocent pleasure out of it, as well as an abiding sense of security out of feeling his feet planted firmly on the eternal rock of fundamental right and wrong. He said proudly, 'I am an old-fashioned man'; and all the other fathers cried, 'Hear, hear!' To-day he prefaces his remarks to his family with the phrase, 'I may be old-fashioned, but —'; and the younger generation giggles.

In 1820 folk admired not only a man who was moral, but a Moral Man, and that is not inevitably the same thing. A Moral Man not only had convictions, but was not afraid to air them in public. 'I, sir, am a Moral Man,' he said; and his wife did not hesitate to proclaim herself a Moral Woman. It is

about a hundred years since Lord Melbourne made his famous remark that 'Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life,' feeling, apparently, that solemnity should be reserved for ceremonial occasions. In the noble lord's day, religion and morals, whatever else they might be, were official.

It was a period of the obvious, when people not only expected to be moralized over, at, and to, but seem to have liked it. They liked to read poems which ended, 'So live, that when thy summons comes to join'; or, 'I would that thus, when I shall see The hour of death draw near to me'; or 'Let us then, be up and doing'; or 'Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend, For the lesson thou hast taught.' A poem seemed properly wound up, applied, and clinched when at the close it rose from the artistic particular to the ethical general, and gave them a neat rule of conduct to remember. They might have their Keats and Shelley, but most of them read their Mrs. Barbauld, L. E. L., and Mrs. Hemans; and their avidity for instruction gave employment to a large class of industrious poets, who spent their days pondering over flowers, butterflies, autumn leaves, larks, and nightingales, in order to extract from these little pagans the most irreproachable Christian sentiments. The pendulum of time has swung so far that the most advanced of our poets today would rather express nothing at all in a poem than express a sentiment.

But in nothing is the revolution more marked than in the attitude of men toward women. Men have always liked to preach to women, even more than to children; and one of the now vanishing pleasures of husbands has been an owl's solemnity in the presence of their wives' frivolities. The modern husband is careful not to be solemn

often on moral topics, because of the modern wife's curious assumption that she knows as much in that field as he. In the old days, whatever a wife might think on this head, she seems to have kept discreetly to herself. In 1720, to go back no further, she expected to be insulted, arrogantly though neatly, as a matter of course. 'Nothing so true,' said one man of that era (though he was, I must admit, a bachelor), —

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
'Most women have no characters at all.'
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.

In men, we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.

In 1922, equally critical but less brave, we write novels in which we can express the most devastating opinions about the sex through the mouths of our characters; and the ladies read them, just as they did the couplets of 1720. But in 1820, men did the thing archly, with a kind of ogling tenderness, as who should say, 'Weaker vessels, timorous creatures; they need our guidance, but let us be gentle'; and they sometimes achieved a degree of solemnity without parallel. In such virtuous moments they produced something like this: —

Ye lovely Fair, while flowery chaplets bind
Your youthful brows, and o'er the verdant paths
Of gently gliding life ye graceful sweep,
Arrayed in purple pride; as on your breast
The diamond shines, and in your floating train
The ruby glows, and emeralds around
Beset the flying robe; while dazzling thus
In Orient pomp, forgive if yet the Muse,
In moralizing strains, essays to draw
The evening veil o'er all the glittering show.

Vain is their blaze, which, like the noontide
day,

Dazzles the eye; so flaunt the gaudy flowers
In vernal glory, wide diffusing round
Their odoriferous sweets, and shoot profuse
Their blossoms forth, and flourish in their May,
In Nature's livery clad; but when the sun
Beams in his pride, they droop their blushing
heads,

Their blossoms wither, and their varied tints
Fade with his sultry rays. Behold, ye Fair,
Your gay delusions; read in Nature's book
Their transitory life, how quickly fleets
The dream of pleasure.

So beauty fades, so fleets its showy life,
As droops the lily, clad in all its pride
Of rich array.

I am inclined to think that this is the worst poem in the English language, and is, to that extent, worthy of admiration. It has, at any rate, given me more pleasure than many poems of great fame. The meaning of the lines seems to be, Set not your heart on jewelry; and the author used the poor little flowers as a horrible example, because moralists have always loved to do that. But I am especially taken with the way in which he rises on successive waves of emotion, like an aeronaut executing a series of 'zooms,' or like Mrs. Raddles going upstairs; and with his manner of marshaling his nouns, each leading its adjectives by the hand, like a young ladies' academy of the period, out for a promenade. The extreme delicacy of his mind — soft as his subject — is also beyond all praise. I feel sure that the composition gave him a pleasure such as no man can know to-day.

One can picture him in starched neckcloth, ruffled shirt-front, and black smalls, as he watches his wife ('Pretty, childish creature,' he murmurs) putting on her bracelets, rings, and necklaces, and then takes his pen in hand and, his brain buzzing with poetic echoes, invokes the Muse in moralizing strains. A moment's sentimental musing, and all is done. Nothing remains but to write. 'Tis as easy as lying. For in 1820 writing poetry was an art within

the reach of all men. Given a thought sufficiently didactic, memory could be trusted to do the rest; and phrases like 'flowery chaplets,' 'verdant paths,' 'purple pride,' 'floating train,' 'orient pomp,' 'flying robe,' 'glittering show,' 'odoriferous sweets,' 'shoot profuse,' 'Nature's livery,' 'blushing heads,' and 'transitory life,' would flow from the pen as freely as the ink.

But nowadays the writing of poetry has become such hard work that there is no pleasure in it. So long as a poet sought only to be instructive, his brain could secrete lines as the liver bile; but now the art is so hedged about by unreasonable restrictions that Solemnity has ceased altogether to court the Muse. Their final separation, doubtless on the ground of incompatibility, seems to have occurred about the year 1840, when Philip James Bailey published his *Festus* and Martin Farquhar Tupper his *Proverbial Philosophy*; and since the birth of these portentous prodigies of longwindedness, Solemnity has sought another spouse.

Looking over the world to-day to discover his latest affinity, one seems to find her in Psychology. He has had other passing fancies meanwhile, for mankind has always to be solemn about something, and during the industrial revolution he was much taken with her dismal sister-science, Political Economy; but it is appropriate that, in an intellectual era like ours, he should be particularly struck by the somewhat indefinite charms of the science of mind, especially since Religion and Morals are not in vogue.

A consideration of this latest liaison leads one to suspect that men are always solemn over something that is abstract, and most solemn when they know least about it. A professional psychologist will chirp merrily enough over his science; but not so a business man, who has recently discovered the

psychology of business. There was a time when business was a somewhat light and airy activity, but to-day there is nothing over which one can shake one's head more darkly or speak with more esoteric depth. The melancholy change is due to the appearance in business of certain long words. Our grandfathers spoke crudely of using the brains one was born with, where we speak of the psychology of efficiency, or the science of industrial management. Simple souls, who feel the weight of too much mystery, flee from it daily to the links or the bleachers; but during office hours they never deviate into mirth. Outside of business, solemnity seems to flourish most greenly in our political journals, where the style most cultivated is the oracular. This is the more interesting because of all subjects politics seems to be the last on which it is safe to be oracular, and to be the one most provocative of levity.

It seems probable, on the whole, that the hearth-rug on which our forefathers used to make clear the rightness of right and the wrongness of wrong will never lack an occupant. The ladies, who were insulted in 1720 and moralized over in 1820, are doubtless still listening with the sweet patience that has always characterized them. They know that all men to be happy must occasionally be solemn, and that some men, like Mr. Waddington of Wyck, must be solemn all the time. They themselves are never solemn, perhaps because a big word never fills them with awe and because they have a devastating habit of stripping verbiage down to the grain of common sense that may lie hidden within it. Throughout the ages the world has retained its aplomb because of this fine natural balance of the sexes. If ever women should take to being solemn — but the thought is too disturbing even to toy with.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

I

A CERTAIN young woman wrote in her diary one March morning:—

He has a nice bright day. It was hard frost in the night. The Robins are singing sweetly. Now for my walk. I *will* be busy. I *will* look well and be well when he comes back to me. O the darling! Here is one of his bitten apples. I can hardly find it in my heart to throw it into the fire.

Another young woman, on a February day, in a different country, many years later, wrote in her diary:—

That you are no longer here seems to me impossible. I keep telling myself you will come back, and yet you are far-away, and your shoes, those two empty feet in your bedroom, stand perfectly still. I stare at them and love them.

One would suppose that the man who had left the bitten apple and the man who had worn the shoes were lovers or husbands of the writers; but, in fact, it was a sister in each case who penned these words about an absent brother. Between Dorothy Wordsworth, in the North of England, romancing about her poet brother William, who had gone away for three days to a neighboring village, and Eugénie de Guérin, in the South of France, pining for her poet brother Maurice, who had long been in Paris, there is at least a superficial resemblance. But they were most alike in the height and purity of their characters—a springing height and exquisite purity, which set them apart

even from other most delicate and lofty spirits.

Sixty years ago, Matthew Arnold, who was always trying to interest his countrymen in the finer aspects of French life, and to that end kept his eye upon current French criticism, was attracted to the literary remains of Eugénie de Guérin by one of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*. Nothing could be slighter in bulk or, seemingly, in importance than the fragmentary poetry, the letters, and the journal which are all that we have of her writings; yet Sainte-Beuve, who might justly have professed to know the highest and tenderest things recorded by the pens of Frenchwomen, said that the little volume, *Reliquiæ*, was filled with sweet and lofty thought, and called its author a rare person.

Her life was brief and obscure. She was born in 1805, of a family rich in a noble name and the possession of an old château at Le Cayla, in Languedoc, but so impoverished that they hid there rather than flourished. She had a brother five years younger than herself, who, after a period of religious and scholastic retirement with Lamennais, in Brittany, had gone to Paris, seeking a channel there for his pure, yet by no means copious, stream of poetic genius. He was her pride and joy, though his prolonged absence from the shelter of home, his experience of unbelief, and the failure of his health caused her to live under the shadow of a hovering

distress. From her dim retreat in the mountains of the Cévennes, his existence amid the glare of Paris seemed full of danger to body and soul. She tremblingly felt that his acquaintances there, scholars and literary people, belonged to the 'world,' and that his ambitions were unhallowed. The contrast between her life, deepening at home and growing ever more quiet there, and his, who had ventured forth into change and temptation, is full of pathos.

Her writings have but two subjects — this brother Maurice, and the religious faith which tortured her with apprehension while he was alive, and supported her through the blankness left by his early death, in 1839. She survived him less than ten years, endeavoring in vain to bring out an edition of his fragments of prose and verse. They have since been published, and her judgment of their quality has been confirmed by the best French critics. I remember the delight with which, in my undergraduate days, I read what I still regard as Arnold's most charming pages — his essays on Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin. With their copious quotations from the journals of brother and sister, they introduced me, as he desired to introduce his readers, to a peculiarly refined and elevated region of French life, — a nook perhaps rather than a region, — such as one could not discover in French fiction, though, as I did not then know, places like it may be found in French memoirs.

Mr. George Saintsbury, in his rough, hurried style, stupidly grumbles: 'One may marvel, and almost grow angry at the whim which made Mr. Arnold waste two whole essays on an amiable and interesting person like Eugénie de Guérin and a mere nobody like her brother. They are very pretty essays in themselves. . . . Seventy-two mortal pages of Mr. Arnold's, at his very

best time, wasted on a brother and sister who happened to be taken up by Sainte-Beuve!' Mr. Saintsbury continues: 'Even in the Guérin pieces, annoyance at the waste of first-rate power on tenth-rate people need not wholly blind us to the grace of the exposition and to the charming eulogy of "distinction" at the end.' —

'The Guérin pieces'! What elegant rhetoric! 'Tenth-rate people'! What discernment, and what amenity!

With no encouragement, then, from Mr. Saintsbury, but heartened by the company of two 'strong siding champions,' Sainte-Beuve and Arnold, I venture to say that her poor little fragments of writing show Eugénie de Guérin to have been a very distinguished woman, indeed.

Beauty, wisdom, power, distinction, — the rarest of these is distinction. It is a quality, not an attribute, and generally an inherent grace rather than a faculty acquired. It has a negative and a positive element. The negative element is entire freedom from vulgarity; and this freedom consists, to use part of St. James's definition of true religion, in keeping one's self unspotted from the world. One has but to reflect upon this phrase, to perceive that it means living true to one's self or to standards recommended by something other than the world's approval. If a man is either attracted or abashed by practices to which he cannot give genuine assent, he is vulgar. Thousands of persons, especially among the lowly, are free from vulgarity. They live boldly, not fearing the opinion of others. They do not seek to rise in any way by affecting to be different from what they are. But distinction is uncommon, because, upon this negative basis of freedom from vulgarity, it requires that an elevated character shall stand; and the elevation must be intellectual as well as moral. In a dis-

tinguished character there will be found, on the one hand, unusual knowledge, judgment, or taste, and, on the other, unusual energy, patience, kindness, courage, love of truth, or some other eminent virtue.

That Eugénie de Guérin was one of these rare persons, a few extracts from her journal will suffice to make evident. It will be observed, too, by anyone who is at all well acquainted with French life, that, notwithstanding the obscurity in which her short years were passed and the lonely heights on which her spirit dwelt, she represents much that is peculiar to the French race and much that is inherent in the Catholic ideal. The soul of France, with its possibilities and its limitations, is as roundly epitomized in this quiet young woman as in her celebrated admirer, Madame George Sand, for example, or Madame de Staël, or Madame Roland.

II

As one reads her journal, there rises, foot by foot, a picture of the dilapidated château, with its somewhat pinched and meagre housekeeping, its wild surroundings, the domestic servants and farm-hands, the dogs and cattle, the visiting priests, the rare passers-by. The touches that compose it fall lightly from her pen and are so rubbed over with religious coloring that it is impossible to pick them out and show them here. She has a very direct and intimate approach to nature, and it is not impossible that she was cheery and helpful and went laughing through the wide, bare rooms, though the journal tells much of tears and yearning. She had few distractions. The monotony of her daily round gave time to note many little details, which would have been overlooked by a woman less simply occupied, and from them she drew lessons which she appropriated with

gratitude. The poise of her mind was almost perfect because her faith was firm. The poise of her feelings was altogether perfect, because her love had one supreme object. Only when her love seemed to be in conflict with her faith was the balance disturbed.

Without being in the least discontented with her domestic duties, in a solitary country-house in which whole days were spent with no more lively incident than a call from some passing beggar, she kept her heart fixed upon the saints and upon God and upon her absent brother. Though keenly perceptive of natural beauty, she would not dwell upon it with frank delight unless in some way she might connect it with religion. Describing her conception of a Christian, she writes to Maurice: —

Through tears or festivals, he journeys onward toward Heaven; his goal is there, and what he encounters on the way cannot turn him aside. Do you suppose that, if I were running to you, a flower in my path or a thorn in my foot would stop me?

She shrinks from attempting to penetrate the secrets of nature, however much they solicit her imagination. On a moonlit night, when her sister and other girls are singing, laughing, playing beside the brook that flowed beneath her window, she sits alone, writing to her brother: —

I could spend the whole night here, describing what is to be seen and heard in my sweet little room — the things that come and visit me, little insects black as night, little moths spotted and slashed with color, fluttering about my lamp as if they were mad. There is one burning, one flying off, one coming, another returning, and my table is covered with a sort of moving dust. How many inhabitants in so small a space! A word with one of them, a look at one, a question about its family, its life, its country, would lead us off into infinity. I had better say my prayers here at my window, before the infinity of Heaven.

Similarly, she chooses books and avoids books with a view to the salvation of her soul rather than the gratification of curiosity or taste. After long hesitation, she decides to read Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, excusing herself for so bold a step by saying: 'It is not to acquire knowledge, but to lift my soul that I read; everything is to me a ladder by which to climb to Heaven.' She sets down the titles of the volumes in her little library, chiefly books of devotion, sermons, lives of saints, with a few of those poets, notably Racine and Lamartine, who were considered free from worldly taint. This deliberate narrowness in one so sweet and generally so wholesome affects the reader unpleasantly; yet she states but the truth when she laments the pride and vanity of authors.

Oh! if these illustrious writers had begun with a lesson in humility, they would not have made so many errors or so many books. Pride hatches such a number of books; and just see what fruit they produce, and into how many a maze these mazed men lead us!

Otherworldliness, or the fear of this world and the planting of one's hopes in a world to come, is not a characteristic of Puritanism only; it is as truly a Catholic trait, not to mention the mystical religions of Asia. We see it in this young girl's account of her feelings on receiving a letter from her brother's intimate friend, the Breton poet La Morvonnais: —

My heart is moved, penetrated, filled, by the letter I received this morning from M. de la Morvonnais: he speaks to me of Marie [his dead wife], of another world, of his sorrows, of you, brother, of death, of all the things I love so much. That is why these letters give me a pleasure which I feared I should feel too keenly, because all pleasure is to be feared.

Not without a faint sense of shame at

her own credulity, and yet stubbornly defending herself, she writes: —

I have just hung about my neck a medal of the Holy Virgin, which Louise sent me as a preventive of cholera. It is the medal that they say has performed so many miracles. It is not an article of faith to believe this, but does no harm.

Nothing, perhaps, could do more harm, in the long run, than the indifference to rational evidence of which this remark is an example; but in the presence of so gentle a creature, one shrinks from being censorious. She overflows with approval of the sacrament of confession, not perceiving, or not admitting to herself, that loneliness and a natural feminine instinct to seek the moral support of a masculine mind may have something to do with the confidence she reposes in her confessor. She goes on pilgrimage to 'sacred places,' though realizing apparently that such conduct *is* superstitious. She is distressed by the free-thinking which has penetrated even the mountain recesses of the Cévennes, and cries out against two gentlemen who find it absurd to fast, to believe in original sin, and to venerate images; and is particularly vexed that some of the illiterate country-folk have been discussing theology. She is opposed to schools, and thinks it enough that the poor should be taught 'religion.'

It is hard to believe that such ideas were entertained by an educated Frenchwoman in 1837, by a woman, moreover, whose brother was a disciple of the liberal theologian Lamennais, and moved in the literary circles of Paris. Maurice had been one of the group of earnest seekers who followed the prophet of a new social order to his retreat at La Chênaie in Brittany. From Lamennais he learned that obedience to Jesus means to love our fellow men, and that this love leads to God and is the essence of religion, no matter

how many entanglements the churches may have spun over the simple though difficult truth, so attractive in our best moments, and so repulsive to our selfish hearts.

How close to each other in spirit, yet how far apart in rational experience, Eugénie and Maurice were, can be gathered from one of her appeals to him on the subject of prayer: —

My dear, I wish I could see you pray like a good child of God. What would it cost you? You have naturally a loving soul; and what is prayer but love, a love that flows out from the soul like water from a fountain? You know that better than I do. M. de Lamennais has on this subject said divine things, which must have penetrated your heart if you heard them, but unfortunately he has said other things too, which I fear have hindered their good effect. What a calamity, once more, what a calamity, that you are under the influence of that erring genius! Poor Maurice, let us think no more about it all.

Apprehensive, reactionary, obscurantist, no doubt she was; yet it is precisely her quiet aloofness, the integrity and unity of her spirit, her detachment from current fashions of thought, that give her the tone of distinction which breathes through the pages of her journal. There is something which, if not admirable, at least strikes us dumb with a sort of amazed respect, in the firmness with which she narrows her mental outlook. She is willing to forgo experience for the sake of faith, to forgo modernness and the sense of solidarity with her own generation, for the sake of beliefs very old and in her opinion venerable — breadth for the sake of height. And that there was not always mere loss in the exchange is shown in many a fine and penetrating remark, such as that ‘prayer is too often an effort to impose our will upon the will of God,’ whereas prayer of the right kind is ‘a submissive desire’; or her sensible statement: ‘When I feel or

see affection growing faint, I hasten to revive it.’

No doubt there was a romantic element in her religion; to dwell upon the emotions associated with religious practices, to yield to them freely, to express them beautifully, gave her an æsthetic satisfaction. Perhaps there was moral unsoundness in this; intelligence was subordinated to feeling, and feeling was too often disconnected with action. But her love for her brother Maurice was both sound and romantic. In this love, both reason and will had their full scope; yet it was adorned with all the graces of imagination, hope, and memory. One entry in her journal reads: — ‘I have just spent the night writing to you. Day has supplanted candlelight, and it’s not worth while to go to bed. Oh! if father knew!’ And next day she adds:

How quickly, dear, last night flew by, when I was writing to you! Dawn appeared when I thought it was only midnight; yet it was three o’clock, and I had seen many stars cross the sky; for from my table I see the sky, and from time to time I look up and consult it, and it seems that an angel dictates to me.

The old-fashioned simplicity of her life, as well as her constant yearning for Maurice, appears in many a jotting like this: ‘I was milking a ewe just now. Oh! the good ewe’s milk of Le Cayla, and how I wished you could have some!’ Slight as are these traces of her character, they contain something unique, a rare fineness, a different tone from that which the world imposes upon its devotees. If they retain any value after the lapse of nearly ninety years, it is because of their distinction and for a reason also which Eugénie herself expressed in a luminous phrase: ‘Do you care, my dear, for this notebook, in which I wrote two years ago? It is all old now, but *the things of the heart are eternal.*’

III

A woman equally free from the vulgarity which is worldliness, of equally fine moral texture, and of higher intellect, was Dorothy Wordsworth. It is not without a clear purpose that I associate her with Eugénie de Guérin, though at first the connection may seem slight. There is an obvious parallel, and a less obvious but more instructive divergence between them.

Each was born and reared in a remote mountainous region, secluded and primitive. If Mademoiselle de Guérin's family was of ancient nobility, Miss Wordsworth's was what is called in the north country 'gentle.' Each remained unmarried and poured out upon a brother the love of her whole heart. In each case the brother was a poet, and went through a heart-shaking religious crisis in early manhood. Each of the sisters was endowed with keen powers of observation, which she delighted to exercise; each was aware of a life or soul in nature; each felt the possibility of harmony between humanity and nature, though, as we have seen, Eugénie stood on her guard against acknowledging anything in favor of nature which might appear prejudicial to a religion of otherworldliness. Each was unaffectedly interested in the details of human activity as displayed in simple country life, and by the conduct of poor and uneducated people. Each was sensible of the value of 'minute particulars' — a trait more common in women than in men. Both possessed, though not in equal measure, the rare literary gift of exact, concise, original, unpretentious, imaginative expression.

There were, to be sure, differences of degree and circumstances, especially in the way they were able to serve their brothers. Dorothy seems to have had complete confidence in her William, and a belief that he was almost perfect.

After his twenty-fifth and her twenty-fourth year, they were able to live together in constant intimacy, having defied their uncle and guardian, who, for quite plausible reasons, had long refused to let him visit her; and down to the beginning of old age, she had the happiness of knowing that her care and labors were contributing to the immortal achievement of a great poet. There is, therefore, little or no painfulness in her mention of him, though there are traces of profound anxiety and even acute grief, which she suffered when he determined to marry Mary Hutchinson after, as it would appear, considering himself for ten years bound to Annette Vallon. Apart from this, the record of Dorothy Wordsworth's relations with her beloved William is one of almost perfect happiness, and I am not aware that biography presents anything equal to it in this respect. It is a comfort to know that there was such a woman, that there was so full and happy a life; there seems to be some compensation here for humanity's imperfections and sorrows. Of what use are they, if here and there a flower of joy and beauty does not bloom? The foundation of Dorothy Wordsworth's happiness was her confidence in her brother's goodness, grace, and power.

Eugénie, on the other hand, was haunted by the fear that Maurice might lose his soul. Reticence on his part, and perhaps too great importunity on hers, sundered them to some extent in spirit; and his ambition to make his way in a larger field than Languedoc kept him from her through many long months. The record contains more pain than joy. We must remember that to alarm about his spiritual state was added the knowledge that he was suffering from consumption. When Dorothy was only twenty-one, in the terrible crisis when William told her about his entanglement with

Annette Vallon, she followed her sympathies and flew to the lovers' relief, took their part, treated Annette as a sister, and acted altogether in a most spontaneous and unconventional way. When Maurice offended against the principles of Le Cayla by turning his back on Catholicism, Eugénie could not stand at his side. Her arms received him when he stumbled home to die; but she could not look on him and say, 'I have seen of the travail of my soul and am satisfied.'

The divergences between the lives of these two women are very wide, and are significant of much — of racial difference, of the profound gulf between Protestantism and Catholicism, of the contrast between eighteenth-century rationalism and the reaction that weighed upon Europe between 1815 and 1848. Dorothy Wordsworth was a daughter of the dawn. The energy of England, the intellectual light of religious freedom, the hopefulness of the Revolution animate her letters and journals. She lived in the natural world of human affections, of reason, of fresh individual perceptions. Eugénie endeavored to establish contact at all points with the Catholic past and with a supernatural future, distrusting reason and her own senses, and standing upon tradition and external authority in cases of conflict. Dorothy represents English womanhood, or, for that matter, the womanhood of her generation of Americans, in its independence, its subordination of merely feminine instincts to those feelings which men and women have in common. What a man could read and think, she read and thought. Eugénie represents French womanhood in its full and constant consciousness of femininity. Dorothy Wordsworth is Protestant, in that she exercises her private judgment upon all questions of moral conduct. Indeed, her Protestantism is of a very extreme

kind, for she seems almost unaware of any corporate religious forms and external religious authorities. She seldom mentions Bible, Church, or Priest. Impossible to think of her going to confession. Ridiculous to think of her wearing a medal to keep off the cholera.

Unlike the evangelical Englishwomen of her day, Dorothy seems little, or not at all, preoccupied with the idea of sin. It is to her and this freedom of hers, no doubt, that her brother refers in the second stanza of his 'Ode to Duty'; she was, in his mind, one of those naturally beautiful and good souls who, he hesitatingly imagined, do right by instinct and without moral striving:—

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
them cast.

As the manuscript was first sent to the printer, the last two lines showed no misgiving; they were:—

May joy be theirs while life shall last,
And may a genial sense remain when Youth is
past.

Dorothy, with her turn for realism and humor, must have disclaimed the perfection implied in the original stanza and have suggested changing the last two lines to the humble prayer they now are. A Christian she truly was, in humility, self-forgetfulness, and love of her fellow creatures; and all the more Christian, it seems to me, because she does not worry about the future of either her body or her soul.

Eugénie, on the other hand, is a Christian in the narrower sense, preoccupied with the ideas of temptation, sin, repentance, penance, forgiveness, divine retribution, and personal immortality. Though beautifully unselfish with respect to her brother, she is

religiously self-conscious, not through selfishness, but for conscience' sake; and when she catches herself taking an interest in active life or in nature, she is pathetically startled, as if it were a stolen pleasure.

Shy though she was, and spending her years in privacy, Dorothy Wordsworth sympathized with the Revolutionary movement, which was equalitarian and rationalistic. It is impossible for me to believe that she, with her high powers of intellect, could converse, day after day and through the long watches of many a night, with her brother and Coleridge, two scorned radicals, without consciously sharing, or else violently repudiating, their opinions. That she did not repudiate them is evident; and I can find nothing to indicate that she gave up the social and religious heresies of her youth when her companions sank back into apathy and conformity. She was thirty-four years old in 1805, when Eugénie de Guérin was born, and too settled in her mental habits and of too intrepid a temper to be much affected by the reaction which benumbed the younger generation.

To think of Dorothy Wordsworth as leading a life of seclusion would be to mistake quietness for inactivity; for in fact she was intellectually the least secluded woman in England. While well-bred and spiritually minded French girls were limited in their reading to a selection of the French classics and to books of piety, Dorothy ranged freely through literature, — English, Italian, French, and German, — making no distinction on grounds of mere refinement; devouring the best poetry and fiction her country had produced, from Chaucer to Scott, including the Elizabethan drama and the eighteenth-century novel. She was personally acquainted with a host of interesting persons, several of whom were among the leaders of the age — with her brothers

William, Christopher, and John, with Coleridge, with Charles Lamb, with Wilberforce, who is said to have offered her his hand in marriage, with Hazlitt, with Thomas Clarkson, with John Wilson, with De Quincey, who worshiped her, with Southey, who was her neighbor, with Sir Walter Scott, with Charles Lloyd, with Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas Poole, John Thelwall, and Crabb Robinson; and among friends of her own sex she numbered the lively Jane Pollard, the public-spirited Mrs. Clarkson, Mary Lamb, and her own sister-in-law, Mary Hutchinson, William's wife, and Sara Hutchinson, whom Coleridge esteemed above all other women.

I think it is quite likely that she was socially the most highly privileged and intellectually the best-educated woman who crossed the divide between the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. That she was also the most permanently interesting woman writer of her generation in England, is also my opinion, and perhaps many readers would agree with me if her exquisite journals were more available. They were incorrectly edited by Professor Knight, who guessed wildly, or omitted deliberately, when he could not decipher words and phrases in her handwriting, which is by no means a difficult one; and, underestimating the value of her artless notes, he left out much that he considered trivial or unedifying. Even this imperfect edition of Dorothy's Alfoxden and Grasmere Journals is out of print.

The world is thus deprived of a gentle power that it can ill afford to lose. We want our daughters to be more fully aware than they are of the life of nature around them; to have a more solid education; to possess their souls in quietness; to understand the poor and humble and be kindly disposed toward them; to be free from vulgarity

which is worldliness; to read the best books and write with simplicity and charm; to realize that the highest personal distinction is compatible with the faithful and competent performance of household duties. It might help them to live thus, in the beautiful old-fashioned way, if they had Dorothy Wordsworth's journals at hand, in which to learn how lively and happy and deep and serene a woman's life may be.

I have gone over in my mind all the diaries, autobiographies, and collections of letters I have ever read, without finding one of them more capable of moulding the character of a girl. The

educated young women of our time are too well instructed in history and science to be much edified by the timid reflections of the Languedocian recluse; but they would find in the frank maid of rocky Cumberland a helpful sister. She shrank from no truth. She was modern in her outlook, facing the future hopefully. She made a mark for herself in her station where she stood, accepting her brother's maxim, —

Shine, Poet, in thy place and be content.

And though she could speculate with the philosophers and dream with the reformers, her soul

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

PEARLS BORN AND MADE

BY LOUIS BOUTAN

I

'Is it true that to-day genuine pearls can be made by man?'

I was recently asked this by a friend of mine who is an ardent tree-cultivator, but not widely acquainted with matters of science.

'No, they cannot,' I replied.

'But I thought you had explained in a long memorandum,' said he, 'that the Japanese were successful in producing genuine pearls by cultivation.'

'That's a different matter,' I returned. 'You are a good tree-cultivator, I know. In fact I have seen you graft shoots to barren pear trees. You obtained excellent fruit which would never have grown without your intervention; but do you pretend that you have made pears? No, you are fully

aware that that is the business of the pear trees, and you content yourself with helping them as best you can; the Japanese do the same.'

'Then, the Japanese graft pearl-buds?'

'Quite so, only, instead of pear trees yielding pears, the Japanese have molluscs which bear pearls.'

Science is compelling economic and social adjustments almost daily, but here is one of the most curious results of her researches — the discovery of how to cultivate pearls which differ in no way from the natural products of the fisheries. Superficially a trivial matter, there are nice commercial and legal, if not ethical, questions that flow from the Japanese discovery. Can jewelers be

compelled to declare a cultivated pearl not genuine, when in all qualities it is identical with the natural product — in other words, declare a difference, where there is none?

And what effect will the ability of men to produce these jewels have on their market-value? Will the discovery invalidate the Scriptures, so that it becomes no longer foolish to cast pearls before swine? A key to these curious questions can be found in the qualities and life-history of the pearl itself.

What we have to know first is, that a pearl is genuine only if it fulfills two essential conditions:—

1. If it has been produced by a certain tissue of a mollusc;

2. If it shows a certain number of qualities of surface, which give it what is called its lustre.

Genuine pearls can be produced only by molluscs. This is an essential condition — though not the only one. The tissue of the mollusc, which forms both the pearl and the mother-of-pearl of the shell, is such a perfect laboratory that man can only imitate its production very clumsily, by the means offered to him in industry. As the mollusc is the only animal that possesses this laboratory, a pearl made either by man, or by an animal other than a mollusc, will be an imitation, a counterfeit, a false pearl.

Thus an imitation pearl-necklace, if well manufactured, can give the illusion of genuineness, even to an expert, if he is at four or five yards distance; but if he takes the necklace in his hands, and examines it under a strong magnifying glass, its artificial qualities are at once apparent. Molluscs, so to speak, have the monopoly of genuine pearls, and the control over their production. And yet not all molluscs are able to make pearls. In my childhood a story used to be told of a beautiful maiden who, going to the fountain to fetch water,

showed kindness to an old woman by giving her a drink. Now, the old woman was a powerful fairy, and to reward the girl for her kindness of heart, made her a gift. Whenever the girl spoke, pearls proceeded from her mouth, mixed with her speech. This manner of pearl-production always seemed to me a very great inconvenience in conversation; but however that may be, the girl had a wicked sister who, anxious to receive the same gift, also went to the fountain. But she showed herself impolite to the old woman, and the fairy punished her by causing serpents and toads, and not pearls, to issue from her mouth.

It is much the same with molluscs. Some can produce pearls and others can produce only a meaner substance — mother-of-pearl. It should be noted that it is the same organ of the mollusc which ordinarily produces the mother-of-pearl and exceptionally the genuine pearl.

After long years of research in Japan, Mr. Mikimoto succeeded in producing pearls with the variety of pearl-producing oysters called '*Meleagrina Martensi Dunker*.' We shall see further on, that these pearls show all the external characteristics of the natural Japanese pearls, and are obtained by an operation of animal grafting.

The clever operator envelops a little nucleus of mother-of-pearl in a fragment of the external tissue of a *Meleagrina* that is sacrificed. This nucleus is then introduced by means of a delicate operation into the deeper tissues of the graft-bearing oyster, and after six or seven years a complete pearl is born.

II

The preceding statements were necessary to make a useful and practical comparison between natural and cultivated pearls. Natural pearls can be classed as such only if they possess

certain characteristics of very unequal value. Some of these, such as the elasticity and the density, can give useful indications, but they will always remain secondary and acquire value only when complementary to other characteristics that exclude rather than confirm. I mean that a pearl which has the elasticity, the density, the hardness, even the chemical composition of a pearl, may not of necessity be genuine. But the absence of one of these characteristics would tend to prove its falsity. The examination of its density, for instance, in the case of a pearl which we suspect to be hollow, will help to prove this serious imperfection, and yet will not force us to the conclusion that this pearl can not be classed as genuine.

Such is not the case with certain qualities of surface, where we find the true characteristics of a genuine pearl.

I say *certain* qualities of surface, and not *all* qualities, because several of them — shape, size, and color, for instance — though very important, are not fundamental. A fine pearl is generally spherical; but some expensive pearls have a more or less elongated form, pear-shaped, for instance. A white pearl is highly esteemed by the jewelers; a pearl of a slightly yellow color is considered of great value; and certain gray or black pearls are particularly in demand by reason of their rarity.

The true characteristic qualities of surface are brilliance, lustre, and orient, the last two constituting the 'water of the pearl.' If we examine either with the naked eye, or with a magnifying-glass of a maximum power of two diameters, we can only distinguish a surface of a polished and smooth appearance; but this surface gives several impressions which we can classify as follows. It has: —

1. Brilliance, which shows itself by a luminous speck if the pearl is placed by itself on a horizontal surface.

2. Lustre, the appearance the pearl gives of being like velvet, together with the quality of iridescence.

3. Orient, revealed by an impression of depth in the midst of warm tonality.

The examination of intact complete pearls of Japanese cultivation shows that they possess identically the same characteristics as natural genuine pearls. Examining the surface of a number of these pearls with the microscope, and comparing them with the natural Japanese pearls, I could not detect a difference of any importance. Had I not been in possession of a certificate of their origin and, in many instances, of a section of the pearl, I should have been quite unable to state which were natural and which were cultivated.

It is easy to understand that, under these conditions, a jeweler with his magnifying glass, or a scientist with his microscope, can make no distinction whatever between a natural Japanese pearl and a cultivated one, without sawing or cutting the pearl into fragments, which is a rather drastic method of investigation. The only difference between a natural and a cultured pearl lies in the nucleus. If we cut pearls into sections a real difference appears. A complete cultivated pearl, sawn in two, reveals the presence of a large nucleus (generally mother-of-pearl) surrounded by concentric layers of pearl substance. This nucleus, in spite of its size, represents, in weight and volume, but a small portion of the pearl.

If we compare sections of the two pearls, we discover that the nucleus, giving birth to the natural pearl, is much smaller. It forms but a tiny black spot, around which concentric layers are formed, yellower and darker than the layers of the periphery. This fact has often been noticed in cut pearls, so that we may say that around the primitive nucleus of the natural pearl (the black spot) there is a kind of

secondary nucleus, as big as the mother-of-pearl nucleus in cultivated pearls.

I wondered if this difference, which has its importance but which we can notice only if the pearl is divided into two or more parts, could have an influence on the exterior qualities of the pearl. Does the nucleus influence the beauty of the pearl? I made a series of experiments on this subject, by removing the mother-of-pearl and substituting several nuclei of different colors. I reached definite conclusions: the characteristics of the nucleus cannot furnish a test of the genuineness of a pearl, and have no direct influence upon its beauty.

Can cultivated pearls be obtained without a mother-of-pearl nucleus?

Through Mr. L. Pohl, the importer of culture pearls, I recently received for study a sample of a pearl cut in two, which bore the label: 'pearl obtained by cultivation without mother-of-pearl nucleus (the two halves together weigh 13.68 grammes).'

This fine, irregularly pear-shaped sample is a little over half an inch long. It bears on its broadened extremity two longitudinal furrows, and on the right side of the wider part, a small black swelling. Its external characteristics differentiate it from the Japanese pearls and bring it nearer to the pearls obtained with the big *Meleagrina Margaritifera*. From the point of view of external characteristics, it is a typical pearl. There is no trace of a mother-of-pearl nucleus, and all the pearl-layers are visibly concentric. The aspect of the section reminds us of natural pearls of an elongated type, where we often find a central granulous portion and a very large secondary nucleus. Nothing, either in the outward aspect, or in the appearance of the section which has been submitted to me, could distinguish it from a natural production.

Since then, I have had the opportu-

nity of examining another sample of the same origin. It offers nearly the same characteristics, with a more regular appearance. Its exterior shows no imperfection; it is, like the other, a typical pearl in all its surface qualities, and the section is the same as that of many natural pearls of the elongated shape. There is nothing at all to distinguish it, either in surface or interior, from a natural product.

If, as I stated in my memorandum to the Academy, both samples really represent culture pearls, we have a definite answer to the question: 'Can we obtain cultivated pearls without a mother-of-pearl nucleus?' Unfortunately, even if one had on hand a great quantity of these new pearl samples, it would be difficult to state with certainty whether they were cultivated or natural; for even after sectioning the pearl, we have no better indications of its authenticity.

Is it possible to compel dealers to certify that they are selling either natural or cultivated pearls?

Such was the question recently put by Professor Cazeneuve, of the Faculty of Medicine and Pharmacy of Lyons, President of the French Society of Experts in Chemistry. Shortly after reviewing the present data on cultivated pearls, Professor Cazeneuve, without deciding between the different opinions, wrote as follows: 'I presume that the complete identity between natural and cultivated pearls has been sufficiently demonstrated. The proof is made. It is decisive. But the prejudice remains. The commercial value, very different for the pearls of the two different origins, remains also a prejudice, and we know the strength of prejudice. A question arises immediately. Has a tradesman the right, in consequence of their absolute identity, to substitute a cultivated for a natural or "wild" pearl? Science seems to absolve him and prej-

udice condemns him. Besides, after further reflection, the question appears to have extensive implications which cannot be ignored. Has a manufacturer the right to sell synthetic indigo instead of natural indigo of the *Isatis tinctoria*, asked for by a buyer who refuses to consider the absolute identity of the two materials? The question of origin arises in the same way for pearls. Speaking more generally, after the buyer has demanded a material of a determinate origin, has one the right to deliver a material of a different origin, but whose intimate nature and whose substantial qualities (to use legal terms) are identical with those of the material expected? In addition, it should be noted, the demand is made, according to hypothesis, under the influence of mere prejudice. I asked you for indigo of a vegetable origin; you are giving me synthetic indigo. Are you not deceiving me, in spite of the absolute identity of the two substances chemically, even in spite of the lower price that you are charging me for the synthetic indigo, and in spite of the absolutely identical dyeing qualities of both indigos?

'The controversy that I am starting,' continues the learned professor, 'takes on considerable importance when we touch upon cultivated pearls, which I shall call by analogy "synthetic pearls," and which may to-morrow disturb the natural pearl-market, and influence transactions amounting to millions of dollars.

'Litigation may arise. The identity of the gems renders useless an appeal to science. A legal inquest on origin will often meet with practical impossibilities. Cultivated and natural pearls will come out of the same laboratory. The waters of the Pacific are the laboratory where pearls of both origins will simultaneously be elaborated. Pleadings will, as usual, lead to assaults of cleverness and eloquence. What will the judges do?'

I do not pretend to solve juridically the question asked by Professor Caze-neuve, since upon this point I am quite incompetent; but I can, at least, look at it from the point of view of common sense. First of all, the comparison between synthetic indigo and complete cultivated pearls seems to me highly superficial, since, in the case of indigo, we have a cultivated and industrial product, whereas in the case of the pearl, we have a natural and cultivated product. The industrial product can be catalogued, and its true origin can easily be traced to the factory. Not so for cultivated products, and particularly for the submarine cultivated products, which are, as Professor Caze-neuve remarks, a special case, since *they are developed in the waters of the Pacific, where pearls of both origins are simultaneously elaborated.*

Now, cultivated as well as natural pearls are by-products of the oyster, or rather of the *Meleagrina*, which have been reared for a long time in the submarine farm of the Ago Bay and in similar pearl-fisheries.

Besides the culture pearls produced by grafting, natural pearls are regularly gathered from these *Meleagrinae*. Now, if the new process really furnishes cultivated pearls without mother-of-pearl nucleus, and since the operation for culture is made on *Meleagrinae* which are themselves capable of bearing natural pearls, Mr. Mikimoto himself will never be able to tell whether the pearls are cultivated or not. He will not even have, as for cultivated pearls with mother-of-pearl nucleus, the resource of cutting them open.

Now could a dealer substitute a cultivated pearl for a spontaneous natural product? With the best will in the world, a pearl-cultivator can only indicate a probable origin; as soon as the pearls are on the market, *they will have to be classified, of course, as natural pearls,*

even if the prejudice establishes a difference of value between the two products. It seems improbable that pearls will ever have a certificate of birth. Yesterday, I met Mrs. X, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z, whom I had not seen for twenty years. Formerly, she was a beauty, a symbol of perfection, a pearl. To-day, she no longer resembles the beautiful Mrs. X of my youth — yet in fact she is still Mrs. X.

Not so for pearls. In a few seconds a chemical agent can transform a beautiful pearl into a dead substance, as worthless as mother-of-pearl. Its origin counts for nothing. It has now the same value as a pearl of a comestible oyster, since it has none of the exterior qualities of a fine pearl.

For a long time, researches were restricted to inserting a nucleus between the tissue of the mantle and the shell. In this way, half pearls only were obtained. The Japanese have circumvented the difficulty, and without having solved the theoretical part of the problem, they have succeeded in overcoming the obstacle before which the other naturalists failed, *by creating a sac out of the external tissue of the mantle, and by isolating it in the deeper tissues of the mollusc through grafting.* We know that, by introducing a bit of the mantle's outside tissue into the depth of the body, we can provoke the formation of pearl substance.

This discovery marks a great advance in pearl-cultivation, since it has led from the culture of half pearls to the culture of whole ones. We have seen that further improvements are being developed in the suppression of the mother-of-pearl nucleus in cultivated pearls, the only characteristic which allowed us to distinguish cultivated from natural pearls. The sentence: 'Man will never be able to make pearls' ought to be modified by adding: 'But man is demonstrably able to provoke their

formation in pearl-producing molluscs.'

It is always imprudent to forecast the future. I shall, therefore, only reconsider the immediate consequences of the facts we already know. Pearl-producing is a cultivation, not an industrial fabrication. Like every new process of cultivation, it is difficult and expensive. According to Mr. Rosenthal, the great Jewish jeweler, who is strongly opposed to cultivation, the cost-price is not far from that of wild fishery pearls.

Will this process of cultivation, then, depreciate the value of natural pearls? I do not think so. The difficulty of the operation, the time necessary for the pearl to form inside the body of the mollusc, and to attain a commercial value, are such that, in my opinion, the price of pearls will only fall to a slightly lower level, just as the price of gold or diamonds falls slightly when fresh mines are discovered. There is no reason, then, for being pessimistic.

Considering their limited production (for pearls can be successfully cultivated only in the warm seas), it is probable that the cultivation of a great number of small pearls would not be remunerative, but only the production of a few large and beautiful ones. The desire for a quick profit has incited a certain number of cultivators of half pearls to introduce, between the mantle and the shell, nuclei of mother-of-pearl, which are sometimes very big, and to leave them inside the mollusc for too short a time. This is what led certain English jewelers, who seem to confuse complete pearls with half pearls, to say: 'Cultured pearls are mother-of-pearl beads covered with pearl nacre of varying degrees of thickness.' The attraction of profit clearly might tempt some pearl-cultivators to such operations, inasmuch as the fraud is more difficult to detect in complete pearls than in half pearls. Luckily, this dan-

ger does not appear to me as much to be feared, on account of the difficulties of grafting the pearl sac. A sac containing a big nucleus will be voluminous, necessarily, and require a large wound in order to be introduced into the graft-bearing *Meleagrina*. For this reason, it will be impossible to exceed a certain size of nucleus, and the cultivator will have to allow the oyster to secrete a great number of thick concentric layers on the nucleus in order to obtain a pearl of a saleable size.

Considering, therefore, the impossibility of discriminating by precise char-

acteristics between a genuine culture pearl and a natural one, the best policy, perhaps, for the intelligent jeweler would be to admit that it is impossible for the time being to distinguish natural from culture pearls by their external characteristics; to make buyers of pearls share this conviction; and to declare publicly that a pearl presenting all the characteristics of the natural product is a genuine one, instead of asserting that a culture pearl is an imitation; for this statement throws suspicion at once on natural pearls, from which science itself cannot distinguish them.

QUAINT

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

It is quaint to scuttle home
For three drops of rain;
Lest, like paintless houses,
We catch a weather-stain.

It is quaint to be afraid
Of freezing ugly toes;
To hide in furry luxury
A thing like a nose.

When you think that we shall lie
Tight in the ground
Fifty years — a hundred years —
And till the stars turn round —

Not abashed by glacial floods,
Nor frost that cleaves all stones —
It is quaint to take such care
Of our skin and bones.

IN THE BEGINNING

AN INTERPRETATION OF SUNLIGHT ENERGY

BY FRANK C. EVE

All things flow.

— HERACLITUS

I

THIS account of my simple views on Life and its origins in terms of Energy will be intelligible to those who have the most rudimentary acquaintance with Chemistry and Physics. If they are also lovers of nature or gardens, and endowed with scientific curiosity, this essay will give them a fresh and simpler outlook on living things; so that even such common objects as tree-buds and leaves, weeds and rust, clouds and rivers, will acquire a new and fascinating interest and relationship.

My own mind was set wondering about these things by noticing that, in a photograph of a landscape, the vegetation appears on the whole much darker than the background of rock or soil. This contrast is specially noticeable when the soil is of the tawny color of a recent volcano, such as the Peak of Teneriffe. Soil of this color would probably predominate in our earth, when it had cooled sufficiently for Life to originate.

This contrast shows that the light-energy of the sun has been absorbed and degraded to a greater extent than would have occurred if vegetation had never been invented. This raises certain questions:— Were plants evolved for the 'purpose' of degrading the energy of

sunshine? Are plants the elaborately evolved manifestations or materializations of the law of degradation of energy? Has energy carved these elaborate organized channels to conduct its energy downhill, in the same way that the energy of water falling on a watershed has carved the beds of the rivers? These are some of the questions we shall inquire into; and although they seemed to me wild and improbable at first, they do not seem so now.

II

First, what do we mean by Energy. It is defined as 'the capacity to do work'; but in reality we do not know what it is. Some think that matter may be a manifestation of energy. At any rate, energy has now been measured in units, or *quanta*, so presumably we may regard it as an entity and not as a mere state of matter.

Energy exists in a flowing river (kinetic energy), or when it is dammed up (potential energy). Food and fuel are full of potential energy. Sunshine is the source of practically all the energy on the earth.

I shall constantly have to use two new words, Katergy and Anergy. For

the comprehension of this paper it is *essential* to remember their meaning — briefly, downflow and upflow of Energy.

By *Katergy* (Kata-energy) I mean 'the flow of energy to a lower potential or level,' whatever the kind of energy may be. When Katergy occurs, work is done, heat is produced, and the energy becomes less available.

By *Anergy* (Ana-energy) I mean 'the flow of energy to a higher potential,' regardless of what kind of energy it is.

Katergy always occurs when possible. Hence Anergy never occurs unless, as an episode in Katergy, part of the energy is compelled to flow 'uphill' by some device such as chlorophyll. These terms should be of real service to biologists, because the leaves of plants, when they absorb and katergize the energy of sunlight, simultaneously anergize a part of it into the chemical potential energy of their seeds, leaves, and wood. Thus they make energy more available, in apparent contradiction of the law of degradation of energy, which I will shortly explain.

Plants, from the energy point of view, are evolved protoplasmic mechanisms, which trap and katergize the energy of sunlight, converting part of it by the anergic agency of their green coloring matter (chlorophyll) into the chemical potential energy of starch, and so forth. Out of this is built up the rest of the growing plant. No energy is absorbed by the roots of a plant — only water, and a few simple salts which are, however, indispensable.

Animals, from the aspect of energy, may be grouped with fungi and bacteria as being protoplasmic mechanisms which carry out the degradation of the chemical potential energy that has been stored in the bodies of plants or other animals.

Thus animals, when full-grown, are mostly katergizers of food; whereas

plants are simultaneously katergizers of sunlight and anergizers of food. Hence we estimate the vitality of an animal chiefly by its activities (katergy), and of a plant chiefly by its growth (anergy).

Law of Degradation of Energy (Law of Katergy). — This states that energy is constantly tending to flow to a lower potential, whereby it turns itself into lower and less available forms of energy, and eventually into low-temperature heat.

The word 'tend' seems misleadingly weak to express the driving force, or motive-power, or 'go,' inherent in this great law of Energy. Hence I shall often use the less scientific and less cautious expression, 'straining' of energy to flow to a lower potential. Thus, when energy is in the potential form, it certainly seems to strain to flow; for an apple strains on its stalk, and the electricity of a thundercloud must strain violently to flow before the great lightning discharge bursts through the resistances that bound it. Iron tends to rust; flame tends to burn; no opportunity of katergy is ever missed.

Wherever we look around us we can see this obvious tendency or tugging of energy to flow downhill to a lower potential level.

It is the driving force or motive-power inherent in this law of degradation of energy, and manifested in the above great group of phenomena, that I would make the foundation of my paper. It is almost impossible to express this tendency, or 'go,' in words which will not offend some physicist or other; but if I merely transplant the tendency or straining toward katergy manifested in this immense group of phenomena, and apply it to Life and its origins, it seems to me that we shall be on sure ground — even if our present knowledge, or my way of wording it, is at fault.

This law of Degradation of Energy seems to me to stand alone among the laws of energy in connoting a driving force, which is the motive-power of Astronomy, Chemistry, and Physics. I submit that it is the driving force of Life, too, and that it brought living things gradually into being. A driving force is badly needed by biologists to apply to Life; and it is quite lacking in Newton's three laws of Motion, which were adapted to Astronomy.

III

The laws of Energy, for biological purposes, can be grouped, I think, under these three heads:—

1. *The Law of Metergy* — that energy can be changed from one form into an equivalent amount of another form, but cannot be created or destroyed.

This covers the various transformations of energy, such as light, heat, motion, sound, electrical, chemical, osmotic, and surface energy, which occur kaleidoscopically in living things.

2. *The Law of Katergy* — that energy tends constantly to degrade itself into less available forms of lower potential, and eventually into low-temperature heat. We can now express this as, 'Katergy tends insistently to occur.'

How or why this happens is a mystery. It is just an attribute of the mysterious thing which we call energy. When iron can burn, it will do so; if not, it will katergize much more slowly by rusting. The shortest, steepest 'ladder' downhill will be taken.

Katergy transformers, such as spongy platinum or the digestive ferments, often assist by providing the necessary 'ladder' downward. Thus it is easy for iron to oxidize in the air into rust, with the help of a trace of water, but very difficult without its help as a katergy transformer.

Some ancient forms of bacteria live

in sulphur springs. They grow and get their energy by oxidizing sulphuretted hydrogen, which is their food. Doubtless, the katergy of sulphuretted hydrogen is accomplished much more quickly with their aid than without it.

Katergy cannot be expected to show prescience. Energy merely takes always the first chance of katergy, even if it leads a ray of light-energy to be absorbed by a plant, and is largely converted into starch, and perhaps has its stored-up energy buried for ages in a seam of coal.

3. *The Law of Ana-katergy* — 'Katergy may encounter an anergy transformer which compels *part* of it to flow simultaneously to a higher potential.'

This combined simultaneous process is *Ana-katergy*, and the greatest example of it is the green leaf, which katergizes sunlight, but at the same time — by the agency of chlorophyll — anergizes part of the light-energy into the chemical energy of starch.

It will be noticed that only a part of the katergy is converted into anergy, that is, only a part of the downflow of energy is diverted into upflow. So that ana-katergy is like katergy with a bit bitten out of it. Since we know already that katergy tends always to occur, ana-katergy will also tend always to occur, though presumably less forcefully by reason of the bit bitten out of it. Hence we may complete the Law of Ana-katergy by stating that 'Katergy, minus the anergy imposed on it, tends to be maximal,' or $K-A$ tends to be maximal, though this is not intended to be a strict mathematical statement.

But obviously, if A was equal to K , there would be no flow of energy; and if A exceeded K , the law of conservation of energy would be broken. Also, A should act as a brake on the downward tendency of K ; but, as we are dealing with the action of very minute light-waves on minute molecules, we cannot

follow the process in a detailed manner

The efficiency of a leaf, that is, the proportion of the light energy which is changed into chemical energy (starch, and so forth) by ana-katergy, has been measured, but the results so far are variable.

From the fact that beech leaves have been found fossilized in the chalk, I conclude that leaves have long ago attained all practicable perfection, and that present evolution and adaptation are responses to variations in environment.

Although the Law of Ana-katergy is of necessity only a special case, or sub-law, of the Law of Katergy, its results are so far-reaching and so upsetting to the ordinary laws of energy, that I feel sure it should be stated as a separate law, for the sake of clear thinking in Biology. In Physics (except Meteorology) it seems of little use. It is the great law of sunshine and plants, clouds and wind, and all that these imply for us. Food and fuel, rain and rivers, are its products.

IV

As this conception of ana-katergy has not been formulated before, I must give three instances of it — a mechanical, a physical, and a chemical instance.

1. The hydraulic ram. — This is a simple arrangement of valves and pipes, which may be heard in lonely valleys giving vent to loud mysterious thumps like the beatings of a great metallic heart. A large pipe, led from a stream, is the source of katergy. A small pipe leads from the apparatus to a cistern of a country-house high above the valley. Thus, without fuel or human regulation, the potential energy of the water in the stream is prevented from total katergy and a portion of it is automatically turned into anergy. The combined simultaneous process is ana-katergy.

2. A physical instance of ana-katergy. — When the sun shines on the sea, the water surface is warmed and turned into an invisible vapor, which happens fortunately to be lighter than air. This ascends, and condenses in the cool upper air into a cloud of droplets of water, which has thus been raised against the force of gravity and thereby been given potential energy. That is to say, anergy has occurred in a process of katergy; the energy of sunlight has been degraded, but, by help of a device, part of it has been simultaneously turned into anergy. What is the device? Clearly the warmed water molecules which, being lighter than air, act like little fire-balloons. They diffuse into the surrounding warmed air and rise *en masse* in the heavier air, at first as invisible moist air, and later, when cooled, as a visible cloud of water droplets.

If we imagine that liquid water was brown in color and its vapor purple, as it is in the case of iodine, this constant purple ascension of water and brown descent of rain from purple-brown clouds would have been a very striking and almost concrete phenomenon. It would have seemed to us almost 'living,' much in the same way that flame does. But flame is pure katergy; the sun-cloud phenomenon is an anergic mechanism actuated by sunshine — just as, in my opinion, a plant is. Hence, from the aspect of Energetics, the cloud is the exact physical analogue of the chemical plant. And the water-molecule fire-balloon is the physical analogue of the chemical chlorophyll; they are both anergy transformers.

Further, it has hitherto been considered that plants, in some mysterious way peculiar to living things, reverse the ordinary law that energy tends always to degrade itself to a lower potential. This they apparently do (in one sense) when they form food and

fuel. But this is no peculiarity of living things as we have just seen in the analogous sun-cloud phenomenon. It is strange how this appears to have been overlooked. Lord Kelvin expressly excepted living things from the law of degradation of energy; but, so far as I know, made no exception of clouds. When the three conceptions — anergy and katergy and anergy-transformers — are crystallized into three words, no confusion is possible.

3. I shall now describe a delightful recently discovered chemical instance of ana-katergy, which has proved most useful in supporting my thesis. Professor Moore exposed to sunlight a soup-plate of water, containing sodium nitrate (1 in 10,000). After two hours, he found by test-papers that the nitrate had been turned into nitrite, which contains 21,000 more units of potential energy per gram-molecule than the nitrate. This energy had been put into it by the sunlight. If we were a billion times smaller, we should be able to see the terrific light-waves breaking on the quivering nitrate molecule. We should see the molecule and its revolving atoms shaken so violently that an atom of oxygen would be detached from the molecule, which thereby would be converted into nitrite. Meanwhile, the light-wave passes on with diminished amplitude and lessened energy. It has been katergized, but the obliging nitrate molecule has served as a device compelling a simultaneous formation of chemical anergy. Moreover, the nitrite molecule is an unstable one, and will slowly oxidize back into nitrate — perhaps in a single night.

Hence we see that the nitrate molecule behaves exactly like a minute plant, in that it katergizes sunlight, with the simultaneous transformation of part of the energy into chemical anergy. Further, it liberates oxygen in the light, and absorbs oxygen in the

dark, by a miniature respiration — just like a plant. Or, the nitrate molecule may be regarded as analogous to chlorophyll, because they are both anergy transformers of sunlight, converting deenergized chemical bodies into energized compounds — nitrites or starch, respectively.

If, at the dawn of life, a nitrate were associated with a pigmented slimy carbohydrate colloid, to give substance and coherence and an opportunity of growth, and to take advantage by coupled reactions of the chemical energy of the nitrite formed by sunlight, then we should begin to see possibilities of a primitive attempt at vegetable life.

Since writing this, the fundamental importance which I attached to this nitrate experiment has been confirmed by some remarkable experiments by Professor Baly and his coworkers at Liverpool (1922).

It was already known that sunlight could very slowly turn carbonic acid into sugar (*via* formaldehyde). Baly found that, if potassium nitrate was present, this sugar formation was very rapid, and that complex alkaloids were also formed, and — still more wonderful — that even proteids were produced. In other words, these complex 'organic' chemical bodies, which hitherto had been regarded as marvelous achievements, possible only to the living cell, were formed automatically, when sunlight acted on carbonic acid and a nitrate.

These experiments (when confirmed) seem to me of enormous importance in five directions, at least: —

1. They obliterate the distinction between organic and inorganic chemistry.
2. They remove a whole block of difficulties in our attempts to explain Life and its origins by laws already known.

3. They indicate that complex 'organic' carbon compounds must have been present in the sea long before the origin of Life, which is thereby easier to imagine.

4. They are instances of *growth*, though without form or visibility or coherence.

5. These highly anergized chemical bodies (soluble carbohydrates and proteids) would be excellent foods. Since sea-water contains carbonates and nitrates, these invisible chemical foods would presumably be formed when the sun shines on the sea. The ultimate plankton of the sea could feed on this dissolved food — a supposition which makes the cilia of these minute creatures far more intelligible than if we regard the cilia as wafters of solid particles only. This should be verified experimentally.

V

In explaining my ideas to friends and critics, the greatest difficulty has been their insistence that plants and living things reverse the ordinary law of degradation of energy; whereas I maintain they obey the laws of physics, and act as we have just seen the nitrate and water molecules doing.

My friends are more impressed by the food and fuel which plants produce in apparent contradiction of the law of kategory, than by the much larger amount of sunshine energy which was katergized when the food or fuel was anergized.

Hence I must try to make this simultaneous anergy and kategory clear by an analogy.

Imagine big waves breaking on an island girt with low cliffs. Shingle will be thrown up by the waves on to the cliff-tops. The cliffs have katergized the energy of the waves, and by acting

as inclined-plane-and-shelf, they have simultaneously trapped the anergy given to the shingle by the wave when it lifted the shingle against the force of gravity. Nearly all the energy of the wave has been katergized into heat of low temperature; but a fraction has been anergized as the potential energy of the shingle. It is an instance of ana-katergy, just as the waves of sunlight falling on a leaf are katergized and simultaneously partly anergized into the chemical potential energy of starch. In both cases, the combined effect is a degradation of energy, and no laws are broken.

If our island were inhabited by imaginary shortsighted creatures, who could not climb down the cliffs and whose food was shingle, they would conclude erroneously, as some men do, that the laws of physics had been specially reversed for their benefit, in that the shingle had fallen up, instead of falling down as it should do.

Moreover, the shingle-heaps on the cliff top would gradually accumulate. This illustrates growth by ana-katergy.

And in some places the slope of the cliff would be better adapted for anergizing shingle than in others. In these places the shingle-heaps would grow quicker and overgrow the neighboring heaps. This illustrates survival of the fittest individuals, and shows that it is the best ana-katergizers which survive; that is, the shingle-heap survives by supplanting its competitors, because it is the product of the bit of cliff which receives the most waves, which traps and katergizes their energy best, and which acts best as an anergy transformer — which, in short, is the best ana-katergizer. And at the end of my thesis I shall submit that, for precisely similar reasons, it is the best ana-katergizers which survive among plants in the apparent struggle for existence.

Animals, on the other hand, with

fungi and bacteria, are, broadly speaking, katergizers of the chemical energy of food. In these it is the fittest katergizers which will survive.

There is a third class of living things, where plant and animal live in partnership — the *symbiotic* creatures, such as the green amoeba. A colony of these microscopic jelly-fishes has been known to live for ten years without food. That is possible, because the plant-partner traps light energy, and thereby anergizes carbonic acid and nitrates into starch and proteid, on which the animal feeds. The animal partner katergizes this food back again into deenergized carbon and nitrogen, which serves again as raw material for the plant-partner.

The energy changes in this cycle can be illustrated by the following mechanistic analogy. Imagine a sort of knitting-machine, driven (like a plant) by sunlight energy, which knits up beautiful fabrics out of raw material consisting of straight steely filaments like the hair-springs of a watch. The fabric will be full of energy because the filaments composing it are full of bends. Hence another (animal-like) machine can be driven by the energy unlocked when the fabric is unraveled, just as a caterpillar can feed on the energy contained in a leaf.

If we were to put the two machines together in series, we should have a picture of a symbiotic creature. We should then see, not any fabric formation, but merely the straight filaments — the raw material — entering and leaving the combined machines.

This brings home to us that the plants and animals supply each other with the necessary raw materials, and that the plant-animal cycle begins and ends with deenergized carbon and nitrogen. The only thing that flows is the stream of energy, starting with sunlight and ending with low-temperature heat.

The laws of Katergy and Ana-katergy provide the driving force throughout the cycle.

‘All things flow,’ said Heraclitus of old. Was there ever so much truth and prophecy compressed into two Greek words?

VI

Let us now test our Law of Ana-katergy by asking it to solve the problem why weeds supplant the more useful or beautiful garden plants in a neglected garden. First, we must compare the individual plant with a business man owning a factory. Any money (energy) he puts into his factory (leaves) is productive; but his advertising department (flowers) is only indirectly productive and must not be overdone. Similarly, he must not spend an unreasonable amount on cradles and baby-clothes (large fruits) for his enormous family. This money must be put into the factory; for otherwise his competitors will supplant him. This makes it clear that the garden plants, with their large redundant fruits or numerous double flowers (all unproductive anergy), cannot compete with the weeds, which seem to reduce their flowers and fruit to the bare minimum needed to advertise to the insects, and to bribe the birds to distribute their seeds.

Our Law of Ana-katergy states that katergy minus anergy ($K - A$) tends to be maximal. K is bigger for the weeds, because they grow quicker and put their anergy into leaves. A is smaller for the weeds, because their unproductive anergy (flowers and fruit) is minimal.

Hence on both counts $K - A$ is ‘more maximal’ for the weeds than for the garden plants. The weeds triumph because they carry out better the Law of Ana-katergy; they provide a steeper wider channel for energy to flow down.

Hitherto the explanation of the triumph of weeds has been merely that they are more hardy. The Law of Ana-katergy has provided a much neater and more satisfying explanation, and has strengthened itself thereby.

This could be tested experimentally by allowing wild oats, for example, to compete with cultivated oats for two or three seasons, on equal terms. The anergy in each case for a given katergy could also be measured and compared.

The assumption that deciduous trees in winter do not attempt to katergize sunshine energy does not seem to be correct. For in December I found that in all the common trees, if the thin translucent brownish cuticle were stripped off, there was a layer of pale green chlorophyll beneath. Hence all these twigs had on a small scale the apparatus of photosynthesis (growth by sunlight).

Further, there is far more energy in the infra-red rays of sunshine than in its visible spectrum, but in the heat of summer the tree dare not or need not absorb these heat-rays. In winter, the very dark color of the twigs and their velvety light-trapping effect when massed in a bush or wood, certainly absorb nearly all the visible rays, and doubtless these dark heat-rays too.

Hence English woods and bushes in winter are very effective katergizers of solar heat and light.

What do they do with this absorbed energy? They do not seem to grow. Here the point of view of my thesis suggests a fascinating question.

In Southern France, the twigs in December seemed to me much paler than in England, presumably because the need for heat is less and its danger greater.

The buds on a tree or bush may be regarded as separate individuals, just as the polyps on a coral may (Darwin). There is a natural selection going on

among their buds, but it seems to me not to be a survival of the fittest, for every bud has the same sap and constitution and heredity, and may be regarded as potentially almost equal in fitness to survive. The buds that survive seem to be those which find themselves with the best chance of katergizing sunlight and the least chance of cold winds or other unfavorable factors. These buds will leave descendants (twigs) ready for next year. The buds that point in an unfavorable direction languish or die. Similarly with larger twigs or branches.

The summated effects of this simple principle of survival of the best-lit buds is to render the total panoply of the leaves of a tree a very perfect trap for sunshine, which could hardly be improved upon by design.

Now is it not queer and suspicious to find ourselves with one law for the tree and another for its buds — that the survivors are the fittest trees and the 'littest' buds?

Can we reconcile this? We can, by stating that the trees or buds which survive are, not the fittest or littest, but the best ana-katergizers of sunshine. And that is my main hypothesis; it is supported by the reconciliation it effects in this case.

Further, it is not really a case of competition or struggle between buds (or plants). It is merely that energy flows (with consequent anergy and growth) through channels or mechanisms which provide the fullest opportunity of ana-katergy for it. This view relieves us of the unpleasant necessity, unavoidable in the old view, of considering that the gentle plants deliberately stifle and murder each other. But the effect is the same: the inferior katergizers die because insufficient energy flows through them.

There is a strong tendency for variegated shrubs to revert to the all-

green condition; so that gardeners have frequently to pick off the all-green shoots. Why is this? Clearly because the white part of the leaves, which contains no chlorophyll, carries out the law of ana-katergy far worse than the green leaves. It is a survival of the best ana-katergizers. In my garden is a variegated maple which has now become almost entirely green.

VII

Let us now consider rivers, for they have helped me very much in elucidating this katergic hypothesis of Life. When in doubt, I have always asked the river. River-systems seem wonderfully adapted to achieve the katergy of the water falling on the watershed. Each tributary is adapted in width and depth to the amount of water it has to carry.

The course of each stream seems designed to achieve katergy in the best and most direct and economical way possible. Thus the streams cross all contour lines at right angles. Hence the river-system seems made for the katergy of water. In truth, we know that rivers are made by the katergy of water, and hence the 'adaptation' and 'design' are only apparent.

A river-system is a beautiful materialization of the straining to degrade of one form of energy in one sort of environment. So is a plant or animal. Electricity, heat, and atmospheric air, when flowing from high to low potential, carve for themselves river-beds. But these are either invisible, as in heat-flow or winds, or strictly temporary as in lightning. Although lightning leaves no permanent 'river-beds' after carving its sinuous branching path of incandescent air, yet when it strikes into a sandy soil, it leaves a permanent river-bed in the form of beautiful branching tubes of fused silica, two to

three inches in diameter, penetrating thirty feet or more into the earth.

But to return to river-systems. We must not consider them alone, but as part of an energy-cycle. The sun causes the water-molecule fire-balloons, acting as anergy transformers, to rise and turn into clouds in the condenser of the upper air. The rain falls from these, and creates the river-system which carves its course of katergy to the sea and completes the cycle. In this physical cycle we discern a wonderfully complete analogy to the chemical sun-chlorophyll-plant-animal cycle.

In both cases the katergy of sunshine is the driving force. Anergy is compelled by the water-molecule fire-balloon, or by chlorophyll. The anergized product is a cloud or a plant. This stored-up energy is fed upon by a river or by an animal.

The sun-cloud system and river-sea system provide the raw materials for each other. For if water accumulated entirely as cloud or entirely as sea, the cycle would cease.

Similarly the sun-plant system and the animal-to-carbonic-acid system provide the raw materials for each other. Without this, the plants would stop for want of carbonic acid, and the animals for want of food-energy.

But the river-cloud system remains just the same as when it started — when the earth became cool enough for water to liquefy. It is not capable of evolution, only of repetition. Why is this? Because there is only one best way of anergizing a cloud and katergizing rain on the earth's irregular surface. And that one best way is the way the river does it. This does not permit of competition, or of evolution, save in the limited sense that energy improves its katergy by gradually lowering the river-bed and decreasing its resistance.

On the other hand, at the time when the primeval rivers had cooled a little,

it is inevitable that these busy insistent laws of katergy should start working on very different materials, namely, the carbon compounds; and these *would* be capable of evolution.

This brings us to the consideration of the Dawn of Life.

VIII

It is clear to my mind that the only law of energy in which any 'go' or driving force is inherent is the Law of Katergy (and its Sub-law of Ana-katergy). It provides the driving force of Physics, Chemistry, and Astronomy; why not of Life, too? It expresses a positive command — 'Energy shall always degrade.' This involves an eternal procession of changes and determines the direction of these changes. That is the kind of law needed to initiate Life, and which will do so, I think, if it finds sufficiently plastic material to act upon, — such as the carbon compounds, — and a continual stream of energy, — such as sunshine, — and a suitable anergy transformer.

The other laws of energy seem to me to be merely regulating laws,¹ and not to be of direct interest to biologists.

If we accept the laws of Katergy and Ana-katergy as the driving forces of animal and vegetable life, respectively, then a vital force becomes unnecessary, and the innumerable mysteries of living things resolve themselves into mysteries of regulating devices. In the same way, a man may be hopelessly puzzled by the works of clocks, but he has learned their chief secret when he has discovered that, in every sort of clock, the

¹ Thus, Energy cannot be destroyed, but may be changed in form; a moving body shall not change its motion unless compelled by a force and proportionally to that force; action and reaction are equal and opposite. Contrast these laws with 'Energy shall ever *tend* to degrade in the direction of diminished availability' (increased entropy).

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D

driving force is the straining of katergy.

In speculations on the origin of Life, besides (1) the essential driving force, there must be (2) a source of energy, (3) suitable plastic raw material for this energy to knit up, (4) an anergy transformer, and (5) a means of renewing the raw material, which is attained most simply by an unraveling device.

These five cardinal rôles can be adequately filled, I submit, by (1) the two laws of katergy, (2) sunshine, (3) and (4) carbonic acid and nitrates, and (5) bacteria, or simplest animals, or even enzymes. These last need not develop till all the raw material has been knitted up; or, more probably, a symbiotic mechanism would knit up and unravel simultaneously in the earlier humbler instances of life.

I submit that living things are the actual evolved manifestations of this tendency (or straining?) of energy to katergize, in the same way that flame, or rather incandescence, is the only manifestation of life on the sun. On a cold world of iron in an atmosphere of oxygen, rust would be the only manifestation of life. But the raw materials would quickly be exhausted, unless we imagine sunlight to have the power of deoxidizing iron. Then only would you get a simple life-cycle, but it would be incapable of further evolution.

Flame is a rapid high-temperature oxidation, and is a far more rapid katergizer than animals are. Hence flame triumphs over animals when it gets a chance of katergizing foodstuffs. But fortunately flame is very poorly provided with means of reproducing itself, save by direct continuity, or it would entirely supplant animals on the land.

In considering Life and its origins on this earth, the first thing to remember is that all raw materials would soon be katergized unless anergized again by

energy from the sun. It is the inexhaustible river of sunshine energy we have to consider — always tending to flow downhill, or katergize. But it *cannot do so unless it acts on matter*. Some forms of matter absorb sunshine, and give it the chance of katergy by vibrating and turning it into heat. If the earth and waters had been dead black, there would possibly have been nothing more. However, the seas and primitive earth (specially where it was of the pale tawny color of much volcanic soil) would reflect a large amount of sunshine. Now reflection means a refusal of matter to permit the katergy of light. The law of katergy would be always opposing this, and seeking to evade it. When the earth had cooled enough to allow the seas to form, and the dense pall of cloud had condensed sufficiently for the sun to shine upon the sea, then we must picture sunlight as testing all sorts of matter, specially in the waters, where Life must have originated.

The sea would have been then, as it is now, a dilute solution of all soluble chemical compounds on the earth. The probing sunshine would strike black objects, and be katergized into low-temperature heat, and be content. It would strike pale objects, or strike things glancingly, and be reflected into space with its yearnings for katergy unsatisfied.

But we must focus our attention on the sunlight which fell on anergy transformers, such as the nitrates, which would have been present in sea-water in company with carbonic acid (or its carbonates).

From Baly's experiments it seems inevitable that on the surface of the seas every nitrate molecule would be a little focus for the rapid formation from carbonates, of proteins, alkaloids, and hexose sugar. At any rate, nitrites would be formed, and the light-energy

during its katergy would be partly anergized into chemical potential energy, which could be utilized to form higher chemical compounds by the well-known 'coupled reactions' of chemistry. It is urgently necessary that sea-water should be filtered aseptically through porcelain, and tested to see if these complex organic compounds form in sunlight. In ordinary sea-water of the present day, these compounds would be absent, because the smallest animals would katergize them as their food. At any rate, it seems clear that organic chemical compounds of carbon and nitrogen, and so forth, long preceded life. Carbon compounds have the unique property of combining in long chains (or rings), and so producing an endless variety of chemical and physical property, which would be available to provide sunlight with better and better opportunities of katergy. Many of these compounds would be colloids — gelatinous or slimy bodies with their molecules aggregated into great groups.

Now colloids, even simple ones like hydrate of iron, may act as photocatalysts, that is, assist in converting sunlight energy into chemical energy. Still more important, they might absorb nitrates and carbonates, and so provide the physical basis for the astonishing chemical changes which occur when sunlight falls on the combination. In some such way growth, which, as we have seen, has already occurred chemically, might or would occur physically, in the form of a slime growing by the ana-katergy of sunshine falling on such anergy transformers as nitrates and colloids. This would occur, not only in one way, but in many crude and various ways and places — each giving rise to a different kind of slowly growing slime. The slime which anergized best the katergy of the stream of sunlight of its environment would grow quickest, and would overgrow physi-

cally its neighboring competing slimes. The fittest slimes would survive, and we can now see plainly that the fittest are the best ana-katergizers of sunlight — that is, those which have absorbed and katergized the maximal proportion of the sunlight of their environment, and have anergized the greatest proportion of this katergy into the anergy of chemical compounds, enabling growth to take place.

Furthermore, we see plainly in these hypothetical elementary instances of early life that the struggle for existence between two slimes is not real, but only apparent. Actually, the better slime permits better the katergy of the available sunlight; it acts as a better organized evolved channel for the conduction of sunlight in the direction of katergy. That sort of slime is thereby enriched with energy; and the more efficient is its anergy-transformer, the quicker it will grow and thereby trap more sunshine.

Chlorophyll and the chloroplast are probably elaborately evolved improvements on simple anergy transformers, such as the nitrate molecule.

We have traced in imagination the formation of the first growing slimes. It would be a disadvantage if they grew too big. However, the waves would knock bits off them, thereby increasing the indispensable surface-area. Each little fragment, by surface tension, would assume a spherical form. Thus, in the great genealogical Tree of Life, the inorganic roots have now converged, to form the organic trunk. But we can see that the trunk must have been exceedingly multiple.

IX

In this way an utterly new kind of evolution would have been initiated. So far it had been all katergy (except cloud-formation) — all mere devolu-

tion. Now, a new upward process of competitive evolution had arisen by the action of light on anergy-transformers with growth and 'competition.'

Where would it end? It must have started soon after water assumed the liquid form, and have continued until now. Every environment would have evolved a different and appropriate ana-katergizer. The evolved products after that inconceivable time must have become unimaginably perfect and complex and varied. All partial successes would have become extinct, and all early attempts would have been unfossilizable.

Where are these products? It seems to me inconceivable, in view of all the possibilities I have outlined, that these two busy insistent laws of katergy should have produced no evolved products in all these ages. Where are these products? They must be somewhere. Nowhere else but in the lovely and lovable plants and animals of to-day.

The Dawn of Life would have consisted in sunlight finding by evolution better and better means of ana-katergy — at first inorganic, then insensibly becoming organic. In consequence, reflection of sunlight from the earth's surface would get less and less. The camera shows that it is now very slight where vegetation is thickest. As a result, the earth, when viewed from the sun, must surely reflect much less light than the moon, which has no vegetation. It is suggestive of some form of vegetation on Mars, that a darker belt approaches the poles in summer and recedes in winter.

The view of the Dawn of Life which I have just submitted is the obverse of the current view, which looks upon evolution as having produced, in some unexplained way, colloid complexes more and more able to utilize the energy of sunlight. This does not seem to me sufficiently automatic. I regard

sunlight as testing all kinds of matter and complexes. It would flow through those channels which katergized it best; and, whenever an anergy transformer was activated, growth would result.

So far we have considered the origins of plant-like organisms — the ana-katergizers.

The primeval animals — the katergizers — had their supply of energy ready-made by the plant in the form of complex chemical compounds (food). There would be a natural tendency for these foods to oxidize slowly back again to carbonic acid, and so forth, just as iron tends to oxidize. This process would be accelerated by enzymes or simpler catalysts. The chemical energy thus liberated could be expended in the form of movement by cilia. In fact, I have seen very actively lashing filamentous processes actually originate on dead blood-corpuscles.² Thus the chance of adsorption of fresh supplies of chemical energy would become greater, with potentialities for growth or more movement.

Cilia can be used for locomotion by a detached organism, or as food-wafters by an anchored creature. A present-day infusorian very neatly uses his cilia one way or the other at will.

If we start from a symbiotic anergy-katergy jelly, the animal partner could be only very sluggish and small, unless he dissolved partnership and lived on a much larger amount of vegetable food. He could evolve in this direction and become more elaborate and active. He could still, as a neighbor, return to the plant the raw materials (carbonic acid and nitrates) which he used to do as a partner.

Adaptation to environment is regarded by physiologists as a cardinal

² Figured in *British Medical Journal*; 1907, ii, p. 1399.

attribute of living things. Hence I shall be expected to give an explanation of this power of adaptation. But, with my views, this does not seem necessary. The river teaches us that the river-bed is not adapted *for* the katergy of water but is made *by* the katergy of water (Wallace). Similarly, it may well be that plants and animals are not (as they seem) adapted *for* the katergy of their environment, but that their wonderful forms and activities have been made *by* the action of the Law of Katergy, with the aid of immense ages of evolution. Thus an elevated food-supply slowly carved the giraffe. A dim light in a damp grotto slowly carved the liverwort.

But if only adaptation in general is apparent, does that apply to some special organ, such as an eye? Surely that is an adaptation? Even in this instance the answer may be the same. For an eye enables its owner to keep in that stream of energy (food-supply) for the katergy of which it is the evolved channel or agent. Also, the eye usually enables it to avoid entering the stream of energy running through a carnivorous animal.

Variation, Heredity, and Reproduction I have not space to touch upon. They seem to introduce no added insuperable difficulties to my thesis. Immense complexity is inevitable.

The flow of food-energy and the channels down which it flows seem very like a river. Some twenty years ago, in southern Scotland, the field voles became astonishingly numerous. Very rapidly the owls and kestrels became correspondingly numerous, and laid double clutches of eggs. The quantity of energy represented by the flesh of the voles was in excess; the channels which had been evolved to katergize that energy overflowed their banks; that is, the owls and kestrels became very numerous.

Can anyone assert with confidence that plants and animals are too complex for such a history and origin as I have outlined, and for an evolved pedigree of such inconceivable length? Remember that a juggler can astonish and confound our minds after only a few years' practice.

Does such a material view make us think any less of the animals and plants? Not a bit. It makes them ten times more interesting and fascinating than ever. In science, to simplify is to beautify.

However simply living things began, it is inevitable, in my opinion, that their evolved complexity should by this time far transcend our imagination and intelligence. Hence present complexity is no argument against the simplest beginnings.

If such a katergic theory of Life be accepted, an important and illuminating addition can at once be made to Darwin's law of evolution by survival of the fittest. Fittest for what? Fittest for the most efficient katergy of their environments. In the case of plants, it is the most efficient ana-katergizers of sunlight energy which survive; in the case of animals, fungi, and bacteria, the most efficient katergizers of the chemical energy anergized by plants. I have given a few instances of this. It seems to me a direct corollary of my main doctrine, that living things are the evolved materializations of the

laws of katergy. In other words, that they are the evolved channels carved for itself by katergy. Energy will naturally flow through the widest, steepest channels; the others will starve. The best katergizers will survive.

In conclusion, I submit that the above katergic hypothesis of Life and its origins is a single coherent view, which does unify, simplify, and illuminate our ideas of living things. It brings them into line with inorganic nature. It forms a thread of thought which strings together coherently an immense jumble of facts, just as a necklace may be strung together from a jumble of beads in a box. It is a simple common-sense hypothesis, without a trace of metaphysics. Also, since the hypothesis confines itself to the driving force of life, we can get a comprehensive view, unobscured by the dense clouds of our ignorance of the intimate regulating devices of living things.

Of the evidence I have submitted, each strand by itself is very weak. But as the strands point all in the same direction, they can readily be twisted into a rope.

In the newest book on the new school of Physics (*Within the Atom*, by Mills: 1922), I am pleased to see energy defined as 'the motive-power of the physical Universe.'

I submit that it is also the 'motive-power' of Life.

ART AND TONY

BY KATHARINE GIBSON

TONY stands now before the assistant's desk in the Children's Museum. She sees but a small portion of him. He is only eight. There is visible a shock of rich, upstanding, brown hair; a wide brow; deep black eyes, so full of changing mood that their color seems negligible; an ordinary, unformed, small-boy nose; lips full and red against eager, snapping little teeth — one gone. His head is well back, jauntily set on his shoulders. His shirt was a color, once. It is mostly gray, where it is not black with grime, or slit, showing a bit of the child's thin chest.

Tony is legion — one of many, still distinctly Tony. He fits in tightly glued to his 'gang,' yet there is always some recalcitrant edge that catches one's attention and, out of all 'Little Italy,' makes him potently himself. He is, by just that much, one to be watched — 'a little difficult' on ordinary days, a young brown demon on rushed ones. If he stands too long, or if he is closely companioned, the assistant's nostrils twitch involuntarily, for in Tony's house garlic is possibly a trifle overemphasized, while perhaps bathtubs are not sufficiently stressed.

'Do you want to draw, Tony?'

'Sure.'

Tony goes out, a rectangle of binder's board on which is a piece of 'bogus' paper in one hand, a red pencil, with 'a 'raser what you rubs wid, please' clamped in his other brown fist. He usually has a vanguard, a rearguard, and a 'mud guard' of attendants, —

they *are* dirty, — similarly equipped. His bare feet will not walk. Suppressed skips make his toes wriggle, and his whole nondescript figure rocks with intimations of activity 'not allowed in dis place.'

Tony comes of a race of explorers undaunted. The great Christoforo Colombo was his ancestor. How young one feels! How crude and new a thing it seems to be an American, even though of New England stock, when looking into the saucy face of Tony — in whose country, so early, art reached her blossoming; whose Amerigo Vespucci named these shores, a few hundred years ago.

Tony is worthy of his noble heritage. Neither he nor any of his kind, when armed with a pencil, fears to tackle anything made by God, Man, or Praxiteles.

In a few moments Tony and his retinue return.

'I wish, Tony, you would try harder and not draw so fast.'

'Me de queek draw-er, me de queek-est draw-er' — with a sumptuous look of superiority and kindly scorn at his companions.

The assistant experiences a feeling of triumph, in her turn, justly earned, as she mentally constructs Tony's dashing, tripping lines into a recognized form.

'So you drew the Venus, Tony, the beautiful white one in front of the gray velvet curtain, with the light above her head?'

'Yep; and say, teacher,' — the age-

old question — 'Say, teacher, who was de guy dat knocked off de lady's arms?'

Tony says this with an air that clearly means — 'If I just ketch dat guy, I'll plunk him one!'

If there is leisure, — and sometimes there is, — Tony and the others press close around the assistant — sharp elbows, fascinating curves at the back of brown necks, and mysteriously wide eyes, momentarily make up her landscape while she talks. She thinks of their homes. Arms get bruised there in angry brawls, she supposes, if not 'knocked off'; and it is hot and dirty. Three babies occupy the space by many deemed too small for one. She thinks of what she knows of Greece trailing lovely fingers in the Ægean. She thinks of the temples and olive groves and Olympic games, white, taut figures flashing to the goal; the discus hurtling its way through fact and myth — just the first, obvious things. How fuse Tony's background, or lack of it, with the classic environment of the Venus de Milo of Praxiteles?

The one possible connection, as she sees it, is that Tony comes to the Museum and draws 'the lady' because, of his own free will, he wants to. Her beauty — static, and seemingly eternal — has caught his fickle, eight-year-old consciousness.

The assistant tries. For a long time the head of the Children's Museum and the curator of the whole department work with and for Tony and his kind. At last, —

'You know,' Tony announces, 'I saw the Venus the other day.' He now knows 'the lady's' name. 'I knew she come from this Museum and Greece.'

'Where did you see the Venus, Tony?'

'I saw her on a box, a shoe-box, So-ro-sis,' — spelling, — 'and I cut dat picture out wid me knife. I'd have it yet, 'cept my little sister — you know,

Santina, I brought her last Sunday — busted it and kind of chewed it up.'

Tony is, unless the law of averages mercifully gives way in his case, going to dig ditches, or work in a steel mill with white hot metal, or, at best, run a fruit-stand of his own. He is to be of the common rank and file, unheeded by the front line of culture in America. Yet at eight he is making headway with the 'First' of antiquity. That is well. When the guards are not looking, in spite of 'please do not touch,' he will undoubtedly smooth her drape with an impish, inquisitive, brown little finger; he knows the place of her inception; can recognize her when he sees her; and can speak the name of the Venus.

Nor does his familiarity with art end there.

'Dat Madonna of — of Buglioni — he was Italian like Nick there and me. Dat Madonna wid de pickles around it is swell! We got lots of pictures of her in our church. We got a statue, too. My cousin, he lights de candles fer her every Sunday. Maybe he will go to high school, if my uncle ain't laid off de railroad.'

'Why do you like that Buglioni Madonna, Tony, with the garlands of fruit around it?'

There is a suggestion of 'pickles' in the garland, gray-green against lemon-yellows, and low-keyed orange picked out with cream and brown.

Also there is a suggestion of those offerings of housewifely skill placed on the altar of the Divinity by faithful women since the first fire was built under the first clay-daubed basket.

And a suggestion too, —

Of candied apple, quince and plum and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna, and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties every one
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

To the casual observer, however, the garland might remain unnoticed in the general charm of the Holy group; but Tony's artistic perception evidently has a gastronomical slant, as indeed has Keats in the above quotation.

'What do I like about dat Virgin? Oh, de blue, I likes, and de shine.'

'You know, Tony, once there was an artist in your country whose name was Luca della Robbia. He knew more about that "shine," — glaze, we call it, — and that blue, than any of the other artists. But Buglioni, who made our Madonna, worked much in the same way. That is what is meant by "school of Luca della Robbia." Did you notice, on the label?'

'Guess I'll be a "school of" dat man when I gets big — 'lessen I'm a movie operator. Goin' to have a show to-day?'

Tony means: 'Are you going to have a Saturday afternoon entertainment for your people?'

'Yes.'

'What's it goin' to be about?'

'About the knights upstairs in the Armor Court, I think.'

A howl goes up. Restraint is for the moment non-existent. Roland — Tony, fighting in the pass for Charlemagne; Arthur — Tony, in his own eyes, king over Sir Kay and Sir Lancelot; and all the glory of chivalry personified in Tony, live *for* Tony in that Armor Court. He and 'Nick there,' arm-in-arm, swaying with excitement, if left alone, exult in the primitive.

'Nick and Tony, come here and look at the tools in this case. The sword you are talking about was probably made with tools like these. Just think, Tony, a solid lump of iron, and then that sword! Do you think you could draw that pattern with your pencil?'

'Naw' — for once, Tony, the indomitable, is abashed.

'Then think of making it in metal.'

How curb this barbarism, and make it look with caressing eye at the burnished surfaces of 'cold steel' warmed by flower-like traceries, dreamed of, one is sure, in spring?

'Hammer at them,' says the head of the Children's Museum.

The assistant is still laboring at the forge.

Standing in front of a mummy case, one wearily makes the seemingly unexciting statement: 'A man who once lived in the desert country, the model of which you have seen in the Children's Museum, was buried about four thousand years ago in this coffin. Think back as far as the first Christmas, and then back as far again, and you will know when Senbi, the scribe of the Royal Records, lived in Egypt.'

'Aw, come off! That box ain't that old. It can't be. Why did n't it get busted? Why ain't it dust?'

Tony's voice, and a face like a Greek phalanx, features all firmly locked into an expression of incredulity, confront the assistant. She hopes Tony feels as young as he looks when she is through, and that he is somewhat subdued after a half hour as near as she can put him to the 'shadow of the Sphinx' and the Pyramid of Khafre — those structures which caused to grow up around their builders that favorite proverb of Emerson's: 'It is the strength of the Egyptians to *sit still*.' Tony feels that his strength lies, not in sitting still, but far in its polar opposite. He is sent off to the park, to exercise that strength in his chosen direction.

His friend Abe, grave with a heritage of desert wanderings, accepts antiquity unquestioningly — a strange contrast to Nick and Tony. He lingers quietly, on the whole, over the ornaments of the people who subjugated his forefathers and who worshipped strange gods. The oldness of things falls naturally into the current of his thinking.

His adherence to his own traditions was never more apparent than on one luckless day, when the assistant took an unlabeled group into the room of Italian primitives. She stood contemplative before a favorite Baldovinetti, a delicate head, fair and virginal, against a dark background in which there is a stiff angel. A piercing silence interrupted her musing. A frozen wall of prejudice gripped her. She passed quickly into the 'French Room.' That awful quiet had told her that unknowingly she had brought the 'little citizens' of G — synagogue district into a room of Italian church paintings!

'It is well to know one's groups,' said the head of the Children's Museum. It *is*! Still, they make themselves known fairly soon, if one does not happen to be informed in advance, as 'we all should be.'

Abe of the patriarchal mind is a friend of Tony's, but Michael Cistone is 'his bright particular star.' Michael was in the 'talented children's drawing-class' on Saturday mornings. He has a job in the summer. He is fourteen.

Michael was conversing confidentially with the head of the Children's Museum, at his side a friend of his who had lost two fingers from his left hand at the 'Commercial Electric Factory' the week before, and Tony at his heels.

Introducing his *bonhomme*, Michael said: 'My friend is also a painter.'

The Head was impressed.

'How about the "job," Michael?'

'All right, but the men told me not to draw the "boss." I did n't. I draw everyone else, noon hours. The watchman's always eatin' fish. I draws him eatin' fish. Since then I draws all the time I can get off. After while the boss sees one of my drawings, and calls me in. The boss, he's little. He's got little tiny bit-ty eyes, — most meet

across his nose, — and big ovalish, round cheeks.' Michael at this point makes an expansive fat sausage gesture with arms widespread. 'And in the middle of his face there sprouts up a little moustache. He's awful funny. He says: "Such a talented boy in my factory. I will see that he gets a scholarship. To-morrow he shall go with me to the Art School in my automobile."'

Tony, bursting with excitement, —

'Did you go, Michael, did you go?'

'I comes to work in my best clothes the next morning. I works all day in my best clothes. The boss can't see me. I, right under his nose twice, I am not there at all. At night I walks home. My clothes is all dusty and two grease-spots. I guess I get that scholarship somewhere else.'

'What on earth does this card on your desk mean?' said the assistant to the Head, reading: ' "Mr. X —, Art School on Little Wonder Tack." Why Mr. X — on Little Wonder Tack?'

'Oh,' somewhat absently, 'Little Wonder Tack factory is where Michael works. That card is to remind me to set Mr. X — to work on his "boss" for a scholarship for Michael. The man can't deceive the child like that without paying something for it.'

Yesterday the assistant was standing before a Monet, which had been rehung after a long absence from the gallery. Fleeting blue mist is over a landscape colored like a peach-blossom. A house in the foreground is transfigured by Spring and Monet.

'Say, teacher, is that there picture painted by hand?' inquires Tony.

Probably there could be no keener comment on the machine-loaded horizon of the average child in America. We, of even a generation earlier, could hardly conceive of Monet paintings coming from a shoot, sixty per minute, like Ivory Soap bars, or Shredded

Wheat Biscuit. Some such idea was obviously Tony's. Descriptions of paints, palettes, and preliminary sketches may have some effect in clearing up his ideas.

Still, it is rather doubtful. The machines are so ever-present. He has never seen a painter at his easel; and to connect the work of the great impressionist with his own drawing is quite a mental skip.

Russia, Africa, Czechoslovakia, Bohemia, Poland, quiet and full of craft interest, all are companions of Tony. In short, over the tables in the Children's Museum, our democracy is at work. In drawing a butterfly or a Persian textile, distinctions of social strata are erased. Tony is arm-in-arm with what might be Uncle Remus's little brother; and his head is perilously close to — 'Do you see that blond child in the velvet coat? Her father become a life member Monday.'

What does it mean to Tony? what is coming to him out of it all? the assistant wonders. He is so grimy at times that one would like to close all introductions to the world of æsthetics, and put him in hot water and 'let the Gold Dust Twins do the work.' What are the jewels of India and woodcuts of

Japan going to add to his life, to-day, to-morrow, and in twenty years? There is a possibility that Tony may some day show talent, and reach the Art School, like Michael or Abe. But, judging from present indications, this will not happen.

Undoubtedly China, India, Greece, will be more than pink, green, or yellow spots on the map to Tony, when he studies geography. They will be centres which produce objects that enchant him, if one may judge from his continuous presence near those objects in the Museum.

When he digs ditches, or works in any other immigrant fashion for his bread, China will seem remote, and the current of human progress will vanish in his own race for bread.

But if he comes to the Museum now, every day, one can but believe that a sensitiveness to beauty must result; he will be so well 'initiated into new experiences' of perception, that he will stay awake.

What the assistant wants to do for Tony is to deepen, and widen, and crystallize that love of 'de blue and de shine of it,' so that even the blackness of the steel mill will be penetrated, and the monotony lessened in the ditch.

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE

BY SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

I

ARTICLE 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations begins:—

‘The Members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety.’ When that clause was drafted, in the spring of 1919, it was generally agreed by the Allied and Associated Powers that the competition in armaments, which had preceded the World War, had been one of the causes of that calamity. It was pointed out that the extent and efficiency of Germany’s military preparations had created in the German people a war mind and a sense of their own invincibility which not only proved fatal in the event, but, in the years before the war, caused the rival group of Entente Powers to answer armament with armament, until it was commonly said that Europe had been turned into an armed camp, and that its peoples were groaning under the burden.

One of the first cares, therefore, of the victors, in framing the Treaty of Versailles, was to impose upon the defeated a drastic reduction of armaments. Not only were the standing armies of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria strictly limited in size, but the most elaborate precautions were devised to prevent the expansion of those armies on the outbreak of war, to regulate the stock of arms which they might maintain, and to destroy the accumulation of arms in

excess of that stock. As the result of this procedure, the great navy of Germany has been reduced to six battle-ships of old type, which have very little fighting value, six light cruisers, the youngest of which is nineteen years old, and a few torpedo boats, while the navy of Austria has disappeared altogether. None of the four states in question is permitted to maintain any military air-service; and, after making all allowances for the territories and population which they have lost as a result of the treaties, and allotting to them only that proportion of the armies of 1913 which was raised within their present reduced boundaries, their standing armies have been brought down from 894,135 men in 1913 to 198,000 in 1922.

The framers of the Covenant of the League of Nations evidently expected that these drastic reductions would make it a comparatively simple matter to obtain at least corresponding reductions in the armaments of the other European states. That expectation has proved to have been woefully wrong.

The one effective step that has been taken in the past few years toward the reduction of armaments has been the Washington Conference, with which the League of Nations had no concern, and by which a material diminution in the standing navies of the principal naval powers was obtained and a limit was put to the costly process of competitive shipbuilding. During the same four years the problem of the reduction

of the land armies has been almost continuously under discussion, both in the Assembly of the League and in its committees; but, so far from any practical result having been obtained, the armies of Europe have actually been increased since Article 8 of the Covenant was drafted. The strength of the standing armies of Europe in 1913 was 3,747,179 men. In 1922 the strength was 4,354,965, an increase of 607,786, despite the compulsory reduction of 696,135 men in the standing armies of Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria. This means that in the remaining states of Europe there has been in 1922 an increase of 1,303,921, as compared with 1913. In 1913, when the burden of taxation, due to the maintenance of armaments, was generally held to be oppressive, Europe had immense reserves of wealth, which have since been dissipated to the extent of thousands of millions of pounds. In 1922 comparatively few of the states of Europe were able to balance their budgets; the majority are adding annually to the already vast burden of their debts. These startling increases in armaments have therefore taken place despite any influence which the League of Nations has been able to exert, and despite every financial inducement to exercise the strictest economy in unproductive expenditure.

To what is this state of affairs due? It can no longer be ascribed to the inordinate ambitions of autocratic governments. Autocratic government has disappeared from Europe, and it is not to be supposed that its statesmen are so mad as to maintain extravagant forces for the sake of enjoying the splendors of military display, or so foolish as to divert money from their depleted treasuries for the purpose of military expenditure, unless they are in a position to justify their action to their people. In these days it is the people of

the countries of Europe upon whom the responsibility for the maintenance of armaments ultimately rests; and, 'as these are the very people who have to pay the heaviest taxes, the very people in whose minds the horrors of war are freshest, it is obvious that there must be some very potent inducement to cause them to accept conditions which the majority of them agree are objectionable, unless they are truly necessary.

Nor can this increase of armaments be ascribed to the imperialistic aims of a few of the Great Powers, though it is very generally believed by the advocates of a reduction of armaments that this is so. Great Britain has accepted, under the Convention of Washington, a lower scale of naval armament than she has ever agreed to since she became a great naval power. It is not many years since she sought to maintain a two-power standard, that is, to have a fleet equal to those of the next two naval powers. Then she adopted a two-keels-to-one standard, that is to say, she built two battleships to every one built by the nation with the next greatest fleet. Now she has accepted a one-power standard, and has made very material reductions in her fleet. Her standing army in 1922 was stronger by about 10,000 men than it was in 1913, but she is maintaining considerable forces in Constantinople, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and on the Rhine, as the result of obligations which she has incurred since the war, obligations which account for far more than 10,000 men.¹

The standing army of France in 1922 numbered 736,261 men,² against 760,439 in 1913, a reduction of 24,178, though France's obligations in North and West Africa are enormously greater

¹ In the British army estimates for 1923-24, the strength of the army is reduced by a further 40,000 men.

² The French estimates for 1923 provide for a further reduction to 680,000 men.

than they were before the war, and absorb now more than three times as many troops as they did in 1913.

Italy, with a greatly increased land frontier, had reduced her forces in 1922 by 80,390, as compared with 1913.

II

No, the increase in the standing armies of Europe as compared with 1913 is not due to any increase in the armed strength of the Great Powers. It is due, chiefly, to the creation of a whole crop of new armies by the new states brought into existence by the treaties of peace, and by increases in the forces of the smaller states. In the days before the war, Italy was regarded as a great military power. To-day the standing armies of Poland and of Rumania are larger than the standing army of Italy, while those of Czechoslovakia and of Yugoslavia are not much inferior. The burden of military service falls upon the peoples of the new states far more heavily to-day, when they have obtained their freedom, than it did when they were under the rule of the Tsar, the Kaiser, and the Austrian Emperor.

In the days when the territory which is now Czechoslovakia was governed from Vienna, it contributed to the standing army of Austria a quota of 73,000 men. To-day Czechoslovakia maintains an army of 160,000 men. The incidence of military service upon her people is, therefore, more than twice as heavy. The territory of the new Poland was, before the war, partly under German, partly under Austrian, and partly under Russian rule. It then found 190,000 men for the standing armies of those three great military powers. To-day Poland has a standing army of 275,000 men. Finland before the war provided 30,000 men for the army of the Tsar; she now has an army of 120,000.

The scale of the armaments of the smaller states of Europe was described by Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson in one of the last speeches that he made before his death as 'terrifying'; and when one recalls the fact that the spark which lit the flame of the World War was a murder in the Balkans, that statement is more than justified. The increase in the armaments of Europe is due to the action of the smaller states, of whom many are still in the stage of political organization and development, and require all their resources for those purposes. The standing armies of the three great European Powers, Great Britain, France, and Italy, to-day number 1,099,047 men, those of the remaining states of Europe 3,255,918.

It is not to be supposed that this arming of the smaller states is due in the main to aggressive ideas. Neither Finland, Poland, nor Rumania can entertain any hope or desire of conquering Russia. Yet it is in the states bordering upon the western frontier of Russia that the most striking increases have taken place. These states together maintain standing armies numbering 650,000 men. In their case, and one may say in the great majority of cases, the motive is fear. That this is so is shown by the answers which one of the armaments commissions of the League of Nations has received to a questionnaire which it has addressed to the members of the League. Replies have been received from twenty-six European states, to request for information as to the size of the armies maintained and as to the reasons for maintaining them. In very many cases the answers are to the effect that no smaller force than that now in existence would suffice for the protection of the frontiers. Obviously, this protection of frontiers is required against possible attack from the forces on the other side of the frontiers. Most states have, there-

fore, armed themselves as a means of obtaining security against possible aggression by their neighbors. Such a state of affairs implies a reversion to the pre-war competition in armaments, and predicates a tendency to increase rather than to diminish armaments; for any increase in the armed forces on one side of the frontier will, unless there is a drastic change in the policy of Europe, result in determined efforts to make corresponding increases on the other side. It also implies that few, if any, states have confidence in the guaranties provided by the League of Nations, and that most consider it to be necessary for them to provide security from their own resources.

The problem of security lies at the root of the matter; and it is necessary to remember that Englishmen and Americans view the question of security from a very different angle from that of the nations of the Continent of Europe. The United States is not now in the most remote danger of attack from Europe, and the Pacific agreement has removed any danger of Japanese aggression.³ Great Britain is to-day safer from invasion than she has been for generations. The greater part of the German fleet is at the bottom of the sea; and though she has accepted an agreement to reduce her fleet, that agreement leaves her with a proportion of battleships of 5: 3.25 as compared with the next two strongest naval powers of Europe — a preponderance which she has not enjoyed in European waters for a very long time. Only in respect of attack from the air is her home territory in any danger. But a great number of the nations of the Continent of Europe have within the last few years seen the invader cross their frontiers, and the problem of

security is for them a very real and pressing problem, so real and so pressing that their peoples are willing to answer every call to compulsory service, and to put their hands deeper and deeper into their pockets to pay for their armies.

For France, in particular, the question of security is, I believe, the chief question to-day, and accounts for much of French policy. Every Frenchman remembers that his dear land has been invaded four times in little more than one hundred years. Every Frenchman sees before his eyes the devastation of the last war; and every Frenchman is determined that, somehow or other, this terror of invasion, under which he and his fathers before him have lived from infancy, shall be removed. It is not that responsible Frenchmen believe that their country is in very immediate danger from Germany. The stories of Germany's secret armies and secret stores of arms are no longer credited. The report of the Army Commission of the French Chamber of June, 1921, which established the principles on which the organization of the French Army should be based, says: —

The disarmament of Germany is being carried out. It must be continued to the end, and at any moment we must be ready to exact the execution of the clauses of the Treaty. . . . However that may be, it is as well to admit for the present that the absolute and complete disarmament of Germany is not possible, if by that is meant that she is not to have a single gun, a single rifle, or a single machine gun; that it is not to be possible for her to manufacture arms and hide them away.

But we believe that the real inferiority in which Germany is at present placed lies in the fact that she has lost her strategic base of departure, beyond the Rhine, and her machinery for mobilization, in the destruction of her fleet, and in the loss of her Continental allies; and that, so long as we remain on the Rhine, the mobilization of

³ For the expression of a different view, see the article by Hector C. Bywater, in the *Atlantic* for February. — THE EDITORS.

German forces, provided that the Treaty is not openly violated, (and it is our business to prevent that) will be a slow and difficult operation. . . . Such is, in our opinion, the exact position to-day. It is at any rate that which your Commission has examined. We have given Germany credit for every favorable chance; and if the position of France as regards Germany is one that still requires attention, that position is very far, and as long as we remain on the Rhine it will continue to be far, from presenting the aspect of immediate danger in which we were placed in 1914.

On the contrary, the situation has been reversed, and it is Germany which would have every cause to be afraid, if France had the same warlike spirit which animated the Germany of Bismarck and of William II.

There is here no cry of immediate alarm; but Frenchmen are looking to the future. They see that they have a population of forty millions which, at best, remains stationary, and may decline; that Germany, even in her reduced frontiers, has a population of between sixty and seventy millions, which is increasing. They are seeking to make good this deficiency by recruiting large forces in North Africa, the Mohammedan population of which produced excellent soldiers during the war, soldiers who proved to be more capable of standing the strain of European warfare than many of the soldiers of Great Britain's Indian Army.

It is because she desires to ensure that these native troops can, in case of need, be transported rapidly across the Mediterranean, that France was, at Washington, unwilling to agree to a limitation of her submarine programme. This policy of seeking to bring in the population of her North African territories to counterbalance the numerical superiority of the German population is the key to France's recent policy in the Near East. To give effect to that policy, France must re-

main on friendly terms with the Mohammedan world; and with that object she sought out Kemal, backed him against the Greeks, and, since the overthrow of the Greek army, has repeatedly shown her unwillingness to oppose the demands of the Kemalists. It is not so much that she has sought peace at any price with the Turks, in order that she might be free to devote herself to the occupation of the Ruhr, as that she has feared the reaction of a quarrel with Kemal upon Morocco.

But what France regards as the most important and essential measure for her security, in present circumstances, is, as the report which I have quoted clearly states, the occupation of the Rhine. France has got Germany down and feels that for her own safety she must keep Germany down. She is in the position of a small boy who is sitting on a big boy's chest, and knows that he is in for a bad pummeling if he lets the big boy up. It is neither a very dignified nor a very safe position. 'But,' says France, 'what else can I do? I must have security. The guaranties which the League of Nations provides are altogether inadequate, and the guaranty which I asked Great Britain and the United States to give me has been refused. I must continue to sit on the big boy's chest, in the hope that he will cry "'Nuff." If he does n't, I shall continue to sit there.'

That this is the present view of France is shown, not only in the report which I have quoted, but in a number of authoritative statements which have since been made in the French Chamber, notably on November 8 last. M. Poincaré and other French statesmen have repeatedly said that, in default of adequate guaranties from outside, France must provide her own guaranties, by maintaining a large army and by remaining on the Rhine, until Germany is helpless.

III

The problem of security is, then, the main problem for France and for most of the smaller nations of Europe. Until it has been solved, it is hopeless to expect that any general reduction of European armies can take place, or that Europe will cease to drift toward a position in which another world war will be inevitable. None of the nations to which I have referred consider that the guaranties of the League of Nations are at present adequate. All of them are seeking to provide the guaranties which they hold to be necessary from their own resources, a situation which must result in the recreation of the pre-war system of the balance of military power, with the division of Europe into rival camps, and a renewed competition in armaments, which must retard financial reconstruction if it does not, as is highly probable, lead to bankruptcy.

The want of confidence shown in the guaranties of the League connotes a grave defect in the Covenant. Those guaranties are contained in Articles 10, 16, and 17. Articles 16 and 17 provide that any state, whether a member of the League or not, which commits an act of war or aggression, shall have been deemed to have committed an act of war against all members of the League, who shall sever all intercourse with it and subject it to a complete blockade. I believe that this sanction of the League is far more effective than it is generally supposed to be, and that the threat of the application of blockade would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, prevent war. No nation in Europe could carry on war with any hope of success if it were cut off from all financial, commercial, and personal intercourse with other states.

But few of the nations of Europe have the 'sea sense,' and they are not

satisfied as to the effectiveness of this guaranty, though in the one case in which its application was threatened, that of the Serbian-Albanian dispute, the result was immediate and satisfactory. They fear that it may be a long time before the blockade makes itself felt, and that, in the interval, war may be carried into their territory. They fear that a group of nations, strong enough to be economically self-supporting, may be formed to defy the sanctions of the League. They do not consider that the guaranties provided by these articles are sufficient; and that fact must be accepted.

Still less are they satisfied with the guaranties of the famous Article 10, which recites that 'The members of the League undertake to restrict and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League.' As is well known, the vagueness and indefiniteness of the obligations which this article imposed on the signatories of the Covenant was one of the main causes of the unwillingness of the United States to enter the League; while the present strength of the armies of Europe is sufficient indication that the views held in the United States regarding this article are not peculiar. No general staff could draw up plans of defense in reliance upon so nebulous an engagement. It would require to know where, when, and in what strength, assistance would be forthcoming; and in default of such information would advise its Government to provide the troops considered to be necessary for the safety of the nation against possible aggression. It is absurd to suppose that an American nation would agree, at the behest of the Council of the League, to send troops to assist in the defense of the frontier of Serbia, or that a Central European nation would undertake to dispatch a force to the Northwest of

India. It is, therefore, in no way surprising that the guaranties provided by Article 10 should be treated with skepticism.

France has long maintained that the sanctions of the League will not be adequate until it is provided with a force of its own, sufficient to enforce its orders. But it is not possible to avoid the suspicion that the French advocates of this proposal have it in mind that the greater part, at least, of the League army would be quartered in France, and under the command of a French General; and it is difficult to conceive that the other members of the League would, in these circumstances, readily agree to pay for the maintenance of such an army, while there are other and graver objections to such a scheme. The League possesses no permanent government, and to give it a standing army uncontrolled by a permanent government would be in the highest degree dangerous, while to give it a permanent government, superior to the governments of its members, would be to change its character fundamentally, and would imply a surrender of national liberties for which the world is far from being ready. If there is to be a limitation of land armaments, it can come only when and if the nations are satisfied that the limitation does not imperil their security; and that security cannot, at present, be provided by the creation of an international army under the control of the League. Can it be provided in any other way?

There is a proposal now being considered by the Temporary Mixed Commission of the League of Nations on the reduction of armaments which seems to me to answer the question in the affirmative. The plan, which is the result of some three years of consideration, was approved in outline at the last meeting of the Assembly of the League, and is now taking definite shape. It is

intended to make the guaranties provided by Article 10 definite and precise by the addition of a treaty which limits the world-wide obligations of that article to continents. For example, the nations of Europe will be asked to guarantee each other against aggression, but will not be required to undertake to send troops to the continents of Asia, Africa, or America. It is further proposed that, within these continental agreements, regional agreements shall be concluded between nations in the same part of the world, to deal with specific problems, — such, for example, as the protection against aggression of the eastern frontiers of France and Belgium, — and that these regional agreements shall be in a form sufficiently precise to enable military plans to be prepared to meet certain eventualities.

The execution of these guaranties is to be in the control of the Council of the League, and any nation providing a force for the purposes of the League is to have, for the time being, representation on the Council. In return, and conditional upon the provision of these guaranties, there is to be a general reduction of armaments upon an agreed scale, while any member of the League is to be entitled to call the attention of the League to any suspected departure from the agreed scale.

This plan, of which I have here given the briefest summary, maintains the basic principle of the constitution of the League, that the old system of the balance of military power shall be replaced by the system of concentration of power in the hands of the League, for the preservation of peace and security. Once nations are satisfied that the League offers adequate guaranties of security, the question of limitation of armaments can be approached with some confidence. The results of the Washington Conference have shown

that this is so. When that Conference was held, the three chief naval powers concerned, Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, were in no danger from external aggression; public opinion, released from fear, had free play, and definite results were achieved.

The difficulties of finding an agreed scale for the limitation of land armaments are admittedly far greater than they are in the case of naval armaments. The battleship is a convenient and obvious unit, the existence of which cannot be concealed; but there is no corresponding unit to be found in armies. On the other hand the inducement to find an agreed basis for the limitation of armies is, in Europe, at least, far greater than was the inducement at Washington. Great Britain,

the United States, and Japan are in a position of comparative financial security, while to-day a great part of Europe is treading the road to bankruptcy. When the question of security is solved, the voice of the burdened taxpayer will become loud and potent; and as the technical difficulties are not insuperable, if expectations are moderate, this voice will, I believe, be heard readily by harassed ministers seeking to balance their budgets.

The problem is one of supreme urgency, and it will come formally before the Assembly of the League next September. If the foundation of a solution is then laid, there will be some hope for the moral, material, and financial reconstruction of Europe; if it is not, the outlook is indeed gloomy.

BOLSHEVISM FROM AN EASTERN ANGLE

BY ARTHUR MOORE

I

CAN Bolshevism carry the East? Lord Curzon some time ago spoke as if the British should play the part of some high and lonely sentinel, some watcher of the skies in Central Asia, and try to grasp the significance of these troubled times. New planets swim continually into our ken. What response do they rouse in our consciousness?

For over five years Bolshevism has run its course. Even if it falls from power in Moscow soon, it will not immediately be ended. Over weak minds it has established a moral superiority throughout the world. Fear is a bad counselor, and many of our postures

toward Bolshevism betray fear. The public feeds itself on travelers' tales about the bogey. One says it is like this, another that it is like that. The public listens to them all — to these men and women who have actually heard the monster roar. Bolshevism is civilization's obsession, the world's nightmare. Capital cowers over an atlas, looking, alas! in vain, for some country untainted by breath of Bolshevism, whither it may fly. In Persia, in 1921, British Government servants spread among British subjects a panic that should make a Briton blush. 'Flee to the coast,' 'Women and children

first,' and such lifeboat mottoes, were the orders of the day. Had we allowed the Germans to establish such a moral superiority over us as we yielded to the Bolsheviki, we had been doomed men. The only true answer to the *défaitiste* who told us that we could never 'beat the Boche' was, 'No; we could not hope to beat him, if enough of us felt as you do; but happily you are in a hopeless minority.'

Let us take a pull of ourselves. There is plenty of time. Civilization will not collapse overnight, even before the united soul-force of Lenin in the cold North and Gandhi in the hot South. What, after all, is demoralizing us? Two things: First, there is our own weakness. Civilization's conscience is making a coward of it. If we had risen to the height of our mission, could any vision of a Red proletariat, fired only with a frenzy for our destruction, have come to trouble the sober sanities of life? We have said, and we have believed, that the capitalistic system is an instrument of human progress. But how if we have regarded human progress as a by-product of the system, and if the only thing for which we have cared were dividends? That would account for some of our present tremors. For clearly, if we saw dividends as a by-product and human progress as the main affair, we should fall back upon evolution; and the capitalist would say to the truculent Trotsky: 'Touch me if you can, my dear fellow. I am in the cosmic scheme of things, and beyond all harm.' But it takes more *aplomb* than even a profiteer possesses to enable a capitalist to assure himself that the maintenance of his dividends is written in the scroll of the cosmos.

Western civilization then, or, if you prefer it, capital, to win the fight, must first settle any little accounts it has with its own conscience. This will put the most surprising heart into it.

Its second ground of fear is its military ignorance of its adversary. I use the word military because we are at war, and it is essential to discover the opponent's force; but I must not be misunderstood as referring primarily to his armed forces, for, *pace* Mr. Churchill, this is not a war of bayonets, though bayonets at times play a part. In spite of all the travelers' tales, in spite of our various Intelligence departments, the plain man still feels that he is confronted by a strange terrifying monster. *Omne ignotum*. He has now imported into the three simple syllables of one word, Bolshevism, fear of every kind, and is in danger of hypnotism from it.

Let us search, then, for the force behind Bolshevism. I have Russian friends who have escaped from the Terror, who label it simply, and quite sincerely, 'Anti-Christ.' There is a large body of people outside Russia that holds a similar view. They are convinced that there exists an ancient diabolical secret society of international Jews, the members of which are animated by an undying hatred of Christianity and of the social order of the Christian era. Having unlimited financial resources, these conspirators are supposed to toil, unceasing and unrelenting from generation to generation, to promote unrest, distress, and despair in the world, till at last some final cataclysm of anarchy shall enable the conspirators to step forth from the shadow and give peace and order to an exhausted world under the beneficent rule of a prince of the House of David. With the crash of 1914 we are supposed to have entered on the final agony; and hence it is that the hands hitherto hidden can already be discerned at work in the shadows. For us there is no more peace. The 'good old days' are fled beyond recall. The virus of discontent has entered the veins of the working millions of mankind, and will

not release them till the old order is destroyed. We march from strike to strike. Step by step, the property-owner is driven to the wall. At the wall he will disappear.

Here then is one theory, and — let us make no mistake — it is a widely held one. But the proofs are wanting that Bolshevism has this mysterious force behind it. We need not therefore accept it. Yet a prudent general mentally credits his opponent with all the possible resources open to the latter, and then contrives his counterstrokes. The conspiracy theory, however strange and fantastic, is clearly not impossible; so let us for the moment assume it to be true. In that case we should have opposed to us religious fanaticism, long experience, and vast wealth.

But Christianity, after all, is its own witness. Either it is what it claims to be, — in which case it will certainly triumph, and there is no need for little people like ourselves to fuss about its perils, — or it is the lie which the supposed conspirators are imagined as believing it to be. In the latter case we stand to lose a sham; but if we admit the possibility that the nature of the universe is such that a conspiracy of hate could gain a final irreversible victory, then we may at once despair. For such pessimists, existence should be insupportable.

The bulk of thinkers will remain nervously optimistic. They do not really believe in the possible ultimate triumph of evil, and will refuse to allow themselves to be stampeded back into obscurantism, and submission of the conscience to outside authority, as a means of combating a supposed danger to religion and ordered government. On the other hand, they are from time to time seized with nerves, and worry intensely about the future because they lack positive faith either in evolution or in religion. So that we come back to

our own consciousness. If we believe positively in good, not even the hypothesis of a diabolical conspiracy has any terrors for us. Whoever may attempt to usurp authority, we have no other real leaders in the world-struggle with Bolshevism than those who possess unshakably this positive belief.

If this sinister international conspiracy exists, we have doubtless an immensely harder row to hoe; but provided we ourselves are all right within ourselves, we can remain supremely confident of victory.

II

We can now turn to consider the strength of Bolshevism itself, whether we regard it as a movement cunningly engineered by arch international conspirators, or as an independent manifestation, an outcome of Tsarist rule, the Russian temperament, the World War, and whatever other factors analysis can bring to light.

What is force? When one is in the Middle East, — a place which will soon thrust itself more on the attention of the West, and is likely to dwarf those domestic politics to which we seem to have returned with unaccountable ardor, after a brief glimpse of a finer kingdom in the dusty rapture of the war, — between Leninism in the North and Gandhism in the South, it is plain enough that in one sense both these men are right. Force is ultimately moral force, or will-power. It was the fanatical force of Lenin's steely will that kept the wretched Slav peasant, long ago overdone with suffering, in winter trenches, or sent him over the top against Poles or Georgians or some other 'objective.' Gandhi's power lay in his devotion to his idea, his complete indifference to all normal worldly baits or bribes. How is an average comfort-loving European, with a humdrum

sense of duty, but by no means indifferent to worldly success and popular opinion, to combat such a man? Yet we have got to combat such men, and there is a way to do it.

If we push our inquiry a stage further back, we find that it is the passionate will of Karl Marx that we have to meet in Russia. For everyone who reads Lenin's writings with care sees that the force of Marx's idea has hypnotized Lenin. Lenin makes no pretence of original thought. He would consider originality blasphemy, even as Peter or Paul would have scorned the idea of going one better than Christ. Lenin glories in being the slave of his master. He sees himself as the true commentator, the purifier of the Marxian church from the heresies introduced by those who have not understood or have willfully misrepresented the master's teaching, the essence of which is revolution by violence. It is Marx then with whom we have to deal, for Marx being dead yet speaketh. He too is in a choir invisible. He has woven a spell that binds millions of workers, and this is the spell we have to break. That Lenin is the true interpreter of Marx is clear to every unprejudiced student who has no interest in Socialist bickerings. Whatever the Second International may say, Marx plainly preached the necessity of violence.

Now what is the force which Marx has breathed through Lenin into civilization's enemy, Bolshevism? How have the wills of men been captivated so that ordinary kindly mortals, big gentle Slavs, people full of music and tears, will rage and kill? Some explosive was there already in the heart of humanity, waiting at this moment of world-tension, or Lenin would have detonated in vain. Look through the string of causes that the various writers and observers give us. Tsarism, the war and its upheavals and scandals, the peasant's

earth-hunger, Tolstoyism, the intensive culture of a numerically small *Intelligentsia* largely debarred from political outlets — all these things, and others too numerous to mention, have a real meaning, and one has one's self seen them at work in Russia.

And look again at the list of reasons why Bolshevism, which, some optimists would have us believe, represents not three per cent of the Russian people, maintains itself. A marvelous spy system, militarism, an appeal to national spirit in a succession of campaigns thoughtfully provided by short-sighted Westerners, a ruthless, intellectual dictatorship, log-rolling, corruption, terror, greed — all these again have doubtless a meaning. But neither list, however we lengthen it, will in itself furnish the key. They are, as the Oxford philosopher said, a string of onions without the string. There remains some unifying principle. Let us find that, and we shall have found the secret of Marx's and Lenin's success; and we shall also have found the means of defeating them.

Now it is plain that this principle, to have produced such wide results in such different places, must be something very human and very simple. In fact, while we ransack heaven and earth to explain these catastrophic miracles, the explanation may be suspected to lie under our noses. Something simple and something human, some instinct common to the mass of mankind. Think long and think well, and little lights will begin to break in elusive points. Look inside you, the surest place to learn about humanity's desires. What was it that enabled Lenin to sweep the wordy social revolutionaries, with their mistresses and motor-cars, from power in the autumn of 1917? What does Lenin give a Russian in return for forced labor and the bread of affliction? Liberty? Fraternity? Equality?

Liberty — clearly not. What about fraternity and equality? Neither Lenin nor Marx had any illusions about the brains and capacities of all men being equal. But is there not another kind of equality? We sometimes say in a canting way that we are equal in the sight of God. Most of us, of course, do not believe it. We feel sure that the penetrating eye of the Almighty discerns our superior merits. We even console ourselves for being passed over in the sight of men, or through what we consider the intrigues or jealousies of others, by the fact that, doubtless, we are getting full marks in heaven. But, on the other hand, there come times when it is borne in upon us that all comparison is impossible, that everything has its own value, and that 'a leaf of grass is no less than the journey work of the stars.' In regard to our estimate of men, such a moment comes in presence of peril. In a shipwreck, the typically good man saves the women and children, and himself goes down with the ship, though perhaps only because he has been brought up to believe that that is good form. The typically bad man jumps for the boats and leaves the women to look after themselves, which, fortunately, some of them prefer to do. But both the good man and the bad recognize absolutely the truth that all men are equal. For the bad man claims the right of self-preservation, and the good man never dreams of saying, 'Being better than the rest of you, I must have the privilege of surviving. Make way, please.'

Now there we have it. What the rest of us realize in the trenches, or when the torpedo strikes, but forget when we ring the bell for the servant, this Lenin knows all the time. He cannot forget it, because it is part of his consciousness. When he, a highly educated professor from the petty nobility, talks with a workman or a peasant, he does not

merely pose as talking to a social equal: he *is* talking to a social equal, and has no feeling of social superiority. To him one task is as good as another; and though shoveling snow is not his job, and is in a sense a ludicrous waste of time, he shovels snow in the Kremlin, without the slightest sense that he is doing anything menial or degrading. He has given the proletariat real social recognition. He has taken power; but he has made ruthless war on pomp and pomposity, flunkeyism and officialism. And so, though the dream of liberty recedes and the seas of blood are sickening him, the tortured Slav still stumbles after Lenin; for his ruler has given him that recognition of his manhood for which his heart hungered.

This, then, is Lenin's secret, the very simple spell by which he makes otherwise sensible citizens join a dance of death. The potency of that spell throughout the world at the present moment is easy to see. We have already noted that the truth that we are all social equals becomes plain even to the most superior of us in the face of danger. Marx, who hitched his damnable wagon of bloody revolution to this truthful star, could not hope for the success, in those comparatively safe and solid nineteenth-century days, that has befallen his successor. For a revolutionary, it is good fortune to live in dangerous times; for danger exposes hypocrisies and shams, and gives him a chance of thrusting his panacea into the void.

Now, the World War has produced a feeling such as has never been in this world before, that all men are social equals, for each has his own value. Sitting in an underground shelter, listening to the Zeppelin bombs bursting overhead, the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady discovered that they were sisters under their skin; and though in many cases the Colonel's

lady has since forgotten this important truth, Judy O'Grady imbibed it to an extent that has altered her forevermore. So have her brothers and her cousins, who returned alive from Hell-fire Corner, or escaped the harvest of the sea. And here we have our finger on the cause of world-unrest. This transcends wages and hours. In all lands the war has brought up from the deepest consciousness of all under-dogs the desire for social recognition. Every badge of servitude is abhorred. It is not work that is abhorred, for mankind is incurably industrious. It is the insults to human dignity that vain pride and social superiority inflict.

Whether I am right in holding that the source of all world-unrest, wherever found, is fundamentally one, and whether I have touched the innermost aspiration of Labor in the West, I must leave you to decide. Let me turn to the East, which is more within my sphere.

III

Ten years ago, by contrast with the Russians the British were supposed to be politically popular in Teheran. I had a Persian friend who had spent many years in the British service, spoke English, and understood us well. He was universally reputed an Anglophile. But one night he opened his heart to me, and spoke, as nearly as I can recall his words, like this:—

'You know, if Persia had to pass under either Russia or England, all of us Persians would really prefer Russia, though we trust you English more, and often lead you to believe that we should prefer you. Why should we prefer Russia? Because the Russians might be more brutal, but they have not got your rigid social attitude toward Orientals. Look at the general commanding at Kazvin now [there were Russian troops at Kazvin at the time]: we all see that

he is a Mussulman. If the Russians came here, I or my son might hope to be a general in the Russian army. But if you came, the most that I could hope for would be to become a "native officer," and by condescension be sometimes invited into the Mess after dinner, to have a glass of port.'

Now the whole of the British position in the East has been, as de Gobineau pointed out long ago, built up by maintenance of a caste system far more rigorous than the Portuguese, Spanish, French, Dutch, or other famous colonizers ever attempted. Without this caste system, it is indeed difficult to imagine how we could possibly have obtained our success in India at all, or how a handful of whites could have maintained their dominance over so many millions. We selected good men, and they went East definitely as superior beings, to play the rôle of Providence to extremely helpless people. But the system that made our success is now outgrown. Our supreme self-assurance, our consciousness of other people's inferiority, has become a canker eating the Oriental heart. The Oriental himself has hopelessly complicated the problem by his slow progress in sex matters. Until he can give to womanhood the same recognition of its own inherent equality of value which he demands for his manhood, real social intimacy between East and West is doubly difficult.

Here is another true story. Some years after the war, a young Egyptian of a well-known family of Lower Egypt was my fellow passenger on a Mediterranean boat. He had graduated at Oxford, and had also taken an agricultural course, and was now returning to his own country. He was, as I discovered from conversation with him, a raging Nationalist, thirsting to oust the English and, in fact, I saw him detained at Port Said, as the police had informa-

tion that he was bringing seditious literature into the country. This Christ Church youth sat generally alone on deck when the evening gayeties began, looking on hungrily at the dancers; for it was July, and he was still full of memories of the first post-war Eights week and 'Commem.' But one evening he secured a partner and danced. Presently I found myself sitting beside the wife of a senior military officer who was going out to join her husband in Egypt. She was a highly cultivated, charming woman, who seemed in general refreshingly free from prejudice in her conversation.

'Did you see the "Gyppo" dance?' I asked her with vague curiosity; for I had noted that he had danced particularly well.

'I tried not to look,' she replied with obvious sincerity. 'That sort of thing gives me the creeps. I wonder it is allowed.'

Here indeed was the edge of an abyss between East and West of which we have all had experience, though it is too rarely frankly considered when we discuss unrest.

Some people will tell you that the East is sick of civilization. But that is merely the form which Gandhi's fever took in India. The East is not sick of civilization; it is sick of patronage. It is sick of super-government. It has stirred in its sleep. Older than all of us, it has dreamed new thoughts while we supposed it dying. What will happen when the sleeper wakes? Has our hustling efficiency something yet to learn? Once again, is light upon our path coming from the East?

IV

How, then, is civilization to disarm Lenin? We have seen that the weapon with which he goads men to attack civilization is the rankling sense of in-

justice at social, rather than financial, inequality, which is now widespread both in East and West.

Clearly, in order to save itself, civilization will do well to proceed on scientific lines. Lenin's idea, which is being used to our undoing, that all men are social equals, is after all a true one. Since, therefore, we cannot hope to expel it, have we phagocytes in our system capable of seizing on it, of incorporating it in civilization, even of making its recognition the hallmark of civilized man, as much a part of him as his breathing, or the circulation of his blood? If we can do that, we shall be immune, and can laugh at Lenin. His occupation will be gone; for in a society where all men extend to one another the courtesy and consideration required between social equals it will be idle to try to get up a bloody revolution.

We shall do something still more insidious. The great military lesson of the World War is compact in one word — the counter-attack. Before the war the last word of military wisdom was the offensive: 'Attack, attack, attack.' Prussia embodied it, and the French and ourselves were in danger of Prussian hypnotization. But the offensive school lost, both tactically and strategically. The offensive failed wherever it was tried, and finally it lost the war. It failed with us as completely at the Somme and Paschendaele and, most signally of all, at Cambrai, as it failed with the Germans twice at the limit of the Marne. The true field-strategy is to await attack and, when the enemy has penetrated into your line, to be ready with your massed reserves to deal a deadly *riposte*, far more crushing than a simple offensive.

In the moral world there is no difference. It was our strength that we were the attacked and not the attacking party. It was our weakness that we had not massed our reserves, and were

not ready with our counter-stroke till late in the war, when our propaganda did deadly work. Lenin has penetrated civilization's position. We must deliver our *riposte* instead of quarreling among ourselves. If civilization, in face of a common peril, will abandon petty national jealousies and bickerings, as well as class jealousies and bickerings, and will embrace the axiom that all men are social equals, so that the man who won the D. C. M. will not be required to cringe to his employer, who peradventure was a profiteer, it will conduct the deadliest of all counter-offensives. For the vulnerable spot of both Lenin and Gandhi is precisely the same as their strong point, namely, that they are sincere. Lenin believes that civilization must be brutally shattered before it can be remade. Gandhi, now in prison, also despairs of Western civilization, and believes that the East must annihilate it by boycott and produce a new civilization modeled on the East's own ancient wisdom. If civilization can show that it is indubitably finer than the thing whereof they despaired; if, in short, it can steal their thunder, it will carry confusion into the very souls of these men, it will undermine the foundations of their belief, it will divide their will at its very seat, and end by making them our helpless prisoners.

But this, you will say, is sheer idealism. Is not this the old story that nothing will save us but a change of heart? When the founders of all the world's great religions, and all the hosts of teachers to whom they have given birth who pray for and preach to us on Sundays, Fridays, Saturdays, and whatever other holy days different religions have selected — when these have not yet succeeded in producing that change of heart, why waste time and ink in writing to the *Atlantic Monthly* about it?

Now that is just where the East

comes in. After all, the founders of religions, or evolution, or the march of civilization, or whatever other motive-force or label we ascribe to progress, can be said to have failed only in the sense of having not yet succeeded. *Respice finem*. And the battle is obviously much more than half won. Mankind has suffered an immense change of heart since each man had to guard his own cave, and clubbed his bride; or since a king's slaves sweated under the lash to build such follies as the Pyramids; or since we burned heretics; or since that pre-war past, — which seems so remote but is yet only a few years gone, — when we British thought that to give old men pensions or young women votes would violate the laws of nature. The mere fact that the world's workers are now everywhere clamoring for social equality is in itself a proof that we are within an ace of coming to it. The question is merely whether we are coming to it through red ruin and the breaking up of laws, or whether we are coming to it through a change of heart. If, like Lenin, you despair of civilization, there is nothing for it but the former. If you believe in civilization, we shall attain it by the latter. But the question is no longer unpractical idealism. It is urgent, and has come up for settlement.

The West is not likely to collapse to Lenin. He makes big dents in its line, he makes a temporary break through in Budapest, or Munich, or perhaps on the Clyde, or in Dublin. But, all in all, the West, where the big masses, the great industrial armies, are deployed on both sides, may be trusted to hold for civilization. Lenin's *attaque brusquée* has failed, to his intense surprise. The world-revolution, whereon he counted in 1918, did not come. He has had to settle down to siege warfare. Sometimes his spirits rise when he reads a bulletin from Turin, or Milan, Cork,

New York, or Chicago. But, in general, he is checked, though at great cost. And there is little sign of the great counter-offensive.

V

All this time the side-shows are going on in the East. There is an odd parallel to the Great War in this Greater War, in this second chapter of the momentous volume which the war began. It is already an historical curiosity to read the memoirs of some British soldiers. They might well serve as a warning to us now not to forget the East. For these soldiers damned the side-shows in every mood and tense. Saloniki was an obsession to them, and the word could not be written with calmness. They called it a politician's stunt, ignoring the fact that it had the full sanction of French military opinion; for the famous French military genius was true to itself and resisted the obvious temptation to call for every available man to hold the sacred soil of France. Yet it was the side-shows, Saloniki, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, that finished first, and were the sure forerunners of the great victory in the West.

If the Western front can do no more than hold, if it is at present impractical idealism to talk to holders of stocks and shares of a change of heart, is it possible that the supposed corrupt and somnolent East can deliver the moral counter-stroke that will free the world of Bolshevism?

I believe that it can and will.

When the truth that all men are socially equal dawns upon a man, it can strike him in one of two ways. In that ultimate moment, truth is balanced on a razor's edge. On the one side is all good, on the other side is all evil. He may see truth in a flash in the form of 'You are as good as I,' or he may see it in the

form of 'I am as good as you.' In the first form, it is evident that the Prince of Wales saw it during the war, and that was what he meant when he told us quite simply that he came into his manhood. Hence he rules all hearts because, though his job is to be Prince of Wales, we feel instinctively that he recognizes the manhood of everybody, and does not conceive himself as a superior being.

We have seen the instance of the typically good man and the typically bad man in the shipwreck. Lenin and Trotsky, like Marx, have seen the truth, but for them truth is poisoned at the source. *Corruptio optimi*. Fundamentally, good and evil are two facets of one truth. Lenin and Trotsky are now banking on the evil that is in mankind. And though it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom, it must be confessed that, when an upper-dog does see the truth, he is more likely to see it in the good sense than is the under-dog. For the upper-dog's trouble is that he has been accustomed to think himself not only as good as, but also a lot better than, other people. Whereas the under-dog's trouble is that for many generations he has been made to feel that he is inferior to other people.

Now it is the contemplative East and not the industrial West that is the eternal trustee of the pure facet of truth. Throughout the ages, when toiling man has grown fretful, and the lights that had seemed so clear to his fathers have become dim to him, the East has relit the torch and put a song in his heart. So it seems likely to be again. Many devout Christians have often wondered what was the historic mission of Islam, and they have conceived it only as a thorn in the side of Christendom. The day seems coming with rapidity when we shall all recognize the service of Islam to the world. It is the barrier on which Bolshevism will break, and it is from the heart of

Islam that a new conception of human freedom is likely to be given to the West.

For there is just no danger at all of real Bolshevism in the Middle East. India is a storm-centre, for, as we have seen, the socially superior attitude of the British has bred evil passions. But in Central Asia there is no such focus of hatred. Trotsky's purely materialistic Communism and its base appeal cannot penetrate Islam, for Islam will transmute it into something finer. There is, indeed, a strange spiritual unrest in Islam. The Khalifat agitation is the merest outward sign of a deep stirring, which, in my view, will ultimately find its expression, not in military ebullition, but in a great religious revival, which will be so untainted with reaction or clericalism of any kind that it will powerfully influence the world. On occasion the East has a moral courage that far exceeds the West's. It is capable of converting the Sermon on the Mount into a serious political programme, under the sway of a great religious teacher. Everywhere in the Middle East one finds the expectation of him, and the belief that, in spite of contrary appearance, a golden age is near. The Shiah's await the Imam, the Sunnis await the Mahdi, the Wahabis look for a second coming of Christ. The Jews in Jerusalem are convinced that the Messianic age is opening. The Bahais go further, and from the Persian heart of Islam announce to all religions that the fulfillment is upon us. Between the Mediterranean and the China Seas their numbers grow apace.

And meanwhile Islam, which for twenty years followed politicians and believed in constitutions, is now faced with the bankruptcy of mere political machinery. It has turned in upon itself, to seek a remedy for those ills which neither kings nor laws can cause or cure. Pan-Islamism has become a

vague but powerful yearning for fellowship. Thought is building up new political conceptions, and, in particular, one notices a reconciliation between kingship and democracy as a trend of Asiatic political theory. A new interpretation is given to the divine right of kings. In this dream the king is the central symbol of the love of his subjects. He, being at the centre, has the largest circle of friends, and is therefore the most loving, as well as the most beloved, man in the kingdom. He is the servant of all, and makes no other claim save loving service; hence he can have no enemies and is truly royal. The kingdom produces enough wealth for all, and every man finds as much pleasure in his neighbor's prosperity as in his own. So that all are contented, for every man regards his own property as equally at the service of his neighbor, and knows that his neighbor's property is at his service.

We shall be told that this is against human nature. But human nature is two-sided. Once more we are in presence of the two facets, one evil and one good, of a single truth. What is certain is that mankind's greatest leaders have made many men see only the good facet; therefore the power of seeing must be in human nature. It is true that only a great teacher can do this. The earnest expectation of the East is such that it is reasonable to await such a teacher. There is a void which must be filled; the power of evil let loose from Moscow has brought the world face to face with it. And in such turning points of the world's history the new light which has enabled men to carry on has never failed them. The life-force does not fail.

For in the whole universe there is only one truth. You may see it sparkling brightly in the light heels of Karsavina, or gleaming fitfully in the dim pages of some dull divine.

AMERICA MUST DECIDE

A STUDY IN INTERNATIONAL DETACHMENT

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

I

ON all sides, and in all sincerity, the cry is being raised by many Americans and others that the United States should 'do something' to help Europe. But to the question, 'Do what?' innumerable and contradictory answers are given, some quite uninformed and merely emotionally sympathetic, while not a few indicate a natural partisanship, in no wise improper when it is frank.

It would seem, however, that, if we are to act with any hope of using our capabilities effectively, we should endeavor to make a calm and rational estimate of some of the major overseas problems now confronting the United States, looking both East and West in a balanced way, and facing facts rather than cherishing fancies. Then we may be able to see more clearly how to act in order to maintain and develop effective ways and means for the realization of our national ideals, whether at home, in Europe, or elsewhere.

Some believe that the main purpose of the present policy of the United States toward world-affairs is to abstain as much as possible from participating in them. They characterize it as a policy of 'isolation.' Others believe that our present policy aims at the utmost participation in world affairs now compatible with our national characteristics — a naturally evolved pol-

icy, supported by character, rather than a less natural one superimposed by intellect. So an outline of some of the less generally recognized considerations which, several years ago, led to the formulation of our present general policy may be a helpful introduction to an attempt to estimate what action we should take toward some of our major overseas problems.

It was recognized that the very gradual evolution of the parliamentary system from the moot-hill of early England seemed to have bred a canny aversion to specific commitments, and to have resulted in that habit of mind, so deep-rooted that now it seems like a racial instinct, which finds expression in the unwritten constitution of England and in her traditional avoidance of definite alliances with their unforeseeable complications.

A notable instance of this fundamental policy was that, when the principal powers of Continental Europe set up the Holy Alliance, avowedly to maintain the order of things established at the end of the Napoleonic wars, England abstained from joining the Alliance, and contented herself with sending 'observers' to its conferences, who gave much advice and exercised considerable influence. And when the Holy Alliance proposed to support Spain in the reconquest of her

seceded Latin-American possessions, England was entirely free forthwith to make to the United States the proposals that led to the Monroe Doctrine, which ended the designs of the Holy Alliance upon Latin America.

The immediate result of England's following this general policy of detachment was that she held the balance of power *vis-à-vis* the Continent until 1914. But in order properly to exert her influence, first in one way and then in another, or in different ways in simultaneous situations, — yet ever with a minimum of definite commitment, lest the subsequent conduct of others call for a change of position, — it was necessary for England to participate far more actively in the guidance of world-affairs than did any other single power. It would seem, therefore, to be quite mistaken to characterize England's policy as one of 'isolation' — if by that term is meant non-participation in world-affairs.

Meanwhile, the United States was having a very illuminating experience in the futility of a foreign policy that lacks public support. From 1844 on, the United States had consistently tried to develop in the Far East the policy of equal commercial opportunity for all peoples, without sequestration of territory or political impairment; and in 1899 she secured the official subscription of the principal powers to this Open-Door doctrine.

The consonance of this doctrine with the traditional feelings of the American people aroused the most enthusiastic approval of it in the United States. But at that time Asia took less than one and a half per cent of the exports of the United States; so, whether the commercial doors of the Far East were open or closed was not recognized by the mass of Americans as being of material concern. And when, beginning about 1905, it became increasingly

manifest that Japan's policy, rather than really supporting the doctrine of equal opportunity for all, aimed at obtaining virtually exclusive opportunity for the Japanese in an ever-increasing sphere, — as by their annexation of Korea, — then it became even more manifest that the American people had no intention of supporting effective steps actually to maintain the Open-Door doctrine. In fact, it is difficult to avoid taking this failure of the American people — or of their politicians — to manifest any definite intention of enforcing the Open-Door doctrine as another demonstration of that ancient and world-wide tendency not to give immediately costly and persistent support, even to the most righteous and altruistic doctrines, unless commensurate and compensating material interests promise to make such action worth while.

It was with this demonstration of the inadequacy and unreliability of merely emotional interest in the not remote background that the strongest of emotional appeals were made during 1919 and 1920 to the altruism of the American people to join the League of Nations.

It was realized, however, in other American quarters, and as early as January 1919, that the great tide of world-events had swept the United States into a position *vis-à-vis* the whole world that was potentially quite similar to that which England had occupied *vis-à-vis* the Continent of Europe at the close of the Napoleonic wars; a position in which England had declined to become merely one of the members of the concert of Europe, and had chosen to remain uncommitted, in order better to exercise the balance of power — the determining voice which resulted in the century of comparative peace that was characterized by the unprecedented development and expansion of the

power and ideals of our civilization.

The position of the United States in North America may be likened to that of a lesser continent off the Continent of Europe and also off the Continent of Asia — which two, with Africa, form the great world-continent; for the United States is facing problems both across the Atlantic and across the Pacific — problems which, as we shall see, are portentous in both directions. The American position is analogous to that of England a hundred years ago off the Continent of Europe; but the American position is bilateral, — East and West, — whereas that of England was almost entirely unilateral — toward the powers of Continental Europe; and the world-factors of to-day vastly transcend in magnitude and complexity those of a hundred years ago.

The call is that we 'do something.' What? Which way shall we turn? In which direction may the power of the United States be needed most for the welfare of our civilization?

In order to attempt even an appreciation of such a situation, we must examine our transatlantic outlook and our transpacific outlook — and then try to balance them with discrimination.

II

The major frontiers in Europe before the war may be said to have run from the North Sea to the Adriatic and from the Baltic to the Black Sea, the central region containing a group of strong buffer states between eastern and western Europe, and the whole constituting the elements of that complex balance of power which was held in more or less stable equilibrium. The rise and eruption of the German Empire upset this; and the ensuing peace — or truce — broke up one of the major powers of the central buffer region, Austria-Hungary, into many lesser units of doubtful sta-

bility, and aimed to render Germany impotent to attack France, and consequently, defenseless against Russia, except for such strength as unstable Poland may develop with the aid of France.

To-day many believe Bolshevik Russia to be impotent because of political and industrial disorganization, somewhat as Revolutionary France was believed to be at the dawn of the Napoleonic era. But the continuance of such a condition is not to be expected, especially if it is recalled that the Krupps now are managing Russia's munition works — and that the age-old method of reorganizing a people and of riveting one's hold on them is to lead them in a successful foreign war. Nor should it be forgotten that Russia diplomatically is prepared for such an enterprise in Europe, by alliance with Germany on her right wing and Turkey on her left; that in the centre of her European line she is opposed only by Rumania and some of the disintegrated elements of Austria-Hungary; that, furthermore, alliances exist between Turkey and Afghanistan, between Afghanistan and Russia, and that it may be impossible for Persia to be kept out of this entente.

On the edge of this Continental complex has been insular England, whose primary interest, from the days of Henry VIII, was to balance power against power, so that none could attack her in her weakness. Then, as her overseas expansion began, it continued to be to her interest to maintain this Continental balance, so that there should be a minimum of competition against her for power at sea and overseas on the part of the Continental powers. And finally, after the sea power and industrialism of England had brought her into the position of being the great *entrepôt*, finishing factory, and merchandiser of the world, it continued to be to her interest to maintain the bal-

ance for peace on the Continent as her greatest market; and furthermore, she became vitally interested in preventing any Continental power from coming into control of all such basic materials and facilities on the Continent as would enable such a power to set up such an industrial establishment as might tend to drive England's products off the Continent.

This Germany threatened to do when to the coal measures of the Ruhr she added, in 1871, the iron ores of Alsace-Lorraine; and her consequent industrial menace to England she further increased by her subsequent development of overseas commercial colonies, overseas trade and transport, and naval power. But the late war ended that phase of Germany's career; and since then we have seen the amazing period in English policy wherein the Celtic opportunist, Lloyd George, handled home and Continental matters; while, after 1919, the Orientalist, Lord Curzon, tried to conduct England's more extensive foreign relations in accordance with pundit practices.

England's need for increased markets wherewith to end her post-war industrial depression and unemployment produced a popular demand for the reconstruction of Germany's economic power, so that again Germany could buy English goods. But this policy of politico-economic opportunism overlooked the further prospect that a Germany economically rebuilt might be expected, *ipso facto*, again to be a great economic rival to England. Furthermore, the English argument, that only a reconstructed Germany could be expected to pay reparations, seemed to make disappointingly little impression in France, where the conclusion prevailed that an economically reconstructed Germany would be also a rebuilt German military menace to France. So the English moves to re-

habilitate Germany started schism between France and England, and gave color to the claim that it was all the more necessary for France to maintain a great army, and to be able to mobilize her African Colonials at the Rhine frontier — avowedly only for defense.

While these views and policies seem to be generally appreciated, it does not appear to be as widely realized that, even before the Peace Conference adjourned, France set out to develop her political prestige and control in an amazingly extensive way — from Poland through the Ukraine (whence she was ejected), through the so-called Little Entente, into Asia Minor, down into Central Africa, and westward to Morocco. And in these adventures in what it is difficult not to call politico-military imperialism, England does not appear to have lagged one step behind France, paying more attention, however, to economic opportunities, — particularly of an oily nature, — and concentrating her efforts on obtaining control over that strategic focus, the Near East.

It was as if two business concerns, heavily indebted, and having barely escaped bankruptcy because of assaults by a rival, should rush forthwith, upon the latter's failure, into extensive new adventures of a speculative nature in competition with each other, to recoup their losses, instead of first setting their home affairs in order and balancing their budgets. But it should be remembered that large parts of Europe and Africa and most of Asia Minor were in political flux, with preponderant power to whoso might secure the greater measure of control over them.

The anxiety of France over England's policy as to the reconstruction of the German market to a certainty has been increased immeasurably by the realization that a reconstituted Germany would furnish England with

an effective counterpoise to French preponderance on the Continent and to French adventures across the Mediterranean. And, until recently, the utter insincerity of Germany toward every phase of the reparations question undoubtedly added greatly to the precariousness of the French position; this because the receipt of reparations in volume was necessary to France, not only to meet the costs of French reconstruction and pensions, but also to meet the costs of French extraterritorial adventures not very dissimilar from those of England in the Near East.

Paradoxical as it seems, Germany's dishonest evasions of reparations payments appear to have furnished France with the solution of her situation — if her daring adventure with Belgium into the Ruhr and other industrial sections of Germany can be kept isolated from external interference, and entirely as a matter between France and Belgium on the one hand and Germany on the other.

While the reason given by France for seizing these all-important industrial regions is that she may hold them as collateral and work them to her profit until Germany pays her reparations, — a matter of decades, — it is feared in informed English circles that the French purpose is to evolve a permanent industrial combination between the ores of Alsace-Lorraine and the coking coals and metallic and chemical industries of the Ruhr and Rhineland, under French fiscal control, aided, in all probability, by German executive operation. And it is pointed out that whether this colossal plan would lead to separating these regions politically from the German Reich, and setting them up as a federation under the shadow of France, is a secondary matter.

The main point is that, if France can acquire and hold the fiscal control of

this principal source of German wealth, she will divert its flow to herself. Then, it is believed, the rest of Germany will be reduced to an agrarian state of relatively little industrial power or military menace to France; this reduced Germany will be of relatively little value to England as a counterpoise to France in the political balance; France will have under her own control sufficient volumes of substantially all the supplies and facilities necessary to displace most English products from the Continental market and, perhaps, to enter into overseas competition with England for the wider markets of the world, as Germany did from the same source; consequent economic depressions in England and Germany will reduce their populations, while economic prosperity in France will result in her population overtopping theirs; and the French Government, having made it impossible for reduced Germany to pay reparations, can take countervailing excises from France's multiplied business.

In short, and except for untoward complications, the prospect suggested is that the France of, say, twenty years hence may be as was the Germany of ten years ago in the industrial world, and in the politics of Western and Central Europe, debarring England from political power and economic profit there.

Be all of this as it may, it is apparent that there is more to England's problem than industrial revival to give work to a million and a half unemployed; there is more to the French situation than the collection of reparations from a dishonest and delinquent debtor; and the American fancy to rehabilitate Europe economically, in order to reestablish her capacity to buy American goods and to pay American claims, would involve much more than counsel and the most open-handed financing. England's recent effort at the economic rehabilita-

tion of Germany for similar ends, and all its consequences, raise a grave question as to whether the United States could succeed toward Europe as a whole (with Russia in the background) where England has failed toward Germany merely, and failed because of Continental rivalry and in spite of England's centuries of intimate experience in balancing just such Continental matters. But for the immediate cause of England's present failure toward the Continent we must look to her over-extension in the Near East.

III

Though France, Italy and Greece were to have shared in the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire proposed by the Treaty of Sèvres, and though the United States had been urged to participate in this dismemberment, and thereby to commit herself to supporting it, by accepting a humanitarian mandate over Armenia and even over Constantinople, nevertheless, by far the major part of the undertaking, from Baku to Suez and from Constantinople to Aden, was to be British. Consequently, when the Turkish Nationalists of Angora displaced the ancient Osmanlian rule of Constantinople, refused to ratify the Sèvres treaty, and announced their purpose to reconstitute the late Turkish realm as a sovereign power in every respect, — except for Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt, — they entered upon a career that was certain to bring them ultimately face to face with Britain.

That France, after fighting the Turks, virtually joined hands with them in 1921, and that the Turks overwhelmed the Greeks in September, 1922, left the issue actually as between London and Angora — with Paris as the equivocal factor. So when, after the burning of Smyrna, the Turks turned

to recapture Constantinople and the British forces alone stood firm, it must have been supremely cheering to the Turks to have Lloyd George's ultimatum to them greeted in England by an outcry which stated in no uncertain terms that the English public would not support any policy that might lead to a war. And in view of this, the fact that the truce of Mudania was made in October, preparatory to the ten-weeks' conference at Lausanne, indicates appreciation by the Turks that the trend of events between England, France, and Germany promised more to them, if skillfully used, than could be expected from immediate combat.

The outstanding hazard to the British Empire from an Anglo-Turkish clash is that the Turkish Caliphate is the spiritual head of the two hundred and thirty million Mohammedans, over one third of whom are British subjects; and as prestige, supported by the potentiality of force, is of prime importance in governing Mohammedans, it is of the utmost importance to British rule not to lose face before the Mohammedan world, and to keep clear the sea-ways for the transportation of British forces. On the other hand, most of France's Colonials are Mohammedans, and friendliness to the Turks on her part would strengthen her in almost all her colonies.

Another complication is that the Mediterranean is like a grade-crossing; for the assured naval command of the line of communication from England by Gibraltar to Suez is vital to the stability of all British interests east of Suez; but the French claim that certainty of naval command over the line from Algiers to Marseilles is vital to the safety of France, because over it she must be able to mobilize the manpower of French Africa on her Rhine frontier — which suggests why the French positively refused, at the Wash-

ington Conference, to agree to the limitation of their submarines, useful both as guards to the French line from Algiers to Marseilles, and as a menace to the main artery of the British Empire. But in order adequately to appreciate the bearing of this balance in world-politics, we should have to consider Mediterranean strategy and policy at least since Louis XIV was advised to capture Egypt and thence attack the Far-Eastern trade of the Dutch, in order to reduce the Netherlands.

While Continental, Mediterranean, and Turko-Mohammedan policies tended to break up the Anglo-French front *vis-à-vis* the Turks at Lausanne, parallel interests solidified the Russo-Turkish front there. For Bolshevik Russia has shown her adherence to the Tsarist purpose to secure the right to issue through the Dardanelles, — as her fleet did in 1798, — and to obtain an outlet on the Persian Gulf. It is to her interest, therefore, to aid in securing for Turkey absolute military command and closure of the Dardanelles against entrance into the Black Sea by any of the naval powers of the world; while Russia, expecting to be the dominant partner in the Russo-Turkish alliance, might look to obtaining from Turkey the use of the desired exit to the Mediterranean for a future fleet if need be — a situation and move of great strategic importance in the event of Russia's pushing toward the Persian Gulf or India.

As the safety of India is the pivot of Lord Curzon's policy, such considerations may have led him to the conviction that the consolidation of British control over Asia Minor against the day of Russia's return to strength was of paramount importance. But in embarking England on this enterprise, he not only diverted her attention and resources from the critical Franco-Ger-

man balance, but he gave to France the chance she used to aid the Turks to defeat the English in Asia Minor, while the supreme importance of that situation to the English prevented them from acting arbitrarily against the French adventure into the Ruhr. And furthermore, when Lord Curzon committed England to an anti-Turkish policy, he undertook a task which, if not carried through to success with a minimum of irritation to Moslem susceptibilities, would seriously impair, not only British prestige but the prestige of the entire white civilization in the eyes of the whole colored world.

The Lausanne Conference broke down early in February, when Lord Curzon tendered the Turks a treaty of peace which yielded to them substantially every territorial claim, but which did not acquiesce to the Turkish views on such important matters as the capitulations — matters wherein the United States is vitally interested and wherein the American representatives at Lausanne had supported the English against the Turks. Even without the Angora Government's subsequent refusal to ratify this treaty, and insistence on virtually complete acquiescence in the Turkish stipulations, the mere tendering of it connoted the overthrow of England's Near-Eastern policy; and it connoted an unprecedented loss of prestige before the whole Asiatic world — a loss of prestige which attaches in a lesser measure also to the United States, because American support of English policy at Lausanne was unavailing.

If England decides to accept at the hands of the Turks such an unprecedented humiliation, she will lose the strategic position in Asia Minor which is so important to her against the day when Russia is ready to move southward, and, in all probability, a series, or group, of uprisings will take place

in British Mohammedan possessions, which will either succeed, or require more force for their suppression than would have been necessary to overcome the really slender forces, and meagre facilities at the command of the Turks last autumn, when the English public refused to fight — and when the American Government did not respond to American demands that we insist on all our rights in Turkey, by force if need be.

If England withdraws from Turkey alone, and without fighting, the United States will not be in a position to retain anything more than a semblance of our present rights there. But it should be realized that substantially all the mandates and other arrangements for the dismemberment of Turkey under the Treaty of Sèvres have been approved by the League of Nations. Consequently, in defying the Treaty of Sèvres, and in attempting to reconstitute the Turkish realm in Europe and northern Asia Minor, the Turkish Nationalists are defying the mandates of the League of Nations. The prospect of the United States losing much, if not all, of her traditional rights in reconstituted Turkey therefore brings the interests of the United States in this region into substantial parallelism to those of England there under the League of Nations.

The obvious answer to the Turkish use of force in defiance of the mandates of the League would be to confront the Turks with the prospect of being overwhelmed by superior force if they do not forthwith submit to these mandates. But seemingly a controlling element of the British public has said that it will not fight alone; and forces from the other larger European members of the League of Nations apparently are elsewhere engaged, or not to be counted on. Therefore, without the United States being committed in the

League, the parallelism of her interests in Turkey to those of England there seems to confront the United States with the question whether she is prepared to stand beside England in force, to defend her own humanitarian undertakings and to support her own economic interests in Turkey, — and incidentally those of England, — and to enforce the mandates of the League of Nations as to Turkey.

Of naval forces and transport facilities England has a superabundance wherewith to handle the Turkish situation alone. But an expeditionary force of from one to two hundred thousand more men seems to be the *sine qua non* essential to bringing the Turks to terms; and beyond a reasonable doubt, the mere mobilization of such an expeditionary force in England and America would do this without actual conflict.

IV

At this point it seems appropriate to submit some of the major conclusions from an estimate of the situation which was made immediately after the Turkish victories of last September — an estimate the conclusions of which do not seem to have been vitiated by developments since then.

The assumption was that England decides to fight the Turks. Apart from the bellicose Balkans, what alignment of the principal powers would then be likely? And by what line of action can the United States best serve her own interests and those of civilization?

So far as the principal European powers are concerned, —

France would not support England to any material extent, but would confine her attention substantially to improving her own position *vis-à-vis* Germany, to consolidating her hegemony of western and central Continental Europe, and to improving her

situation in Africa, all of which would be quite likely to lead her to policies the reverse of helpful — except under one contingency.

Italy's ultimate interests probably would be best served by aiding England, within such limitations as might be imposed by Continental considerations — with the result that any aid she might give would not be considerable.

Russia, beyond a reasonable doubt, would come to the aid of Turkey; but she might hold off until the first phase of the Anglo-Turkish contest had been worked out; for, while it is to Russia's interest to have Turkey victorious, it is also to her interest to have Turkey as weak as possible after the victory. Russia might act also against Poland, with the object of making contact with Germany, with whom she is in alliance; and this is the contingency that might cement anew the Entente between England and France.

There seems to be no doubt that Britain could concentrate promptly on Turkey sufficient forces to do very serious damage to the Turks. During this phase, the latter hardly could be expected to make any serious offensive move. On the contrary, their principal object at first would be to avoid being seriously cut up by the aerial bombing expeditions of the British, who, undoubtedly, could bring the Turks to terms if the British forces could be kept concentrated on that objective. But, for that very reason, the Turks may be expected to do everything within the power of Mohammedanism to create diversions, from Cairo to India, which will necessitate a dispersion of the British forces concentrated against the Turks. The British problem then will be to maintain a concentration of force in the critical area — Asia Minor — sufficient to effect a crushing defeat of the Turks there within the

shortest possible time, and before really serious trouble can be developed in the dispersed areas.

In short, if the English were to decide to fight the Turks practically single-handed rather than submit to the humiliation now confronting them, in all probability it would result in a European war. But if the Turks were to be confronted, beyond a reasonable doubt, with the prospect of being crushed promptly by overwhelming forces, they probably would yield, there would be no war, and white prestige would be enhanced in Asiatic esteem.

Surprising as it may seem, further consideration of this situation leads to the conclusion that it would present the United States with a much more serious problem even than has been suggested. For evidently such an Anglo-Turkish clash, and its immediate consequences, would immobilize in Europe and in the Near and Middle East substantially all the army and navy forces of the European powers — somewhat as they were immobilized upon the outbreak of war with Germany in 1914.

It will be recalled that then Japan set out to advantage herself as much as possible in the Far East, under the guise of helping the Entente Allies. Her first actions were to seize for herself all the defenseless German islands in the North Pacific, to capture the German base at Tsingtao, and to occupy the Chinese province of Shantung behind it. But within six months after the outbreak of war, Japan presented her notorious Twenty-one Demands to neutral and defenseless China — demands which were in flagrant violation of the Open-Door doctrine to which Japan herself had subscribed; demands which would have turned China virtually into a Japanese dependency, had all of them been carried out. And in spite of the 'new spirit' which some

allege to be animating Japan since the Washington Conference, it was only last March that Japan curtly refused China's request that the treaty whereby she acceded under compulsion to most of the Japanese demands be abrogated by mutual agreement.

In 1914 and 1915 no power, including the United States, was in such a naval position as to put any material obstacle in the course upon which Japan then embarked. But it is noteworthy that in 1916 the United States undertook the building of a great fleet of capital ships, useless against German submarines, but of the utmost use to call a halt to Japan's career of conquest in the Far East — a fleet the completion of which was halted by the Washington Conference.¹

Of late there has been some evidence that Japan has changed her policies and practices to conform more nearly to present conditions; but convincing proof that she has abandoned her main purpose of obtaining the exclusive hegemony of the Far East has not yet appeared.

In view of this, and of the probable immobilization of substantially all European forces around the Near-Eastern theatre in the event of an Anglo-Turkish clash, it was estimated last September that, in all likelihood, Japan would seize such an opportunity to repeat the procedure she had followed in 1914 and 1915, in modified form but on a scale more commensurate to her present increased facilities; and that in doing this she probably would go through the form of helping her ally, England, against Russia in Siberia, but with the ultimate purpose of extending her own exclusive control over China and other parts of the Far East — unless she were to be dissuaded

from such a course by being confronted by at least the potentiality of sufficiently forceful opposition.

Evidently, with the forces of Europe immobilized around the Near-Eastern theatre, the United States navy would be the only force approximating competency to express such dissuasive arguments with any hope of success. And if the United States navy were not free to do this, because committed to transatlantic operations, then the efforts of eighty years of American diplomacy to secure equal opportunity for all in the Far East would be destroyed, all the Far East would be at the mercy of imperialism, and an exceedingly great ultimate menace would be free to develop there — matters of much greater and more direct concern to the United States than to Europe.

As geography has ordained that the United States is in the front rank of our civilization on the Pacific, and is its only great power *vis-à-vis* the rising power of the Far East, the particular duty of the United States to herself and to her civilization would seem to be there. But if, without impairing her power to act there, she can help also in other regions, to do so is a secondary duty.

In any event, it should be for the United States to make a circumferential and balanced estimate of the several situations surrounding her and, on that basis, to make such discriminating distributions and concentrations of her powers as would seem proper from the American point of view.

Such considerations lead to the conclusion that, in the event of an Anglo-Turkish clash, it might be well to send an expeditionary force to the Near East, provided that it could be furnished and transported without in any way using the United States navy or the transports the navy might need. But, on the other hand, the United

¹ For an amplification of this passage see 'Some American Naval Views,' by the present writer, in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1923.

States navy should be held entirely free from commitments and operations on the Atlantic, and fully ready to act with all its power on the Pacific.

V

Several developments quite beyond the control of the United States are likely to precede our necessity for a definite decision as to action or inaction in the overseas situations we have been considering.

The bright outlook is that Germany will turn honest, and pay such reparations as she can to the maximum of her capacity; that France then will settle down and apply her wonderful abilities to her own internal rehabilitation, made necessary by the ghastly ordeal through which she has passed.

Perhaps Bolshevik Russia will come out of her present condition by some path quite different from that along which Napoleon led Revolutionary France.

It may be that the Turkish Nationalists will have a complete change of heart and, instead of carrying out the natural design now within their reach, to reconstitute much of the former Turkish Empire on a new level, will confine themselves to the more strictly Turkish parts of Asia Minor, thereby saving British prestige and ours.

Possibly Japan will grasp the occasion now before her to convince the

world that, though predatory in the past, she enters voluntarily upon a more righteous course, agreeing to China's petition for the abrogation of the compulsory treaty relative to the Twenty-one Demands, withdrawing from northern Sakhalin, freeing Korea, and joining without reservations in disseminating the doctrine of equal opportunity for all throughout the Far East.

But if the problems we have been considering do not evolve such happy solutions, then, sooner or later, we shall have to face the decision as to whether we will act or not. It may be that we are so imbued with certain convictions — which we mistake for ideals — that we shall not act. But if we are true to our deepest inheritances, then, while avoiding indeterminable entanglements, we shall prove that we are the reverse of 'isolationists.'

To suggest discriminating courses of action in such an event has been the purpose of this consideration of our more apparent overseas problems. They may necessitate the use of our forces, potentially or actually. Force may be used aggressively for ruthless and selfish subjugation — which is wholly reprehensible. Or force may be used defensively, and only for self-defense — which is wholly self-interested, if not selfish. Or force may be used aggressively to help others and to curb powerful unrighteousness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FIELD AND HEDGEROW IN NORTH SOMERSET

It is surely a saving salt for man or woman to have in reserve, behind the many material concerns of daily life, a rooted affection for natural things easily accessible, of no material value, perhaps, yet, though their value cannot be weighed or measured, far from valueless. And, mercifully, most of us have such affections more or less. Did not Scott use to say that he would die if he did not see the heather moors once a year? Men of Scott's kidney are, of course, not so easy to kill as all that; but those who have attachments of the kind understand what Scott meant, and know that, in the sense in which he meant them, his words were true. Fortunately, quite ordinary people have their deep-seated attachments to common things — some to one thing, some to another.

I don't know about heather moors. I ought to love moors and heather, and do, for they are in my blood. Quite apart from its association with grouse, a square mile of heather in August is a thing by itself.

But, for my part, much as I love the heather in all its kinds and colors, there are displays of nature which give me, I confess, a more poignant delight than even a wilderness of heather. I think, perhaps, speaking for myself, that the sight without which life, for me, would be less vital than it is — the sight of sights — is a wood of hyacinths in May; though in the matter of woods and hyacinths, I am, possibly, not altogether easy to please. The wood must be a *wood* (not a mere copse or spinney),

and an oak wood for choice, with generous breadths of the flower unrolling their web of color under the oaks, breadth after breadth, one breadth unfolding as the other disappears with the receding trees. And the hyacinths must be blue: not a light blue either; not that anæmic porcelain shade you sometimes see in the flower, but the purple-blue of the sea at its bluest. Nor must there be any mixture of colors — no flowers that are not blue, sporadic pinks or whites being an offense. Also, the flowers must not be the sleepy, heavy-headed things that hyacinths sometimes are when they grow in a wood-bottom, where the soil is over-rich; and still less must there be any strain of that stodgy, upright campanulate flower, sometimes called Spanish, which is seen so often in gardens — which, for that matter, may be seen in my own. The flower must be the real *nutans*, the true nodding hyacinth of the woods — a tall, slender, high-stepping, well-arched flower, with its bells set lightly on the stem.

Such at least is my conception of the flower, which, as May comes round, I desire to see in myriads under the trees. To most people, even of those who love their gardens best, there comes, I suppose (at least there comes to me), in the spring of the year, early or late, but late rather than early, a time when one feels 'fed up' with garden flowers, pampered darlings which (so, in our haste, we think) cost more in backache than they are worth. For which unamiable mood, the cure — or, if not the cure, the anodyne — is to get away beyond our garden gate, among the spontaneous things of nature, and, if

possible, among those particular wild things which, like the heather in Scott's case, it is vital to see once a year, as their season recurs.

In some such stale mood I must myself have been on that afternoon in mid-May when a 'spirit in my feet' moved me to go and seek out the hyacinths in Carabas Wood, where I had not been since the previous February, in which frosty month a like impulse drove me in the same direction, to see the trees in their naked winter 'twiggy.' Our village of Sutton-Abbas (a hamlet of not sufficient importance for a place on the county map, but ancient, nevertheless, as such places go, and quaint even among the immemorial villages of England, with raised sidewalks of 'crazy' slab-work, massive stone roofs to the houses, mullioned casements, an old church, manor farm, and dovecot, with, also, for its crowning distinction, a fourteenth-century inn of more than local fame) is within comfortable walking distance of Carabas, the country house of my friend and neighbor, Baron d'Yvetot.

Anyone who wishes to go a reasonable walking distance, in any direction, from our village will be well advised not, on any account, to go by the turnpike roads.

Not that we have not good turnpikes in North Somerset. We have. Two notable highways of the kind cross at right angles in the middle of our village, just by the old George Inn, each several arm leading, at the end of a few miles, to a town of respectable size. But, for my part, I eschew highways on principle, and invariably get over the first convenient stile that promises to lead me where I wish to go.

To Carabas, of all places, it would be folly to go by road, seeing that, a few steps from the village, there are so many gates and stiles (rickety, per-

haps, but easily negotiable) which invite you to pleasant pathways, through fields, by hedgerows and hazel alleys, with an occasional interlude of brook, it may be, or bog, and all of them a tangle of such wild-flowers as prefer the conditions of soil, sun, shade, and moisture which these various features severally supply.

I dare say other counties have fields and hedges like ours. I do not say they have not. All the same, I cannot help thinking that ours have a character and distinction of their own.

On second thought, if I am to be as exact in my terminology as I should like to be, I cannot, properly speaking, call our pastures 'fields.' Grass, of course, they have in plenty, and clover ankle-deep; daisies, also, and cowslips, violets, lady's-smocks, buttercups, and such things in abundance. Also, as fields generally are, they are enclosed by hedges; but hedges of such a heterogeneous sort, composed of such a variety of plants, of so many dissimilar genera and species, as no expert in hedges could possibly approve. To call by the name of 'fields' these narrow, oddly shaped enclosures would be too lax a use of language — green cloisters, rather, irregular geometric figures, unknown to Euclid, though possibly not unknown to the higher geometry; one shapeless polygon leading, by an isthmus of turf and flowers, to a second preposterous patch of pasture; and that, in turn, leading by what, if it would only open and shut, might be called a gate, into a third enclosure, like the others, yet different, more polygonous, more erratic, falling, on one side, down to a hazel-hidden brook, and on its various other sides rounding so many corners and running into so many bays that it would take you a summer's afternoon to master their geography, to say nothing of the distracting diversity of their botany,

and of their butterflies — brimstones, orange-tips, blues, coppers, fritillaries, cinnabars, and what not.

It is further characteristic of our fields — or what we call our fields — that they are never ploughed, — or rarely, — and that most of them seem to have no artificial drainage of any kind, nothing but the lie of the land to carry off superfluous water. Not that there is much surface-water in evidence, except at flood-times. Still, when one can trace a yellow rivulet of marsh marigold meandering its way through the length of a field, and here and there expanding into lakelets of water-plants, — marigold, ragged-robin, sedge, rush, and what not, — to debouch finally, at the lower end, into a well or water-hole, creamed over with water-ranunculus, it seems reasonable to infer a scarcity of drainage-pipes.

Our hedges, though not what a meticulous hedger would call well kept, seem to serve their purpose effectually, if it is the purpose of a hedge to keep in those who are in, and out those who are out; as you may easily discover, if you try to pass through one of those hedges from one field to another. What the staple hedge-plant is, it would be hard to say: hazel, I should say off-hand, though it may be something else — hawthorn, perhaps. The truth is that the hedges hereabout are made up of every tree or shrub that comes handy: oak, beech, elm, blackthorn, hornbeam, maple, privet, elder, viburnum — anything, in short, that possesses the necessary power of resistance. They are always in extremes, our hedges, either overgrown and unkempt, or cut to the quick, with no superfluous branch or twig left. Allowed to go untrimmed for a year or two, the plants rush up to an undue height, leaving the lower parts undesirably bare. Then, every third or fourth winter there is a grand slashing with the bill-hook, the

gaps and thin places being made good by what Baem calls 'pleaching,' and the Somerset hedger 'plashing': that is to say, the strong branches are half cut through and laid horizontally across the weak spot, to sprout up in due course and fill the gap.

For saunterers, more interested in wild flowers, birds, and insects than in economic farming, such hedges are more attractive, perhaps, than those carefully clipped affairs which one finds when labor is plentiful, inasmuch as the various species of tree or shrub which go to make them up are left for several years to bud, blossom, and fruit as they will, unchecked, until once more they are ripe for the bill-hook. It may be imagined, though it ought to be seen, how brilliant those tangled hedges can be in autumn, when hips, haws, the berries of the privet and the two briaries, and the berried wreaths of the deadly nightshade, hang upon them in their thousands. However, the autumn is one thing, and the spring another; and I doubt whether the appeal of the hedgerows is not equally strong in the spring, when things are, as yet, not come but coming; when tender buds are shooting, and not always readily recognizable, so that you stay every second step to ask yourself what is this, or this.

By such devious ways it was, through fields and by hedgerows, that I came to the hyacinths on the spring afternoon in question; and the zigzaggery of the route took time, so that the sun was fairly low and the sunlight much aslant before I got to Carabas Wood. But all was right — the right day of the right month for the flowers, and the right hour of the twenty-four. The hyacinths were there in force, millions of them, and over them, from the slanting sun, such yellow lights and purple shadows as I cannot think I had ever seen before on land or sea.

COMMANDER OF WORDS

I HAVE a profound admiration for those masters of language who wave a baton and are instantly rewarded by attention from the rank and file of words. They possess that remarkable gift — command over a vocabulary. They are generals by divine right, and at their 'Forward march! Column left! About face!' the boldest word in the dictionary falls submissively into position. They have but to give orders, and neat lines of words parade beautifully across innumerable pages, paragraph following paragraph more perfectly than ever regiment follows regiment. 'At ease!' — and the nonchalance of an informal essay delights your eye. 'Shoulder arms!' — a thesis faces you, clear and grave. 'Aim! Fire!' — and down go your prejudices under an attacking brief. Every word is always ready for inspection, uniformed and tidy, each in its place and as erect as the straightest lieutenant eager for promotion.

My vocabulary is the very antithesis of this. Perhaps because I have not the mind of a general, or even of a corporal, it is scarcely under my control at all. Words will not pay me the respect and obedience I ask. They regard the dictionary as a ballroom and life as a festival; they dance their way and hardly hear me as I call. They are too charming for me to lose temper with them, their politeness being exceeded only by their caprice; and combined beauty and temperament have ever proved irresistibly fascinating.

There are feminine words, gracious, graceful, that move softly, wearing deep-colored garments with a rich embroidery of connotation. Some have feline eyes, it is true, and carry a keen double meaning, like a dagger hidden in a garter. Pompous powdered Latinates bow in magnificent dignity, hand

on heart; though, indeed, their bows are granted to only a few. Dark Italian ladies smile subtly into the eyes of blond Scandinavians. An occasional Nouveau-Riche, clad in a foreign accent, rustles her gaudy silk to attract attention. Ragamuffins who have crept in through the back doors whirl their vivid tatters of slang in your face. Flirtatious foreigners stand about in little phrases, ogling the young suffixes and prefixes. Here and there is a word of exotic parentage, whose clever disguise in native English is betrayed only by the loss of a letter. Curious masked creatures steal about like smoke; they are social ghosts, outworn slang and diction grown obsolete.

And every word among them is a very Janus. Their moods are as shifting as the colors in an opal, and they slip from meaning to meaning as a girl changes her dress. 'Fast' is now lithe, slim, faëry; now meagre and wrinkled. 'Wind' is now a flying-garmented being with swift sweet breath; now, in a somersault, it is jocund, with a thin painted face. 'Fall' is a little harlot of a word, unfaithful to any one meaning but favoring many, indiscriminately and coquettishly noun one moment, verb the next. They hail you as play-fellow-well-met from one corner; as quickly as you can turn around, they send a roguish challenge from another corner, and you hardly know them the same. They are as brisk and heedless as lambs in a spring meadow, or children at hide-and-seek in a hayloft.

Were they not so lovable in their disobedience, I should renounce their company forever, confine myself to a few Anglo-Saxon dependables, short and stolid, and leave my charmingly wanton vocabulary to mope without me. I should bury a thousand potential poems in the dusty pages of the dictionary, where they could never be more than inarticulated words, never

hand-joined to the beauty of a Whole. But the moment that I dream of such a thing, an adorable throng comes dancing into my mind: the soft sound of one, as it whirls on its pointed toes; the dark-browed loveliness of another; the tiny perfection of this elfish creature, the slim posturing of that, recall me to the impossibility of abjuration. After all, if I have no power to force these light-footed crowds to my will, shall I deprive myself of the pleasure that comes from playing with them? Because my mind is not military, and cannot order my vocabulary to parade as I wish over the paper where it frolics, gleeful, shall I throw away the pen that marks me master? Shall I become ungracious, resort to sullenness, and tie down my speech to monosyllables, because I am not ruler, but slave, to the sparkling beauty of words?

&c.

To me, &c. has always possessed a certain indefinable charm, due, I suppose, to its plastic vagueness and to its potential source of haunting mystery and beguiling fancy. When, as a child, I glibly learned to 'say my letters,' each individual repetition would have been incomplete and unclimactic had I failed to end with &c. There is really something fascinating in that classic measure — *X, Y, Z, &c.* Sometimes I said it all slowly and solemnly and coalescingly, and it reverberated with a rhythmic andante movement; at other times, it seemed more fitting to give it in staccato effects, and then &c. snapped back like the crack of the ringmaster's whip.

The sign and its sound somehow suggested a long, long train of letters that some day might come into consciousness, and be as specific and tangible as those which stood out in substantial reality on my square red blocks.

It was only a little later in my development that I began to invent names for these strange unborn children of my orthographic fancy. A few of those christened characters I still recall — *vem, sed, rit, ras, lac, and umber*. I remember, too, that one afternoon, condemned by parental decree to the solitude of my bedroom, where I was to expiate my crime, — some childish prank of which my little sister was the victim, and informer! — I spent a pleasant rather than a punitive hour in a restless endeavor to give *vem* and *sed* and *rit* a satisfactory visible creation. The attempt proved difficult — so difficult that when I later read of the feat of Cadmus, that master inventor from Phœnicia, I had an exalted idea of the range of his adventurous genius.

When in my preparatory school, I began my study of Greek, I felt deeply humiliated that, with all my fanciful playing with alphabetic symbols, I had never once had the ingenuity to create anything half as sonorous and soul-satisfying as *alpha, beta, gamma, delta, &c.* Yet I am deeply grateful to the beginning I made — the genesis of my creative instinct for the lore of &c.; it has stimulated my fancy in labyrinthine ways other than alphabetic.

As a youngster in school, I was extremely ambitious to win athletic honors, and impatiently longed for the time when I could 'make the team.' One early spring day, as I furtively scanned the bulletin board where the names of the baseball nine were posted, I completed the reading of the list with a feeling of grim despair, for my name, alas! did not appear.

But evidently the captain's final list was not quite complete in his own mind, for, at the end, he had vaguely expressed his indecision by writing the sign, &c. My despair gradually gave way to a glowing hope, as I ran over in my mind the names of those whom that

mystery-laden symbol might ultimately include — Ralston, Denny, Jones, Dalrymple, Dalton, Cummings, and — possibly — myself. It was a dangerous flight of fancy, I knew; and later, I found that the fate of Icarus was mine. But there were compensations — the ambitious journey had been full of joyous, breath-taking thrills.

Afterward, as I came across lists of names of those who had attained eminence in lines of accomplishment in which I was interested, I found it pleasant to write my own &c.'s.

The field of politics was, in my early manhood, most alluring. I was active in the Debating Club; I read pages and pages of history, and columns on columns of the *Congressional Record*, and I found infinite delight in the *World's Almanac*. As I read down the lists of Congressmen representing the districts in my native state, I let my fancy play its habitual whim and add that strange connotative symbol &c. I would fill up the list with the names of those of my mates whose interest in local elections and whose skill in public speaking and debate seemed then the fair prelude to the national caucuses and forums at Washington. Here Billings at least would surely go; and when his experience in the House had fitted him for that field of larger usefulness in the United States Senate, what more eminently logical than that I should be his brilliant successor as the Representative from the Second Congressional District! But, somehow, Fate has played her cards a bit differently: Billings was once an alderman, I believe, and is now successfully running a small garage in my native town. I was defeated at the last election in my candidacy for the School Board — the only time I ever ran for public office.

In a literary way the &c. of previous years has yielded a somewhat fuller fruitage. At least, my royalties have

been more liberal than Wordsworth's, for they have paid for my shoestrings, and my golf-balls as well. But the other day, when a new history of American literature came from the press, I noted in the closing chapter the names of many of my contemporaries, — many portraits of my literary friends, indeed, — yet neither in the index of authors, nor among these portraits, did I find my own name listed. And there is n't any &c. printed in that index; this editor was evidently surer of his judgment than was my generous athletic captain of an earlier day. Shall I write down &c. in my own copy of that text, and repeat the optimistic fantasy that we always may be what we might have been? I think I'll hardly allow myself to be thus beguiled. Still, I shall not lose interest in the pattern which the fates are diligently weaving.

For to-night, while I am writing, I find it interesting to pause and picture the present busy happenings and the happenings that are to be. The &c.'s of a thousand varied lists are emerging from their obscurities, and are finding, or seeking, or being assigned, their places in the Great Design.

The lists of earth — lists of officials, boards of directors, army rosters, eligible voters, criminals, telephone subscribers, poor debtors, old maids, benedicts — these and a thousand more, ever and ever lengthening! The lines will stretch out till the Crack of Doom, and will always be intent on making the abstract &c.'s more and more concrete.

And finally comes the In Memoriam list, where each of us is to be inevitably enrolled. But even to this we do not write *Finis*; instead, we append our mysterious sign, suggesting to some merely the Great Perhaps, but symbolizing to most of us registry as a permanent citizen in the Celestial City of our dreams.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM time to time inquiries reach this office concerning the sale of the *Atlantic*. In any and every case we should like to state that such rumors are utterly without foundation. We ask our readers to deny upon our authority that there is a vestige of truth in any such report.

* * *

It is only an occasional leader of men who is able to tell simply and with power the story of his own life. And in America few lives of labor leaders have been so told. Fifty-eight years ago, **James H. Maurer** was born, of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage, in Reading, Pennsylvania. When six years of age he became a bread-winner as a news-boy. He went to live on a farm at eight; at ten, he became a factory worker; at fifteen, a machinist's apprentice; at sixteen, he joined the Knights of Labor and has ever since held membership in the ranks of organized labor. With less than a year and a half of his life spent in school, he rose to the presidency of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, which he has held for the past eleven years. He is one of the founders and the president of the Workers' Education Bureau of America, a director of Brookwood College, and has served three two-year terms as assemblyman in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

* * *

The 'Experience of Dying' was written while the author, **J. D. MacKenzie**, was on his way to the hospital for a serious operation from which he was fully aware he might never recover. He was a member of the staff of the Geological Survey of Canada. ¶ The very well known author of the *Amenities of Book-Collecting*, **A. Edward Newton**, introduces himself to *Atlantic* readers this month in a new genre, the dialogue — in which a Father talks and a Son listens. Mr. Newton's play, *Dr. Johnson*, is to be published by the *Atlantic Monthly Press* in the autumn. ¶ The qual-

ity of an American college town of forty years ago gives color to the paper by **Carroll Perry**, a son of Arthur Latham Perry, who for long years was professor of political economy at Williams College. It is one chapter from a volume called *A Professor of Life*, soon to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

* * *

At a time when the work of the Quaker Relief workers in the war-wracked countries of Europe is attracting the widest attention, we are glad to discuss non-resistance, in theory and practice, through two complementary papers submitted to us quite independently of one another by **Edward Thomas** and **Edward Richards**. **Edward Thomas** is an American Quaker, who has devoted himself to Quaker relief and reconstruction work in Europe. He writes us that the Quaker Central Executive Office has revised the story of the facts for accuracy, but that the lessons drawn are his own. **Edward Richards**, unwilling to shirk the dangers endured by his military friends, did relief service in Urumiah, Persia, during the war, because he learned that famine, plague, and invasion had made that the most dangerous spot in Europe. He is by profession a forester, with an office in New York City which makes up logging reports and timber estimates. By creed he is a Quaker who has put his faith to the test.

* * *

Lawrence Shaw Mayo is known to *Atlantic* readers as the editor of that epitome of American yesterdays, the *Diary of John Davis Long*. ¶ Of the many short stories which **Margaret Prescott Montague** has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, many readers have remembered most vividly her 'England to America,' which appeared in September 1919. Her new novel, *Deep Channel*, will be an autumn publication of the *Atlantic Monthly Press*. About her present contribution, she writes: 'In the

lumber camps all over the country there is a tradition of a mythical character who can perform deeds of superhuman strength. In New England and the Northwest, he is generally known as Paul Bunyan, but in West Virginia he goes by the name of Tony Beaver, and lives up Eel River, where everything impossible may happen.' **Archibald MacLeish**, lawyer and poet, is the author of a volume of poems, *Tower of Ivory*, and many essays and poems in periodicals. Readers will recall how **Robert M. Gay**, professor of English at Simmons College, rescued from undeserved obscurity Noah's Wife, in the July 1922 *Atlantic*. **George McLean Harper** is professor of English literature at Princeton University, and author of many books on English and French literature, among them *William Wordsworth, His Life, Works, and Influence* and *Wordsworth's French Daughter*.

* * *

A member of the faculty of science of the Institut de Zoologie, Bordeaux, **Louis Boutan** is a French authority on artificial and cultivated pearls. **Fannie Stearns Gifford**, poet, essayist, and occasional writer of short stories, has been for many years an *Atlantic* contributor. **Frank C. Eve** is a British physician and physiologist who has recently attracted wide attention by his original views upon life and energy and the remarkably lucid and striking manner in which they have been expressed. Hitherto his papers have been prepared solely for British associations, and have received no expression through a general periodical. ¶ The story of 'Art and Tony' is from life, and came to **Katharine Gibson** in her work with children at the Cleveland Museum of Art.

* * *

Sir Frederick Maurice, a grandson of Frederick Denison Maurice, the eminent English theologian, is a major-general in the British Army, was military adviser to the Cabinet during the war, and director of military operations of the Imperial General Staff in 1915-16. He is the author of the *Russo-Turkish War, 1877-78*, and *Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record*. **Arthur Moore** has served as correspondent of the *Times* in the Balkans, in Russia, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in Persia. He is a

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and the author of *The Orient Express*, a brilliant book of Eastern travel. **William Howard Gardiner** is well known in naval circles as a serious and thoroughgoing student of naval problems, and foreign affairs. He is author of the paper, 'A Naval View of the Conference,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for April 1922.

* * *

We have been sending Carl Sandburg some of the letters we have received describing 'Poetry Considered' in the March *Atlantic* as 'dangerously modern.' He replies: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

These tentative definitions of poetry may be 'dangerously modern,' as you say some of your readers write. But having just returned from a three weeks' trip in the course of which I read those notations to large audiences at the state universities of Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, the Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas, besides other somewhat scholastic audiences at San Francisco, Topeka, and Kearney, Nebraska (a state normal college), I could write a book on what America, between Mississippi and the west coast, thinks poetry is — and I believe I could summon as much specific data, having value as scientific evidence, as any who would put the adverb 'dangerously' before the word 'modern.'

CARL SANDBURG.

* * *

Will the Roman Catholic Church convert the Anglo-Saxon, or the Anglo-Saxon the Catholic? Out of many letters following Hilaire Belloc's paper in the March *Atlantic* we select the following: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You will be flooded with paper and ink after the article by Mr. Belloc. In their darkened rooms, lodge members who would not read the *Atlantic* in a lifetime, will have anathemas upon it ritualized for them in this moment of fanatical undercurrents of animus against Mr. Belloc's church. The battle is not between faiths but between cultures to which faiths are to be subordinate, and with which every race may in time endue itself unless it discovers a better.

It is interesting to note that the English gentry seems to be the objective of the propaganda of which Mr. Belloc is the engaging spokesman. The objective was once the English nobility. In the youth of those who are now grandfathers, Disraeli punctured that propaganda with his

Lothair. Why the change of objective? Was the game not worth the hunt? The real England is not where Mr. Belloc and those whose spokesman he is look for it. It is elsewhere. I wonder if Wesley and the Booths and their spiritual forbears 'beat them to it.' Mr. Belloc and those for whom he speaks think one Henry protestantized England. They must be left to think so, for they will never understand Tyndale.

JOHN MCCARTHY,
Pastor, Immanuel Methodist Church.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Several of my friends and I have been reading with some interest, Hilaire Belloc's 'The Anglo-Saxon and the Catholic Church.'

I do not think the term Catholic as applied to the title and contents of the article is an undisputed or even legitimate word to use. Of course the author is speaking of the Roman Catholic Church, as it is named properly and so called across the Pond, and of course I suppose it is only fair to admit that most writers on religious matters are apt to beg the question, and to use terms which they think best suit the arguments.

This is only to explain some of my interest in the article. I like your 'Catholic' programme. The *Atlantic* is always the one cherished and valued monthly on my table. More power to you, and the constant satisfaction of work well done.

S. R. S. G.

* * *

We plunged deep into metaphysics, if you remember, in February, in a little paper called 'The Cow Jumped over the Moon.' It was about 'the present having no duration, and nothing, therefore, having ever been able to happen.' Mark that! It was said that the present is nothing but 'a line drawn between past and future.' But now comes a philosophic contributor who clears the whole thing up, brings in Einstein, and proves to our unspeakable relief that things *can* happen!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your contributor from a distant corner of the world throws down a challenge in the February number that is hard to resist.

I accept his postulate that the present is a line, but he is altogether wrong in his hypothesis that the line is parallel with the past and future. Oh, no! No! It extends from the grave of the past to the birthplace of the future. Who can determine its length? As the past is dead, and the future is not yet born, there is only the ever living present. Therefore, anything —

everything has been able to happen. Who doubts the cow jumped over the moon? Most assuredly not Einstein.

E. S. SMITH.

* * *

To print a paper on Russia is to court contradiction. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, the well known Unitarian and leader of the Community Church Movement, referring to Mr. Urch's article, 'Bolshevism and Religion in Russia,' presents certain details of the Congress of the Living Church Party in Moscow from another angle of vision. Dr. Holmes writes:—

I was present at this Congress. So far as I know, with the single exception of my guide and interpreter, I was the only non-Russian who was present. I was admitted through a personal interview with Krasnitsky who gave me a card of admission written and signed with his own hand.

Mr. Urch says (page 403, second column), 'The priest, Krasnitsky, installed himself in the chair and opened the first meeting with a notable speech.' Krasnitsky did not install himself in the chair, but was placed there by the delegates who composed the Congress. He presided by the same right and in the same way that any chairman presides over an assembly of this kind. So far as I remember or as my notes indicate, he did not open the first meeting with a notable speech or any kind of a speech. He did not make any speech at all throughout the session, excepting as a chairman recognizes speakers and here and there comments upon their remarks — in other words, keeps the meeting going.

Mr. Urch says (page 403, second column), 'Bishop Antonin . . . was present; but, strange as it may seem, he was allowed there only as an observer, without the right to speak or vote. He petitioned his subordinates and at last was allowed to address the gathering. Bishop Antonin was present at the Congress, but not 'only as an observer.' On the contrary, as a most active and popular participant! He was the centre of interest and attention before the session began and throughout its continuance. He sat well forward, side by side with Krasnitsky and the other officials who had charge of the meeting. He was the only priest in the assembly who addressed it twice. Once he rose and spoke on recognition of the chairman, Krasnitsky; the second time, so far as I was able to judge, he spoke at the request of certain members of the gathering. Both times when he finished speaking, the whole assembly rose, as though in rapturous acclaim, and burst into song, which seemed to be the Russian equivalent for applause.

Mr. Urch says (page 403, second column), 'Antonin began . . . But he was not allowed to proceed: the chairman, Krasnitsky, cut him short by fiercely declaring, "We have thrown off the yoke of Episcopal monks; shall we be bayed by this remnant, this Bishop Antonin?"' No such scene as this took place while I was present. I saw the two men together in frequent conference and each treated the other, so far as I could judge, with respect and admiration. As regards the utterance with which Krasnitsky is said to have interrupted Antonin's speech, I can only say that my notebook seems to indicate that the sentence, 'We have thrown off the yoke of Episcopal monks' was spoken by Antonin in his first speech and not by Krasnitsky at all. In this speech, he declared that the Living Church was prepared to rid itself of Bishops. Pulling his robe dramatically, he made a gesture of stripping it off and exclaimed, 'What is this? Nothing. It is only the heart within that counts.' On leaving the assembly, I was told by a priest who witnessed the episode that at a meeting, the day before, of the officers of the Congress, one of the younger men addressed Antonin with the title, 'My Lord Bishop,' and was rebuked by the old man with the word, 'Have you not learned to drop that title? I am no Bishop, and we have no Bishops.'

Mr. Urch says (page 404, first column), 'This man (V.N.Lvoff, former Procurator of the Holy Synod) was present and made one of the most violent speeches.' Lvoff was present and made a speech which was violent only in the sense that it was a speech of great eloquence delivered with impressive fervor. It moved the assembly profoundly, and reached even me, who cannot understand the Russian tongue. He declared frankly that the church should be cleared of its reactionary elements, that the spirit of progress and enlightenment might control the reformation now under way. The speech, as it was interpreted to me, had none of the spirit indicated by the alleged quotation which Mr. Urch presents.

On the evening before the assembling of the Congress, I witnessed a great service of dedication held in the Moscow cathedral church, the Church of Christ the Saviour. The ceremony, which was one of the most gorgeous, impressive, and solemn services that I have ever witnessed in my life, was conducted by Krasnitsky and participated in by some thirty or forty priests. He conducted the service with profound reverence and with a sincerity of spirit which seemed to make a deep impression upon the congregation present. If it is this man's task 'to destroy religion,' he certainly is going about it in a strange way, and this spectacle in the cathedral is one of the most unaccountable that I can imagine.

The scenes of uproar and violence which Mr.

Urch describes in his article may have taken place at later sessions of the Congress which I was not able to attend. I cannot dispute them but can only say that no report of them was brought to me before I left Moscow for the west. I have not a doubt that there were disputes and contention, for the Living Church seems to be engaged in a work of reform which inevitably stirs up difference of opinion. Such a phenomenon is understandable, and does not bear any such necessary interpretation as that placed upon it by Mr. Urch.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Dr. Holmes is careful to state that he does not understand Russian and that his guide and interpreter was also a non-Russian. Mr. Urch is an Englishman, the Latvian correspondent of the *Times*, and the author of a number of textbooks on English and Russian literature which were used as standard books in Russian schools. The Soviet Government has decided that his books are of State importance, and is reprinting them in large numbers.

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To all persons who have been troubled by the orthography of the English language, we recommend these 'Meditations by a Teacher of English.'

Deer reed errs awl, eye mused add mit
As ewe star tin too rede,
Yule beak white prone tooth ink this tough
Is bawled err dash inn deed!

Butt tiff yule purse sea veer, an on
Your led tomb edit eight
On how withal pro pry yet tea
Hours peach eye mew till late.

Yule knead two reed buy era lot,
With grate sell heir writ tea,
Four inn these sill a bulls you're I
Know cents at awl will sea.

Joust two addict shun airy go,
Ream ark how men knee thymes
Thee wrong were din thee write one's plaice
Still fits thee scents and rimes.

Then ell oak went lea, eyes us pecked,
Wood yew fill ah sew fies,
About thee lamb men table weigh
That true thin falls hood lyes.

Owes train gin deed, weir well a wear,
Hour mother tongue mused bee,
Butt ten knee weigh, weal of it well,
Despite it's odd it tea!

IVY KELLERMAN REED.